1565.

¶ SONGES AND SONETTES

written by the right honorable
Lord Henry Hawarde late
Earle of Surrey, and
other.

Apud Richardum Tottell.

Cum priuilegio.

To the reader.

That to haue well written in verse, yea and in smal parcelles, deserueth greate prayse, the woorkes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently, that our tong is able in that kinde to doot as prayse worthely as the rest, the honorable stile of the noble Earle of Surrey, & the weightinesse of the deepe witted syr Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with seuerall graces in sundry good English writers, doe shewe abundantly. It resteth nowe (gentle Reader) that thou thinke it not euill done, to publish to the honour of the Englishe tong, and for profite of the studious of English eloquence, those woorkes which the vngentle horders vp of such treasure, haue heretofore enuyed thee. And for this point (good Reader) thine owne profite & pleasure, in these presently, & in more hereafter, shal answere for my defence. If perhappes some mislyke the statelinesse of style remoued from the rude skyll of common eares: I aske helpe of the learned to defend their learned frēdes, the authors of this woorke. And I exhort the vnlearned, by readinge to learne to bee more skylfull, and to purge that swinelike grossenesse that maketh hym sweete inuentions not to smell to their delight.

Description of the restles state of a louer, with sute to his lady, to rue on his dieng hart.



The sunne hath twyse brought fourth his tender grene,
Twise cladde the earth in hyuely liuerie,
Ones haue the windes the trees dispoyled clene,
And once agayne begunnes theyr cruelnesse,
Sence I haue hyd vnder my brest the harme,
That neuer shall recouer healthfulnesse.
The winters hurt recoueres with the swarme,
The parched grene restored is with shade
What warmth, alas, may serue for to disarme
The frosen hart that myne inflame hath made?
What colde agayne is able to restore
My freshe grene yeres, that wither thus and fade?
Alas I see nothing hath hurt so sore,
But tyme in tyme reduceth a returne,
In time my harme encreaseth more and more
And semes to haue my cure alwayes in scorne,
Straunge kindes of death, in hyte that I doe frye,
At hand to melt, farre of in flame to burne,
And like as time list to my cure applie,
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
All thing aliue, that seeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer and excuse
It selfe from trauayle of the dayes vnrest,
Saue I alas, against al others vse,
That then ihyre vprist tormentes of my brest,
And curse eche starre as causer of my fate,
And when the sunne hath eke the darke opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The trauayles of mine endlesse smart and payne,
For then as one that hath the light in hate,
I wishe for night more couertly to playne,
And me withdrawe from euery haunted place,
Lest by my chere my chaunce appeare to vsurpe,
And in my minde I measure pace by pace.

To ſeeke the place ſwhere I my ſelf had loſt.
That day that I was tangled in the lace.
In lemyng ſlacke that knitteth euer moſt.
But neuer yet the trauayle of my thought.
Of better ſtate could catche a cauſe to boſt,
For if I found ſome time that I haue ſought.
Thoſe ſterres by whome I truſted of the port,
My layles do fall and I aduance right nought.
As ankard faſt my ſpirites doe all reſort
To ſtand agazed and linke in more and more
The deadly harme which ſhe doth take in ſport.
Lo if I ſeeke how I doe fynd my ſore.
And if I flee, I cary with me ſtyll,
The venomd ſhaft which doth hys force reſtore
By haſt of flight and I may playne my fill
Unto my ſelfe vnleſſe this careful long
Print in your heart ſome parcell of my tene.
For I alas in ſilence all to long
Of myne owe hurt yet fele the wound but grene.
Rue on my lyfe or els your cruell wrong
Shall well appeare and by my death be ſene.

Deſcripcion of ſpring, wherein eche thing renuewes, ſauf onely the louer.

The ſoote ſeaſon that bud and bloome fourth bringes.
with grene hath cladde the hyll and eke the vale.
The Nightingale with fethers new ſhe ſingeſ,
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Sommer is come for euery ſpray now ſpringes,
The hart hath hong hys olde head on the pale.
The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges.
The fiſhes flete with newe repayred ſcale.
The adder all her ſlough away ſhe flynges,
The ſwift ſwallowe purſueth the flyes ſmalle,
The buſy bee her honey now ſhe mynges,
Wynter is worne that was the floures bale,
And thus I ſee among theſe pleaſant thynges.
Eche care decayes and yet my ſorow ſpringes.

Deſcrip-

Description of therestles estate of a louer.

VVHen youth had led me half the race.
That cupides scourge had made me turne
I loked backe to mete the place,
From whence my wery course begũne,
And then I sawe howe my desyre,
Wilguiding me had led the waye
Wyne eyen so gredy of theyre hyre,
Had made me lose a better pray.
For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloke my grief with game:
The boyling smoke did still bewray
The present heate of secrete flame.
And when salt teares doe bayne my brest,
where loue his pleasant traynes hath sowen:
Her beawty hath the fruites opprest,
Ere that the buddes were sprong and blowne.
And when myne eyen dyd styll pursue
The flyeng chace of theyre request,
Theyr gredy lookes dyd oft renewe
The hydden wound within my brest.
when euery looke these chekes might staine,
From deadly pale to glowing red,
By outward signes appeared playne,
To her for helpe my heart was fled.
But all to late loue learneth me,
To paynt all kynd of colours new:
To blynd theyr eyes that eis should see
My speciel chokes with Cupides hew.
And now the couert brest I clame,
That worshipt Cupide secretly,
And nourished hys sacred flame:
From whence no blasing sparkes do flye.



Description of the fickle affections, panges, and sleightes of loue,

Much wayward wayes hath loue, that most part in discord
Our willes do stand, wherby our hartes but seldom do accord.
Deceite is his delight, and to begyle and mocke
The simple hartes, whō he doth strike wᵗ froward diuers stroke,
He causeth thone to rage with golden burning darte
And doth alay with leaden cold again the others hart,
Whote gleames of burning fyre, and easy sparkes of flame
In balance of vnegall weight he pondereth by ame.
From easy ford where I myght wade and passe full well,
He me withdrawes, and doth me dryue into a depe darke hell.
And me witholdes where I am calde and offred place,
And willes me that my mortall foe I doe beseke of grace.
He lettes me to pursue a conquest weinere wonne,
To followe where my paynes where lost, ereᵗ my sute begonne.
So by this meanes I knowe how soone a hart may turne
From warre to peace, from truce to stryfe, and so agayn returne.
I know how to content my selfe in others iust
Of lytle stuffe vnto my selfe to weaue a webbe of trust.
And how to hyde my harmes with soft dissembling chere.
Whan in my face ꝑ painted thoughtes would outwardly appeare
I know how that the blood forsakes the face for dred,
And how by shame it staynes againes the cheekes wᵗ flamyng red.
I know vnder the grene the serpent how he lurkes,
The hammer of the restlesse forge, I wote eke how it worckes.
I knowe and can thy waste the tale that I would tell,
But oft the woordes come fourth a wrye of him that loueth well.
I knowe in heate and cold the louer how he shakes,
In singing how he doth complayne, in sleping how he wakes.
To languish without ache, sickelesse for to consume,
A thousand thinges for to deuyse, eloining of his lume.
And though he lyst to see his ladies grace full sore.
Such pleasure as delyghe his eye, do not his health restore.
I knowe to seeke the tracte of my desired foe,
And feare to finde that I do seeke, but chiefly this I knowe,
That louers must transtourme into the thing beloued,
And liue (alas who would beleue?) with spyte frō life removed.
I knowe in hearty sighes and laughters of the splene,
At once to chaunce my state, my will, and eke my colour clene.
I know how to deceiue my selfe with others helpe,
And how the Lyon chastised is by beating of the whelpe.
In standing nere the fyre, I knowe how that I freese.
Farre of I burne, in both I waste, and so my lyfe I leese.

I

I know how loue doth rage vpon a yelding minde,
How small a net may take and mase a hart of gentle kinde,
Or eis with seldome swete to season heapes of gall,
Reuiued with a glimse of grace old sorowes to let fall.
The hidden traines I know and secret snares of loue,
How soone a loke will pynt a thought, that neuer may remoue.
The slipper state I know, the sodein turnes from wealth
The doutfull hope, the certain woe, and sure dispeired health.

Complaint of a louer, that defied loue and was by loue after the more tormented.

When somer toke in hand the winter to assaile,
with force of might, and vertue great, his stormy blastes to quail)
And when he clothed faire the yearth about with grene,
And euery tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene,
Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood did stur
Me to withdrawe my winter woes, that kept within the dur.
Abrode, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote
where thou shalt finde the sauour swete, for spyong is euery rote.
And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to sele a place.
There shalt thou heare and se al kinde of birdes ywrought,
Well tune their voice to warble smal, as nature hath thē tought
Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leaue,
And for for my health I thought it best such counsel to receaue
So on a morow furth, vnwist of any wight,
I went to proue how well it would me my heauey burden light.
And when I felt the aire so pleasant rounde about.
Lorde, to my selfe how glad I was that I had gotten out.
There might I se how Ver had euery blossome hent,
And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went,
And in their songes me thought they thanked nature much,
That by her licence al that yere to loue their happe was such.
Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout,
With much reioysing to their Lorde thus flew they al about.
Which when I gan resolue, and in my head conceaue,
What pleasant lyfe, what heapes of ioy these litle birdes receaue

And law in what estate I wery man was wrought.
Wy want of that they had at wyl and I reiect at nought:
Lord how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane,
I curled loue and him defied: I thought to turne the streame,
But when I well beheld he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercy for my fault that so transgrest his law.
Thou blinded God quod I forgeue me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about to malice thy pretence.
wher with he gaue a beck and thus me thought he swore,
Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault if it were more.
The vertue of the which sound mine hart did so reuiue,
That I me thought, was made as hoall as anye man aliue,
But here I may perceiue mine errour al and some,
For that I thought that so it was: yet was it still vndone.
And all that was no more but mine expressed minde,
That fayne would haue some good relefe, of Cupide wel assinde
I turned howe forth with and might perceiue it wel,
That he agreued was right sore with me for my rebel.
Wy harmes haue euer since encreased more and more.
And I remaine without his helpe, vndõe for euer more.
A mirror let me be vnto ye louers all.
Strine not with loue for if ye do it will ye thus befall,

Complaint of a louer rebuked.

LOue that liueth and raineth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captiue brest,
Clad in the armes wherin with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She that me thought to loue and suffer paine,
My doutfull hope and eke my hot desire,
with shamfast cloke to shadowe and restrain
Her smiling grace conuerteth straight to ire.
And cowred loue then to the hart apace
Taketh hys flight whereas he lurkes and plaines
His purpose lost and dare not shewe his face,
For my lordes gilt thus faultlesse bide I paines,
Yet from my lorde shal not my fote remoue.
Swete is his death that takes his end by loue

Com=

Complaint of the louer diſdained

IN Cipꝛus, ſpꝛinges, whereas Venus dwelt,
A well ſo hote, that who ſo taſtes the ſame,
were he of ſtone, as chawed yſe ſhoulde melt,
And kindlede finde his bꝛeſt with fixed flame.
whoſe moyſt poiſon diſſolued hath my hate,
This cꝛeping fire my colde lims ſo oppꝛeſt,
That in the hart that harbogde fredome late,
Endleſſe deſpeyꝛe long thꝛaldome hath impꝛeſt.
In other ſo colde in froſen yſe is founde
whoſe chilling venom of repugnant kinde:
The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde
And with the ſpot change infectes the minde,
whereof my dere hath taſted, to my payne.
My ſeruice thus is growen into diſdaine.

Deſcription and prayſe of his loue Geraldine.

FRom Tuſcane came my ladies wogthy race.
Faire Flogence was ſometyme her auncient ſeate,
The weſtern yle, whoſe pleaſant ſhoꝛe doth face
wilde Cambers cliffs, did geue her liuely heat,
Foſtred ſhe was with milke of Iriſhe bꝛeſt:
Her ſire, an Erle: her dame of pꝛinces bloud,
From tender yeres, in Bꝛitaine ſhe doth reſt,
with kinges childe, where ſhe taſteth coſtly foode.
Honſdon did firſt pꝛeſent her to myne yen:
Bꝛight is her hewe, and Geraldine ſhe hight,
Hampton me taught to wiſhe her firſt foꝛ mine:
And windſoꝛ, alas, doth chaſe me from her ſight,
Her beauty of kinde her vertues from aboue,
happy is he, that can obtayn her loue.

The frailtie and hurtfulnes of beautie

BRittle beautie that nature made ſo fraile,
whereof the gift is ſmall and ſhoꝛt the ſeaſon.

Floring to day. to morow we apt to faile,
Tickle treasure abhorred of reason,
Daungerous to deale with, vaine of none auaile,
Costly in keping, past not worthe two peason,
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile,
Harde to attayne once gotten not geason,
Jewell of ieopardie that perill doth assaile,
False and vntrewe, enticed oft to treason,
Enemy to youth, that most may I bewaile,
Ah bitter swete infecting as the poyson,
Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken.
To day redy ripe, to morow al to shaken,

A complaint by night of the louer not beloued.

ALas so al thinges now doe holde their peace.
Heuen and earth disturbed in nothing,
The beastes the ayer, the birdes their song doe ceale,
The nightes chare the starres about doth bring,
Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse,
So am not I, whome loue alas doth vring,
Bringing before my face the great encrease
Of my desires, whereat I wepe and sing,
In ioy and wo, as in a doubtfull case.
For my swete thoughtes, some tyme doe pleasure bring.
But by and by the cause of my disease
Geues me a pang, that inwardly doth stinge.
when that I thinke what griefe it is againe,
To liue and lacke the thinge should ridde my payn.

How eche thing saue the louer in springe reuiueth to pleasure.

WHen windor walles sustained my wearied arme,
Myne hande my chin, to ease my restlesse hed,
The pleasant y.e. reuested greene, with warme,
The blossomed bowes with lusty view spyred,

The

The floured meades, the ſwedded bydes ſo late
Myne eyes diſcouer, and to my mind reſorte
The ioly wocs, the hateleſſe ſhort debate,
The rakehell ryſe that longes to loues diſporte
Wherewith (alas) the heauy charge of care
Heapt in my breſt, breakes fourth againſt my wil,
In ſmoky ſighes, that ouercaſt the ayre,
My vapord eyes ſuch dreary teares diſtill.
The tender ſpring whiche quicken where they fall,
And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall,

A vowe to loue faithfullie how-ſoeuer he be re-warded.

SEt me whereas the ſunne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beames doe not diſolue the yce,
In temperate heate where he is felt and ſene,
In preſence preſt of people madde or wyſe,
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,
In longeſt night, or in the ſhorteſt day,
In cleareſt ſkye, or where cloudes thickeſt be,
In luſty youth, or when my hearcs are graye,
Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
In hill or dale, or in the ſomyng flood,
Thrall, or at large, alyue where ſo I dwell,
Sicke or in health, in euyll fame or good,
Hers will I be, and onely with this thought,
Content my ſelfe, although my chaunce be nought.

Complaint that his ladie after ſhe knew of his loue, kept her face alwaie hidden from him.

I Neuer ſawe my lady laye apart
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith fyrſt ſhe knew my griefe was growen ſo great,

Which

which other fansies dryueth from my hart.
That to my selfe I doe the thought reserue,
The which vnwares dyd wound my wofull brest
But on her face mine eies mought neuer rest,
yet synce she knewe I dyd her loue and serue,
Her golden tresses cladde all way with blacke,
Her simpling lookes that had thus euermore,
And that restraynes whych I deyre so sore:
So doth this coynet gouerne me alacke,
In summer, sunne, in winters breath, a frost,
whereby the lyght of her fayre lookes I lost.

Requeſt to his loue to ioyne bountie with beauty.

THe golden gyft that nature dyd thee geue,
To fasten frendes, and feede them at thy will,
with fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue,
How thou art made to shewe her greatest skil,
whose hydden vertues are not so vnknowen
But lyuely domes might gather at the fyrst
where beauty so her perfect seede hath sowen.
Of al other graces follow nedes there must.
Nowe certesse Ladye, since all this is true,
That from aboue thy gyftes are thus elect,
Doe not deface them than with fansies newe,
Nor chaunge of myndes let not the mynde infect,
But mercy him thy frende, that doth thee serue,
who seekes alwaye thyne honour to preserue.

Priſoner in windſor, here counteth his pleaſure there paſſed.

SO cruell prison howe coulde betyde, alas,
As proude windsor: where I lust and ioye,
with a kinges sonne, my childishe yeres dyd passe,
In greater feast than Priams sonnes of Troye,
where eche swete place returnes a taste full sower:

The large grene courtes where we were wont to houe.
With eyes caſt vp into the maydens towre,
And eaſy ſighes, ſuche as folke drawe in loue,
The ſtately ſeates, the ladyes bright of hewe,
The dauces ſhort, long tales of greate delight,
With wordes and lookes, that tigres could but rewe,
where eche of vs dyd pleade the others right,
The paime playe, where, dyſpoyled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleames of loue,
Haue myſt the ball, and got ſight of our dame,
To bayte her eyes, which kept the leades aboue,
The grauell ground with ſleues tyed on the helme,
On ſomyg horſe, with ſwordes and frendly heartes
with cheare as though one ſhould another whelme,
where we haue fought, and chaſed oft with dartes,
With ſiluer droppes the meade yet ſpred for ruthe,
In actiue games of nimblenes and ſtrength,
Where we dyd ſtrayne trayned with ſwarmes of youth
Our tender lymmes, that yet ſhot vp in length,
The ſecret groues, which oft we made reſounde
Of pleaſant playnt, and of our ladies prayſe,
Recordyng oft what grace eche one had founde,
what hope of ſpeade, what dread of long delayes.
The wylde foreſt, the clothed holtes with grene,
With rayns auayled, and ſwift breathed horſe,
With cry of hounde, and mery blaſtes betwene,
where we dyd chaſe the fearfull harte of force.
The wyde vales eke, that harborde vs eche night,
Wherewith (alas) reuiueth in my breſt,
The ſweete accorde, ſuche ſlepes as yet delyght
The pleaſant dreames the quiet bed of reſt,
The ſecret thoughtes imparted with ſuch truſt,
The wanton talke, the diuers chaunge of playe,
The frendſhip ſworne, eche promiſe kept ſo iuſt,
wherewith we paſt the winter night awaye.
And with this thought, the bloud forſakes the face,
The teares berayne my cheks of deadly hewe
The which as ſoone as ſobbyng ſighes (alas)
Vnſtopped haue, thus I my playnt renewe,
O place of bliſſe, renuer of my woes,
Geue me accompte, where is my noble fere,
Whom in thy walles thou doeſt eche night encloſe.



To

To other leefe, but vnto me moſt deere
Eche (alas) that doth my ſorowe rewe,
Returns therto a hollowe ſounde of plaint,
Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
In priſon pine, with bondage and reſtraint,
And with remembraunce of the greater griefe,
To baniſhe the leſſe I find my chiefe relefe.

The louer conforteth himſelfe with the worthines of his loue.

WHen raging loue with extreme payne,
Moſt cruelly diſtraines my hart,
When that my teares as floudes of rayne,
Beare witnes of my wofull ſmart,
When ſighes haue waſted ſo my breath,
That I lye at the point of death:
I call to mind the nauy greate,
That the Greekes brought to Troy towne,
And how the boyſtrous windes dyd beate,
Their ſhippes, and rent their ſayles adowne,
Till Agamemnons daughters blode,
Appeaſed the Goddes that them withſtode.
And how that in thoſe ten yeres warre
Full many a bloudy dede was done,
And many a lord that came full farre,
There caught his bane (alas) to ſoone,
And many a good knight ouerronne,
Before the Grekes had Troyene wonne.
Then thinke I thus, ſyth ſuch repayre
So long tyme warre of valiant men,
Was all to winne a lady fayre,
Shall I not learne to ſuffer then,
And thinke my tyme well ſpent to be,
Seruing a worthier wight then ſhe?
Therfore I neuer will repent,
But paynes contented ſtyll endure,
For lyke as when rough winter ſpent,
The pleaſant ſpring ſtraight draweth in vre,

So after raging stormes of fare,
Joyfull at length may be my care.

Complaint of the absence of her louer being vpon the seas.

O happy dames that may embrace
The fruite of your delight,
Helpe to bewayle the woful case
and eke the heauy plight,
Of me that wonted to reioyce
The fortune of my pleasant choyce
Good ladies helpe to fyll my mourning voyce.
In shyppe, freight with remembraunce
Of thoughtes and pleasures past,
He sayles that hath in gouernaunce
My lyfe while it will last.
With scalding sighes for lacke of gale
Furdering his hope that is his sayle
Toward me, the swete port of his auayle.
Alas, how oft in dreames I see
Those eyes that were my foode,
which some tyme so delited me,
That yet they doe me good.
wherwith I wake with his returne,
whose absent flame did make me burne.
But when I fynde y lacke, lord how I mourne
when other louers in armes across,
Reioyce theyr chiefe delight,
Drowned in teares to mourne my losse
I stand the bytter night
In my window, where I may see
Before the windes how the cloudes flee,
Lo what mariner loue hath made me.
And in greno waues when the salt flood
Doth ryse by rage of wynde,
A thousand fansies in that mood,
Assayle my restles mynd.
Alas, now drencheth my swet so,
That with the spoyle of my hart did go,

Ina

And left me (but alas) why dyd he so?
And when the seas waxe calme agayne,
To chace from me annoye,
My doubtfull hope doth cause me playne,
So dreade cuts of my ioye
Thus is my wealth myngled with wo,
And of eche thought a doubt doth growe,
Nowe he comes, wil he come: alas no no.

Complaynt of a dying louer refused vpon his ladies iniust mistakyng of his writinge.

IN winters iust returne, when Boreas gan his raygne,
And euery tree vnclothed fast, as nature taught them playne.
In mysty morning darke, as shepe are then in holde,
I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my shepe for to vnfolde.
And as it is a thing that louers haue by fyttes,
Under a palme I hard one crye, as he had lost his wittes.
Whose voyce dyd ryng so shrill in vtteryng of hys playnt,
That I amazed was to heare, howe loue could hym attaynte.
Ah wretched man, quod he, come death and ridde thys wo:
A iust reward, a happy end, if it may chaunce thee so.
Thy plesures past haue wrought thy wo, without redresse,
If thou hadst neuer felt no ioye, thy smart had been the lesse.
And rechlesse of his lyfe, he gan both sigh and grone,
A ruful thing me thought it was, to heare hym make such mone
Thou cursed pen, sayd he, wo worth the byrd thee bare,
The man, the knyfe, and all that made thee, wo be to theyr share
Wo worth the tyme and place, wher I so could endyte,
And wo be it yet once agayne, the pen that so can wryte.
Unhappy hande, it had been happy tyme for me,
If when to wryte thou learned fyrst, vnioynted hadst thou be.
Thus cursed he hymselfe, and euerye other wight,
Saue her alone whom loue him bound to serue both day & night:
Which when I heard and sawe, how he himselfe forDyd,
Against the ground with bloudy strokes, himself euen ther to rid
Had been my hart of flynt, it must haue melted tho,

For

For in my lyfe I neuer sawe a man so full of woo.
With teares for his redresse, I rashely to him ran,
And in my armes I caught him fast, & thus I spake him than.
What wofull wight art thou, that in such heauy case
Tormentes thy selfe with such despyte, here in this desert place?
Wherewith, as all agast, fulfylde with fyre and dread,
He cast on me a starmg looke, with colour pale and dead.
May, what art thou (q he) that in this heauy plyght,
Dost find me here, most woful wretch, that life hath in despight?
I am (q I) but poore, and simple in degree,
A shepeheardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be.
With that he gaue a sieghe as though the skye should fall,
And loude (alas) he shryked oft, and shepeheard gan he call.
Come hye thee fast at ones, and print it in thy hart,
So thou shall knowe, and I shal tell the gyltlesse howe I smart.
Hys backe agaynst the tree, sore feble al with faynt,
With wery spryte he stretcht him vp, and thus he told his plaint.
Once in my heart (quod he) it chanced me to loue
Such one, in whō hath nature wrought, her cūnyng for to proue
And sure I cannot say, but many yeres were spent,
With such good will so recompenst, as bothe wee were content.
Whereto then I me bound, and she lykewyse also,
The sunne should runne his course awry ere we this faith forgo.
Who ioyed then but I? who had this worldes blysse?
Who might compare a lyfe to myne, that neuer thought on this?
But dwellyng in this truth, amid my greatest ioy,
Is me befalled a greater losse then Priam had of Troy.
She is reuersed clene, and beareth me in hande
That my deserts haue geuen cause to breke this faithful band.
And for my iust excuse auayleth no defence,
Now knowest thou all, I cā no more, but shepherd hye the hēce.
And geue him leaue to dye, that may no lenger lyue,
Whose record to I claime to haue, my death I doe forgeue.
And eke when I am gone, be bolde to speake it playne,
Thou hast seene dye the truest man that euer loue dyd payne.
Wherewith he turned him rounde, and gasping oft for breath,
Into his armes a tree he raught, and sayd welcome my death.
Welcome a thousand fold, nowe dearer vnto me,
Than should without her loue to lyue, a Emperour to be.
Thus in this wofull state he yelded vp the ꝓ
And litle knoweth his ladye, what a lucker she hath lost.
Whose death when I beheld, no maruell was it right,

For pitie though my hart did bleede, to see so piteous sight.
My bloud from heate to colde oft changed wonders sore,
A trousand troubles there I founde I neuer knew before.
Twene dreade and dolour, so my spyrites were brought in feare,
That long it was ere I could call to mynde, what I dyd there.
But as eche thyng hath ende, so had these paynes of myne,
The furies past, and I my wittes restorde by lengthe of tyme.
Then as I coulde deuise, to seeke I thought it best,
where I myght finde some worthy place, for such a corps to rest.
And in my mynde it came, from thence not farre away.
Wher Creseids loue, king Priamus son, ỹ worthy Troylus lay.
By him I made his tombe, in token he was true,
And as to him belongeth well, I couered it with bleewe.
Whose soule by aungels power, departed not so soone,
But to the heauens, lo it fled, for to receyue his dome.

Complaint of the absence of her louer being vpon the sea.

GOod Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile,
Step in your foote, come take a place, & morne with me a while
And such as by their lordes do set but litle pryce,
Let them sit styl, it skilles thē not what chaunce come on the dice.
But ye whom loue hath bound by order of desyre
to loue your lords, whose good deserts none other would require:
Come ye yet once agayne, and set your foote by myne,
Whose wofull plight and sorowes great no tong may wel define.
My loue and lorde alas, in whome consistes my welthe,
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazard of his helthe.
Whom I was wont tembrace with well contented mynde,
Is now ampd the fomyng floodes at pleasure of the wynde,
Where god will hym preserue, and sone him home me sende,
Without which hope, my lyfe (alas) were shortly at an ende.
Whose absence yet although my hope doth tell me playne,
With short returne he comes anone, yet ceaseth not my payne.
The fearfull dreames I haue, oft tymes doe greue me so
That when I wake I lye in doubte where they be true or no.
Sometyme the roaring seas, me semes do growe so hye,
That my deare lord, ay me alas, me thynkes I see him dye.
An other tyme the same doth tell me he is come,

And

and playing, where I shall him finde with his faire litle sonne.
So, fourth I goe apace to see that lefesome sight,
and with a kysse, me thinke I saye, welcome my lord, my knight.
welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare,
Thy presence bringeth fourth a truce atwixt me and my care,
Then lively doth he looke, and saluteth me againe,
and sayth, my deere how is it now, that you haue all this paine?
wherewith the heauy cares, that heapte are in my brest,
Breake fourth and me discharged clene of all my huge unrest.
But when I me awake, and fynd it but a dreame,
The anguishe of my former wo beginneth more extreame.
And me tormenteth so, that vneath may I finde
Some hidden place, wherein to slacke the knawing of my mind:
Thus every way you see, with absence how I burne
and for my wound no cure I finde, but hoape of good returne.
Saue when I thinke, by sowre how swete is seit the more,
It doth abate some of my paines, that I abode before.
And then vnto my selfe I saye, when we shal mete,
But litle while shall seme this paine, the toy shalbe so swete.
Ye windes I you conture in chiefest of your rage,
That ye my Lorde safely send, my sorowes to asswage.
And that I may not long abyde in this excesse,
Do your good will to cure a swight, that liueth in distresse.

A praise of his loue wherein he reproueth them that compare theire Ladies with his.

GIue place ye louers here before
That spent your boastes and bragges in vayne,
My Ladyes beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayne,
Than doth the sunne, the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.
And therto hath a troth as iust,
as had Penelope the faire,
For what she saith ye may it trust,
as it by writing sealed were,
and vertues hath she many moe
Than I with pen haue skill to shewe
I coulde reherse, if that I woulde
The whole effect of natures plaunt,

When she had lost the perfite moulde,
The lyke to whom she could not paynt:
With wryngyng handes howe she dyd crye,
And what she sayd, I knowe it I.
I knowe she swore with ragyng mynde,
Her kyngdome onely set apart,
There was no losse by lawe of kynde,
That could haue gone so nere her hart,
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She couldc not make the lyke agayne.
Sith nature thus gaue her the prayse
To be the chiefest worke she wrought,
In faith me thynke some better wayes
On your behalfe might well be sought,
Then to compare (as ye haue done)
To matche the candle with the sunne.

To the ladie that skorned her louer.

Although I had a checke,
To geue the mate is harde,
For I haue founde a necke
To kepe my men in garde.
And you that hardy are
To geue so great assaye
Unto a man of warre
To dryue his men away:
I rede you take good hede,
And marke this foolish verse,
For I will so proupde
That I will haue your fierce.
And when your fierce is had
And all your warre is done,
Then shall your selfe be glad
To end that you begonne.
For if by chaunce I winne
Your persone in the fielde,
To late then come you in,

your selfe to me to yelde,
For I will vse my power
as captayn full of might,
And such I will deuoure
as vse to shew me spight.
And for because you gaue
me checke in your degree,
This vantage loe I haue,
Now checke, and garde to thee.
Defend it if thou may,
Stande stiffe in thyne estate,
For sure I will assay
If I can geue the mate.

A warning to the louer how he is abused by his loue.



TO dearely had I bought my grene and youthfull yeres,
If in myne age I could not fynd when craft for loue apperes
And seldome though I come in Court among the rest,
Yet can I iudge in colours dymme, as depe as can the best.
Where griefe tormentes the man that suffreth secret smart,
To breake it forth vnto some frende it easeth well the hart.
So standes it now with me for my beleued frende,
This case is thyne, for whom I feele such torment of my mynde.
And for thy sake I burne so in my secret brest
That tyll thou know my whole disease, my heart cã haue no rest.
I see how thyne abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy desyre, and followes thee by fittes.
Where thou hast loued so long with heart and all thy power,
I see the fed with fayned wordes, thy fredome to deuower.
I knowe (though she say nay, and would it well withstande)
when in her grace thou yeldest the moste, she bare the but in hand
I see her pleasant chere in chiefest of thy suite,
When thou art gone, I see him come, that gathers vp the fruite.
And eke in thy respect I see the base degree
Of him to whom she gaue the hart that promised was to thee.
I see (what would you more) stode neuer man so sure
On womans woord, but wisedome would mistrust it to endure.

Songes

The forſaken louer deſcribeth and forſaketh loue.

O Lothſome place where I
Haue ſeene and heard my dere,
When in my heart her eye
Hath made her thought appere
By glinſing with ſuch grace
As fortune it ne would,
That laſten any ſpace
Betweene vs lenger ſhould.
As fortune dyd auaunce,
To further my deſyre,
Euen ſo hath fortunes chaunce
Throwen all amyds the myre:
And that I haue deſerued
With true and faithfull hart,
As to his handes reſerued
That neuer felt the ſmart.
But happy is that man
That ſcaped hath the griefe
That loue well teache him can
By wanting his relefe:
A ſcourge to quiet myndes
It is, who taketh hede,
A common plague that byndes,
A trauell without mede.
This gift it hath alſo,
Who ſo enioyes it moſte,
A thouland troubles growe
To vexe his wearied ghoſt,
And laſt it may not long
The trueſt thyng of all,
And lure the greateſt, wrong
that is within this thrall.
But ſynce thou deſert place
Canſt geue me no accompte,
Of my deſyred grace
that I to haue it was wont,
Fare well thou haſt ſhewd right

To thinke me not the furſt,
That loue hathe ſet a loft,
And caſten in the duſt.

The louer deſcribes his reſtleſſe ſtate.

AS oft as I behold and ſee
The ſoueraigne beauty that me bound
The nier my comfort is to me,
Alas the freſher is my ſwound.
As flame doth quenche by rage of fyre,
And runnyng ſtreames conſumed by rayne:
So doth the ſight that I deſire,
Appeaſe my griefe and deadly payne.
Firſt when I ſawe thoſe chriſtall ſtreames,
whoſe beauty made my mortall ſwounde:
I little thought within her beames
So ſwete a venom to haue found.
But wilfull will dyd pricke me forth,
And blynde Cupide did whippe and guyde:
Force made me take my griefe in worth,
My fruitles hope my harme dyd hide.
As cruell waues full oft be found,
Againſt the rockes to roze and cry,
So doth my hart full oft rebound
Againſt my breſt full bitterly.
I fall, and ſe myne owne decaye,
As one that beares flame in his breſt,
Forgets in paine to put away,
The thing that bredeth myne vnreſt.

The louer excuſeth himſelf of ſuch ſuſpected change.

THough I regarded not
The promiſe made by me,
Or paſſed not to ſpot
My faith and honeſtie,

Yet were my fansie strange,
And wilfull will to wite,
If I sought nowe to change,
A faikon for a kite.
All men myght well dispraise
Wy wit and enterprise,
Yf I esteemed a pece,
Aboue a pearle in price.
Or iudged the owle in sight
The sparhauke to excell,
which flieth but in the night,
As all men knowe right well.
Or if I sought to saile
Into the brittle port,
Where anker hold doth faile,
To such as do resort,
And leue the hauen sure
Where bloweth no blustring wind,
Nor fickleneslle in ure
So farforth as I finde.
No, think me not so light,
Nor of so churlish kinde,
Though it lay in my might,
Wy bondage to vnbinde:
That I would leaue the hinde
To hunt the ganders so,
No no I haue no minde
To make exchanges so.
Nor yet to change at all,
For thinke it may not be
That I should seke to fall
From my felicitie.
Desirous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin,
How may all this be so?
The fire cannot frese:
For it is not his kynde,
Nor true loue cannot lese
The constancye of mynde
yet as lone fl, il. e fyre,
want heat to blase and burne,

As I in such despyte,
Haue once a thought to tourne.

A careleſſe man, ſcorning and deſcribing the ſutle vſage of women towardes their louers.

VVRapt in my careleſſe cloke, as I walke to and fro,
I ſe, how loue cã ſhew, what force ther reigneth in his bow
And howe he ſhoteth eke, a hardy hart to wounde,
And where he glaunceth by agayne, that litle hurt is founde.
For ſeldome is it ſene, he woundeth hartes a lyke,
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to ſeke.
All this I ſee, with more, and wonder thinketh mee,
How he can ſtrike the one ſo ſore, and leaue the other free.
I ſee, that wounded wight, that ſuffreth all this wrong,
How he is fed with yeas, and nayes, and lyueth al to long.
In ſilence though I kepe ſuch ſecretes to my ſelfe,
Yet do I ſee, how ſhe ſometyme doth yelde a looke by ſtelthe,
As though it ſemde, yfwis I will not loſe the ſo,
when in her hart ſo ſwete a thought dyd neuer truly growe,
Then ſay I thus, alas that man is farre from bliſſe
That doth receyue for his relief, nowr other gayne but this
And ſhe that fedes him ſo, I fele and finde it playn,
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer ſuch can raigne.
For are ſuch graces ſpent, but when ſhe thinkes, that he,
Al wery man is fully bent, ſuch fancies to let flee,
Then to retayne him ſtill, ſhe wreſteth new her grace,
And ſmileth lo, as though ſhe would forwith the man embrace.
But when the proſe is made, to try ſuch lokes with all,
He fyndeth then the place al voyde, and freighted full of gall.
Lord what abuſe is this? who can ſuch women prayſe?
That for their glory do deuiſe, to vſe ſuch craftie wayes.
I, that among the reſt do ſit, and marke the row,
Fynde that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty moe.
whoſe tender yeres, alas, with wyles ſo [illegible] are ſped,
what will ſhe do, when hory heares, are powdred in her hed?

In

An answere in the behalfe of a woman of an vncertaine aucthor.

GYrt in my giltles gowne as I sit here and sowe.
I see that thynges are not in dede as to the outwarde showe,
And who so lust to loke and note thinges somewhat nere,
Shal finde wher plainelle semes to hasit nothing but craft apere.
For with indifferent eyes my selfe can well discerne,
How some to guyde a ship in stormes seke for to take the sterne,
Whose practise if were proued in calme to stere a barge,
Assuredly beleue it well it were to great a charge.
And some I see agayn sit still and say but small,
That coulde do ten tymes more then they that say they can do all.
Whose goodly giftes are such the more they understand,
The more they seke to learne & know & take lesse charge in hand
And to declare more playn the tyme fletes not so fast,
But I can beare full well in mynde the song now song & past,
The Aucthor whereof came, wrapt in a crafty cloke,
With will to force a flamyng fyre where he could raise no smoke,
If power and will had ioyned as it appeareth plaine,
The truth nor right had tane no place their vertues had be vain
So that you may perceyue, and I may saifly se,
The innocent that giltlesse is, condempned should haue be.

The constant louer lamenteth.

SInce fortunes wrath enuyeth the welthe,
wherin I raigned by the light
Of that that fed myne eyes by stelth,
with sower, swete, dread and delight:
Let not my grief moue you to mone,
For I will wepe and wayle alone.
Spite draue me into Boreas raigne,
where hory frostes the fruites do byte,
when hylles were syred and euery playne
with stormy wynters mantle white.
And yet my dere such was my heate,
when others frez' then dyd I sweate.
And now though on the sunne I dyne,
whose feruent flame all thing deseies,

His beames in brightnesse may not strive,
with light of your swete golden rayes,
Nor from my brest this heate remoue,
The frosen thoughtes grauen by loue.
Ne :nay the waues of the salt floode,
Quenche that your beauty set on fire,
For though myne eyes forbeare the foode,
That did relieue the hote desyre,
Such as I was such will I be,
your owne, what woulde ye more of me?

A song written bie the Earle of Surreie bie a ladie that refused to daunce with him.

THe beast can choose his feere according to his mynde,
and eke can shewe a frendly chere like to theire beastly kynde.
Upon saw I late as white as any snowe,
which semed wel to leade the race his port the same did showe,
Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
For still me thought he seemed wel of noble blood to be.
And as he prauuced before, still seeking for a make,
as who would saye there is none here I trowe will me forsake.
I might perceiue a wolfe as white as whales bone,
a fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I neuer none.
Saue that her lookes were coy, and froward eke her grace,
Unto the which this gentle beast gan him auaunce apace,
And with a becke full lowe he bowed at her feete,
In humble wise as who would saye, I am to farre vnmeete.
But such a scornefull chere wherwith she him rewarded,
was neuer sene I trowe the like to such as well deserued.
with that she start aside welnere a foote or twaine,
and vnto him thus gan she say with spite and greate disdaine.
Upon she said, if thou hadst knowen my minde before,
Thou hadst not spent thy trauaile thus nor all thy paine forlore.
Do way I let thee wete thou shalt not playe with me,
Go range about where thou mayst fynd some meter feere for thee.
with that he bet his taile, his eyes began to flame,
I might perceyue his noble heart much moued by the same,
yet saw I him refrayne and eke his wrath asswage,
And vnto her thus gan he say when he was past his rage.

Cruell

Cruell you doe me wrong to set me thus so light,
without delert for my good will to shew me such despight.
How can ye thus entreate a Lyon of the race,
That with his pawes a crowned kyng deuoured in the place.
Whose nature is to prey vpon no simple food,
As long as he may sucke the delyt and drinke of noble blood.
Yf you bee fayre and freshe, am I not of your hue:
And for my vaunt I dare well say, my blooud is not vntrue.
For you your selfe haue heard it is not long ago,
With that for loue one of the race dyd ende his lyfe in wo.
In Tower stronge and hye for his assured truthe,
whereas in teares he spent his breathe, alas the more the ruthe.
This gentle beast so dyed whom nothing could remoue,
But willyngly to leese his lyfe for losse of his true loue.
Other there be whose liues do lynger styll in payne
Against their willes preserued are that wouldde haue dyed fayne.
But now I doe perceyue that nought it moueth you,
My good entent, my gentle heart, nor yet my kinde so true.
But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,
As other some full many peres to trace by craft ye made.
And thus behold our kyndes how that we differ farre,
I seeke my foes, and you your frendes do threate still with warre
I raunge where I am fed, you slay that leses to you,
I can deuoure no yelding pray, you kill where you subdue.
My kynde is to desyre the honour of the field,
and you with blood to stake your thirst on such as to you yelde.
wherefore I would you wist that for your coyed lookes,
I am no man that will be trapt, nor tangles with such hookes.
And though some fault to loue where blame full wel they might
and to such beastes of currant sort that would haue trauail bright
I will obserue the lawe that nature gaue to me,
To conquer such as will resist and let the rest go free.
And as a fawcon free that soreth in the ayre,
which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stale doth care:
whyle that I lyue and breathe, such shall my custome be,
In wildnes of the woodes to seeke my pray where pleaseth me.
where many one shall rue, that neuer made offence,
Thus your refuse agaynst my power shal bote them no defence.
And for reuenge thereof I vowe and sweare thereto
A thousand spyl[illegible] I shall commit I neuer thought to do
And if to lyght on you my lucke so good shalbe,
I shalbe glad to feede on that that would haue fed on me.

And

And thus fare well vnkynde to whom I bent and bowe,
I would ye wist the ship is safe that bare his sayles so lowe.
Sith that a Lyons heart is for a wolfe no praye,
with bloudy mouth go slake your thirst on symple sheepe I saye:
With ingre delpyte and yre than I can now expresse,
which to my pain though I restrayn, the cause you may wel gesse
As for because my selfe was author of the game,
It botes me nat that for my wrath I should disturbe the same.

The faithfull louer declareth his paynes And his vncertaynetie ioyes, and with onely hope recomforteth somewhat his wo= full heart.



If care do cause men crye, why doe not I complaine?
If eche man doe bewaile his wo, why shew I not my payne?
Synce that amongst them all I dare well saye is none,
So farre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more cause to mone.
For all thinges hauyng lyfe, sometyme hath quiet rest,
The bearyng Asse, the drawyng Oxe, and euery other beast.
The peasant and the post, that serues at all assayes,
The shipboy and the galley slaue, haue time to take their ease
Saue I, alas, whome care of force so doth constr~yne,
To wayle the day and wake the night continually in payne.
From penitiences to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,
From teares to painfull plaint agayn, & thus my lyfe it weares.
Nothing vnder the sunne that I can heare or see,
But moueth me for to bewayle my cruell destiny.
For where men do reioyce since that I cannot so,
I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.
And when I heare the sounde of song or instrument,
Me thinke eche tune there dolefull is, and helpes me to lament.
And yf I see some haue theire moste desired sight,
Alas thynk I eche man hath weale saue I moste woful wight.
Then as the striken Deare withdrawes himself alone,
So doe I seke some secret place where I may ~~ma~~ke my mone.
There doe my flowyng eyes shew forth my meltyng harte
So y the stremes of those two wels right wel declare my smart.

And

And in those cares so could I force my selfe a heate,
As sicke men in their shaking fittes procure themselfe to sweate.
With thoughtes that for the tyme do much appease my payne,
But yet they cause a farther feare, and brede my woe agayne.
Me thynke within my thought I see right playne appere.
My harts delight, my sorowes leche, myne earthly goddesse here
With euery sundry grace that I haue seene her haue,
thus I within my wofull brest her picture paynt and graue.
And in my thought I roll her beauties too and fro,
Her laughyng chere, her lyuely looke, my heart that perced so.
Her straungenes when I sued her seruaunt for to be,
And what she sayd, and how she smylde when that she pitied me.
Then comes a sodayne feare that rueth all my rest,
Lest absence cause forgetfulnes to sinke within her brest.
For when I thynke how farre this earth doth vs diuide,
Alas, me semes loue throwes me down, I fele how that I slide.
But when I thynke agayne, why should I thus mistrust,
So swete a wight, so sad and wyse, that is so true and iust.
For loth she was to loue, and waueryng is she not,
the farther of the more deepe thus louers trye their knot.
So in dispayre and hope plunged am I both vp and downe
As is the ship with wynd & waue when Neptune list to frowne.
But as the watery showers delay the ragyng wynde,
So doth good hope cleane put away dispayre out of my mynde.
And bydes me for to serue and suffer pacientiy,
For what wot I the after weale that fortune wilies to me.
For those that care do knowe and tasted haue of trouble
when passed is their wofull payne eche ioy shall seme thē double.
And bytter sendes she nowe to make me tast the better,
The pleasant swete when ỳ it comes to make it seme the sweter.
And so determyne I to serue vntill my breath,
Yea rather dye a thousand tymes then once to false my fayth.
And yf my dedly corps through weight of wofull smart,
Do fayle or faint, my will it is that shyll she kept my hart.
And when this carcas here to earth shalbe reard,
I do bequeath my wericd ghost to serue her afterward.

The meanes to attaine happy life.

MArtiall, the thynges that doe attayne
The happy lyfe, be these I fynde,
the riches left, not got with payne,
the frutefull grounde, the quiet mynde,
the egall frende no grudge no stryfe,
No charge of rule nor gouernaunce,
without disease the healthfull lyfe,
the houshold of continuaunce.
The meane dyet no delicate fare,
true wisedome ioynde with simplenesse,
the night discharged of all care,
where wyne the witte may not oppresse,
the faithfull wyfe without debate,
Such sleepes as may begyle the night
Contented with thyne owne estate,
Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

Prayse of meane and constant estate.

O If thy lyfe Thomas, this compasse wel marke
Not aye with full sailes the hye seas to beate,
Ne by coward dred, in shounyng stormes darke,
On shallowe shores thy keel in perill fret.
who so gladly halseth the golden meane
Voide of daungers aduisedly hath his home
Not with lothsome mucke, as a den vncleane
Nor palace like, whereat disdayne may glome,
The lofty pyne the great wynde oft ten tymes,
with violenter swey saine turrets stepe,
Lightnings assaute the high montaines, & cliues
A hart well stayde, in ouerthwartes depe,
Hoapeth amendes, in swete, doth feare the lowre,
God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharpe,
No will not aye thus, once Phebus to lowre,
With bowe vnbent, shall cease, and frame to harpe,
His voyce in strayte estate appeare thou stoute
And so wisely, when lucky gale of wynde
All thy puft sayles shall fill, looke wel about,
take in a rift, hall is waist, proke doth hynde

Prayse

Songes

Praise of certaine psalmes of Dauid translated by sir T. w. the elder.

The great Macedon, that out of Persie chased
Darius, of whose huge power all Asie rong,
In the riche arke Dan Homers rimes he placed,
Who fayned gestes of Heathen princes song,
What holy greue: what worthy sepulchre
To Wyates psalmes should christians then purchase
Where he doth paint the liuely faith and pure,
The stedfast hope, the sweete returne to grace
Of iust Dauid by perfite penitence,
Where rulers may see in a myrrour clere
The bytter fruite of false concupiscence,
How Iewry bought Vzias death full deare.
In princes heartes Gods scourge imprinted depe,
Ought them awake out of their sinfull slepe.

Of the death of the same sir T. w.

Diuers thi death do diuersly bemone,
Some that in presence of thy liuelihed
Lurked, whose brestes enuy with hate had swolne,
Yelde Ceasars teares vpon Pompeius hed,
Some that watched with the murdrers knife,
With eager thirst to drinke thy guiltlesse blood,
Whose practise brake by happy end of lyfe,
With enuious teares to heare thy fame so good
But I, that knew what harbried in that hed,
What vertues rare were tempred in that brest,
Honour the place that such a iewell bred,
And kysse the grounde whereas the corps doth rest,
With vapored eyes, from whence such streames auayle,
As Priamus dyd on Thisbes brest bewayle.

Of the same.

What resteth here, that quicke could neuer rest,
Whose heauenly gyftes encreaseth by disdayne,

And vertue ſanke the deper in his breſt,
Such profit he by enuy could obtain,
A hed, where wiſdome miſteries did frame,
whoſe hammers bet ſtyl in that liuely braine,
As on a ſtythe, where that ſome worke of fame
was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gayne.
A viſage ſterne, and milde, where both did growe,
Vyce to contemne, in vertue to reioyce:
Amyd great ſtormes, whom grace aſſured ſo,
To liue vpright, and ſmile at fortunes choyce.
A hand, that taught, what might bee ſaide in tyme,
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit.
A marke, the which (vnparfited for time)
Some may approche, but neuer none ſhal hit:
A tong, that ſerued in forein realmes his kyng,
whoſe courteous talke to vertue did inflame
Eche noble hart, a worthy guyde to bring
Our engliſh youth, by trauayle vnto fame.
An eye, whoſe iudgement none affect could blinde.
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile,
whoſe perſing looke did repreſent a mynde
with vertue fraught, repoſed voyde of guyle.
A hart, where dreade was neuer ſo impreſt,
To hide the thought, that might the trouth auaunce,
In neyther fortune loft, nor yet repreſt,
To ſwell in weith, or pride vnto miſchaunce,
A valiant corps, where force and beauty met.
Happy, alas, to happy, but for foes,
Liued, and ran the race, that nature ſet,
Of manhodes ſhape, where ſhe the moulde did loſe.
But when to the heauens that ſimple ſoule is fled,
which left with ſuch as couet Chriſt to knowe.
witnes of faith, that neuer ſhalbe dead.
Sent for our health, but not receiued ſo,
Thus for our gilt, this iewell haue we loſt,
The earth his bones, the heauens poſſeſſe his ghoſt.

Of the ſame.

IN the rude age when knowledge was not rife
If Ioue in Crete and other were that taught.

Artes to conuert to profit of our lyfe,
wend after death to haue their temple sought
If vertue yet no voyde vnthankefull tyme,
Fayled of some to blast her endies fame,
A goodly meane both to deterre from crime,
And to her steppes our sequele to enflame.
In dayes of truth if Wyates frendes the while,
The onely det that dead of quicke may claime,
That rare wit spent, employed to our auayle,
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues trayne.
His lucky face their breastes how did it freat,
Whose cyndres yet, with enuy they do eate.

Of Sardanapalus dishonorable life, and miserable death.

THassirian king in peace, with foule desire,
And filthy lustes, that staynde his regall harte
In warre that should set princely heartes on fyre,
Did yeld, vanquisht for want of marciall arte,
The dynt of swordes from kisses semed strange,
And harder, than his ladies syde, his targe,
From glutton feastes, to souldiers fare, a change,
His helmet, farre aboue a garlandes charge,
Who scase the name of manhod did retaine;
Drenched in slouth, and womannish delight,
Feble of spirit, impacient of payne,
When he had lost his honor, and his right
Proude time of wrath, in stormes appaled & dread
Murthered him selfe, to shew some manfull dede.

How no age is content with his owne estate, and how the age of children is the happiest if they had skill to vnder stand it.

Lady

LAyed in my quiet bed, in study as I were
I saw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes appere.
And euery thought did shew so liuely in myne eyes,
That now I sight, & thē I smilde, as cause of thoughtes did rise.
I saw the litle boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wishe of god, to scape the rod, a tall yong man to be.
The yong man ecke that feeles his bones wyth pay
How he wold bee a ryche olde man to liue and lye at
The riche olde man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he wold be a boy againe to lynd so much the more,
wherat full oft I smilde, to see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy would chop & change degree
And musing thus, I think, the case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to liue in wo, doth euer seke to change
Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my withered skyn,
How it doth shew my dented cheekes, the flesh was worne to thyn
And eke my tothles chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuttes, as I doe speake, do thus vnto me say.
The white and horish heres, the messengers of age,
That shew lyke lines of true beliefe, that this life doth assuage,
Bidders the lay hand, and feele them hanging on thy chin.
The which do wryte to ages past, the third now coming in,
Hang vp therfore the bitte, of thy yong wanton tyme,
And thou that therin beaten art, the happiest life defyne,
wherat I sighed, and sayde, farewell my wonted ioye,
Trusse vp thy packe, and trudge from me, to euery little boy,
And tell them thus from me, theyr tyme most happy is,
If to theyr time they reason had, to know the truth of this.

Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me.

THe stormes are past, these cloudes are ouerblowne,
And humble chere, great rigour hath reyned,
For the defaute is set a payne forknowne,
And patience graft in a determed brest.
And in the heart where heapes of griefes were growne
The swete reuenge hath planted mirth and rest,
No company so pleasant as myne owne,
Thraldome at large hath made this prisoner,
Danger well past remembred workes delight,

Of lingering doubtes suche hope is sprong yardie,
That nought I finde displeasant in my sight,
But when my glasse presented vnto me
The cureles wound that bleedeth day and night,
To thinke (alas) such hap should graunted be
Vnto a wretch that hath so oft been shed,
For brītannes sake (alas) and now is ded.

Exhortacion to learne by others trouble.

M^r Ratclif, when they recheles youth offendes,
Receiue thy scourge by others chastisement,
For such calling, when it workes none amendes
Then plages are sent without aduertisement.
Yet Salomon sayd, the wronged shal recure,
But Wyat said true, the scarre doth aye endure.

The fansie of a wcried loues.

The fansy, which that I haue serued long,
That hath alway been enemy to myne ease,
Semed of late to rue vpon my wrong.
And badde me flie the cause of my mysease.
And I forthwith did prease out of the throng,
That thought by slight my pain full heart to please
Some other way, till I saw faith more strong,
And to my self I said: alas, those dayes
In vain wer spent, to runne the race so long.
And with that thought, I met my guide, that plaine,
Out of the way wherin I wandered wrong,
Brought me amiddes the hilles in base Bullayne,
where I am now, as restles to remayn,
Against my wyll, full pleased with my payn.

SVRREY.

The louer for ſhamefaſtneſſe hideth his deſire within his faithfull heart.

THe one long loue, that in my thought I harbey,
And in my heart doth kepe his reſidence,
Into my face preaſeth ſhith bold pretence,
And there campeth, diſplaying his banner,
She that me learns to loue, and to ſuffer,
And willes that my truſt, and luſtes negligence
Be reyned by reaſon, ſhame, and reuerence,
With his hardineſſe takes diſpleaſure,
Wherewith loue to the hartes forteſt he fleeth,
Leauing his enterpriſe with paine and crye,
And there hym hideth and not appeareth,
What may I do: when my maiſter feareth.
But in the field with him to liue and die,
For good is the lyfe, endyng faythfully.

The louer waxeth wyſer, and will not dye for affection.

YEt was I neuer of youre loue agreued,
Nor neuer ſhall, whyle that my lyfe doth laſt:
But of hating my ſelfe, that date is paſt,
And teares continuall ſore hath me weried,
I will not yet in my graue be buried,
Nor on my tombe youre name haue fixed faſt
As cruell cauſe, that dyd my ſpryte ſoone haſt
From thunhappie bones by great ſyghes ſtyrred.
Then if an heart of amorous faith and wit
Content your mind withouten doing grief:
Pleaſe it you ſo to this to doe relieue,
If otherwyſe you ſeke for to fulfyll
Your wrath, you erre, and ſhall not as you wene
And you your ſelf the cauſe therof haue bene.

The abused louer seeth his foly, and entendeth to trust, no more.

VVAs neuer file yet haist so well yfiled,
To file a file for any smithes entent,
As I was made a filing instrument,
To frame other, while that I was begyled,
But reason loe, hath at my foly smyled,
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent
Of my last yeres, and of my time mispent
For youth led me, and falshod me misguided,
yet, this trust I haue of great apparance,
Sins that deceit ayr returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therwithall be done the recompence
Then gyle begyled, plaind should be neuer
And the reward is little trust for euer.

The louer describeth his being striken with sight of his loue.

THe liuely sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there auleth no defence,
Haue perst my hart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure, more then once or twise
Was neuer man could any thing deuise,
Sunne beames to turne with great vehemence
To dasle mans sight, as by theyr bright presence
Dased am I, much lyke vnto the gyse
Of one striken with dint of lightening.
Blind with the stroke, and crying here & there,
Do call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,
The payn of my fall patiently bearing.
For streight the b'ast (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyse heare I the direful thunder.

The

The wauering louer willeth, and dreadeth, to moue his desire.

SWich vayn thought, as wonted to mislead me
In desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to liue a lone,
In following her, whom reason biddes me flee,
And after her my heart would faine be gone,
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,
Twixt hope and dreade locking my libertie,
So flieth she by gentle, crueltie,
Yet as I geasse vnder disdainfull brow
One beame of ruth is in her cloudy looke,
which comfortes ỹ minde, ỹ earst for feare shooke
That bolded straight, the way them seeke I how
To vtter furth the smart I byde within,
But such it is, I not how to begin.

The louer hauing dreamed enioying of his loue complaineth that the dreame is not either longer or truer.

VNstable dreame according to the place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true.
By tasted swetnesse, make me not to rew
By good respect in such a dangerous case,
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,
But madest my spirit to liue, my care encrease,
Why body in tempest her delight embrace,
The body dead, the spirit had his desire,
Painlesse was thone, the other in delight.
Why then alas, did it not kepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the fyer,
And where it was at wish, could not remaine:
Such mockes of dreames do turne to deadly payne.

The louer vnhappy biddeth happy louers reioice in May, while hee waileth that moneth to him most vnluckelie.

YE that in loue finde lucke and swete abondance,
And liue in lust of ioyfull solitie,
Aryse for shame, do way your sluggardy.
Aryse I say doe Way some obseruance.
Let me in bed lye, dreming of mischaunce,
Let me remember my myshappes vnhappy,
That me betide in May most commonly.
As one whome loue list little to aduaunce.
Stephan sayd true that my natiuitie
Mischaunced was with the ruler of May,
He gest (I proue) of that the veritie,
In May my welth, and eke my witters, I say,
Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Joy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

The louer confesseth him in loue with Phillis.

IF waket ere, if sodayne pale colour,
If many sighes with little speche to plaine,
Now ioy now wo, if they my chere distaine,
For hope sma if much to feare therfore.
To hast slacke, my pace to selle, or more
Be sygne of loue, then doe I loue againe,
If thou aske whome, sure syns I did refraine,
Brunet that set my welth in such a roze.
Thunkained chere of Phyllis hath the place
That Brunet had, she hath and euer shall,
She from my selfe now hath me in her grace,
She hath in hand my wit, my will and all.
My heart alone well worthy she doth stay,
Without wose helpe skant do I liue a day.

Of others fained ſorow, and the louers fained mirth.

CEſar whan that the traitour of Egipt
With thonorable head did him preſent,
Couering his heartes gladneſſe, did repreſent
Playnt with his teares outward, as it is writ,
Eke Hanniball, when fortune him out ſhit
Clene from his reigne, and from all his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom ſorow did torment,
His cruel diſpite, for to diſgorge and quit.
So chaunced me. that euery paſſion
The mind hydeth by colour contrary.
With fained viſage. now ſad, now mery.
wherby if that I laugh at any ſeaſon,
It is becauſe I haue none other way
To cloke my care, but vnder ſporte and play.

Of chaunge in minde.

EThe man me teith, I chaunge moſt my deuiſe
And on my faith, me thinke it good reaſon
To chaunge purpoſe, like after the ſeaſon.
For in eche caſe to kepe ſtill one guiſe,
Is meete for them that would be taken wyſe.
And I am not of ſuch maner condicion,
But treated after a diuers faſhion,
And therupon my diuerſeneſſe doth riſe.
But you this diuerſeneſſe & blame men moſt,
Change you no more, but ſtyll after one rate
Treate you me well, and kepe you in that ſtate.
And while ſo me doth dwell this wcried ghoſt
My word nor I ſhall not be variable.
But alwayes one, your own both firme & ſtable.

How the louer periſheth in his delight, as the flye in the fier.

Some

SOme fowles there bee / haue no perfite sight,
Against the sunne their eyes for to defend,
And some because the light doth them offend,
Neuer appere, but in the darke or night
Other reioyce, to see the fire so bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend,
But finde contrary of it, that they entend,
Alas of that sort may I bee by right,
For to withstand her looke I am not able,
yet can I not hyde me in no darke place.
So followeth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swolne, and vnstable,
My destenye to behold her doth me leade.
And yet I know I runne into the glead.

Against his tong that failed to vtter his suites.

BEcause I still kept thee fro iyes and blame,
And to my power alwaies the honowred,
Unkinde tongue, to yll hast thou me rendred,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In nede of succour most when that I am,
To aske rewarde, thou standest lyke one afrayde
Alway most cold, and if one woord bee sayd
Is in a dreame, vnperfit is the same,
And ye salt teares, against my will eche night,
That are with me when I would be alone,
Then are ye gone, whē I should make my mone
And ye so redy sighes, to make me shright,
Then are ye lacke, when that ye should out start
And onely doth my loke declare my hart.

Description of the contrarious passions in a louer.

I Fynde no peace, and all my warre is done,
I feare and hope, I burne, and freese lyke yse,

I flye aloft, yet can I not aryſe,
And nought I haue, and all the world I ſeaſon,
That lockes nor loſeth, holdeth me in pryſon,
And holdes me not, yet can I ſcape no wyſe,
Nor lettes me liue, nor dye, at my deuyſe,
And yet of death it geueth me occaſion.
without eye I ſee, without tong I playne,
I wiſh to periſh, yet I aſke for health,
I loue another, and I hate my ſelfe.
I fede me in ſorow, and laugh in all my payne,
Lo, thus diſpleaſeth me both death and life,
And my delight is cauſer of this ſtrife.

The louer compareth his ſtate to a ſhippe in perilous ſtorme toſſed on the ſea.

My gally charged with forgetfulneſſe,
Through ſharpe ſeas, in winter nightes doth paſſe,
Twene rocke, and rocke and eke my foe (alas)
That is my lord, ſtereth with cruelneſſe,
And euery houre, a thought in readineſſe,
As though that death were light in ſuch a caſe,
And endleſſe wynde doth teare the layle apace
Of forced ſighes and truſty fearefulneſſe,
A rayne of teares, a cloude of darke diſdayne
Haue done the wered coarſes great hynderance,
wretched with errour and with ignorance.
The ſtarres be hidde, that lead me to this payne.
Drounde is reaſon that ſhould be my comforte
And I remayne, diſparing of the porte.

Of doubtfull loue.

Alyſing the bright beames of thoſe fayre eyes,
where he abides that myne oft moyſtes & waſheth
The wered mynde ſtrayght from the hart departeth.
To reſt within his worldy Paradyſe,

And

And bitter findes the swete, vnder his gyse.
what webbes ther he hath wrought, wel he perceiueth
wherby then with hymselfe on loue he playneth,
That spurs with fyre, and brydleth eke with yse,
In such extremitie thus is he brought,
Frosen now cold, and now he standes in flame
Twixt wo and wealth: bewixt earnest and game,
with seldome glad, and many a diuers thought,
In sore representance of his hardinesse,
Of such a roote loe commeth frute frutelesse.

The louer sheweth how he is forsaken of such as he somtime enioyed.

They flee from me, that somtime dyd me seke,
With naked fote stalking within my chamber
Once haue I sene them gentle, tame, and meke
That now are wild, and do not once remember
That somtyme they haue put themselues in danger
To take bread at my hand, and now they range
Busely seking in continuall change.
Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwyse
Twenty tymes better, but once especiall
In thine aray, after a pleasaunte gyse
When her lose gowne did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her armes long and small,
And therwithall so swetely did me kisse,
And softly sayd: deare harte, how like you this?
It was no dreame, for I lay brode awaking,
But all is tourned now through my gentilesse,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking:
And I haue leaue to goe of her goodnesse
And she also to vse new fangilenesse,
But, syns that I vnkindly so am serued:
How like you this, what hath she now deserued?

The Lady to aunswere directly with yea or no.

Madame

MAdame, withouten many woordes
Once I am sure, you will, or no.
And if you will, then leaue your boordes,
And vse your wit, and shew it so,
For with a beck you shall me call,
And if of one, that burnes alwaye,
ye haue pitie, or ruth at all:
Answere him faire with ye or nay,
If it be nay, frendes as before,
you shal an other man obtayne,
And I myne owen, and yours no more.

To his loue whome he had kissed against her will.

ALas madā, for stealing of a kisse,
Haue I so much your mind therin offended?
Or haue I done so grieuously amisse,
That by no meanes it may not be amended?
Reuenge you then. the readiest way is this,
Another kille my life it shal haue ended
For to my mouth the first my hart did sucke,
The next shall cleane out of my brest it pluche.

Of the iealous man that loued the same woman and espied this other sitting with her.

THe wandering gadling in the sommer tyde,
That findes the adder with his reckles foote,
Startes not dismayde so sodenly afyde,
As iealous despite did, though ther wer no boote
when that he saw me sitting by her syde,
That of my health is veri crop and rote.

It

It pleased me then to haue so faire a grace,
To shyng the hart, that would haue my place.

To his loue from whom he had hir gloues.

WHat nedes these threatning wordes, & walked winde?
If this cannot make me restore my may,
To robbe your good, ywis is not my mynde,
Nor causeleſſe your faire hand did I display,
Let loue be iudge, or els whom next we finde,
That may both heare what you and I can say,
She reft my hart, and I a gloue from her,
Let vs see then, if one be worthe the other.

Of the fayned frende.

RYght true it is, and sayd full yore ago,
Take hede of him that by the backe the claweth
For lyke is nought, then is a frendly fo.
Though thee seme good, all thing that the deliteth
Yet know it well, that in thy bosome crepeth,
For many a man such tyme oft times he kindleth.
That with the blak his beard himselfe he singeth.

The louer taught, mistrusteth allurementes.

IT may be good, like it who list,
But I do doubt who can me blame?
For oft assured, yet haue I mylt,
And now againe I fere the same,
The wordes, that from your mouth last came,
Of sodeyn change makes me agast
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
Alas I reade an endles maze
That seke to accorde two contraries,
And hope thus still, and nothing hate,

Im-

Impriſoned in liberties,
As one vnheard, and ſtill that cries,
Alwayes thyrſty, and nought doth taſte,
For dread to fall I ſtand not faſt.
Aſſured I doubt I bee not ſure,
Should I then truſt vnto ſuch ſuretie,
That oft hath put the moſe in vre.
And neuer yet haue founde it truſtie:
Nay, for in fayth, it wer great folly,
And yet my life thus do I waſt,
For dread to fall, I ſtand not faſt.

The louer complaineth that his loue doth not pitie him.

RE ſound my voyce ye woodes, & heare me plaine
Both hils and dales cauſing reflexion
And riuers eke, record ye of my payne,
which haue oft forced ye by compaſſion,
As iudges lo to heare my exclamacion.
Among whom, ruth (I finde) yet doth remaine,
wher I it ſeeke, alas, there is diſdaine.
Oft ye riuers, to heare my wofull ſound,
Haue ſtopt your cours, and plainly to expreſſe,
Many a teare by moyſture of the ground,
The earth hath wept to heare my heauineſſe,
which cauſeleſſe I endure without redreſſe,
The hugy okes haue roared in the wynde,
Eche thing me thought, complaining in their kind
why then alas, doth not ſhe on me rue,
Or is her heart ſo hard that no pitie,
May in it ſinke, my ioy for to renewe?
O ſtony hart, who hath thus framed thee,
So cruell? that art cloked with beauty,
That from thee may no grace to me procede,
But as reward, death for to bee my mede.

The louer reioiſeth againſt fortune that by hindering his ſuite had happelie made him forſake his folli.e.

IN faith I wote not what to say,
Thy chaunces been so wounderous
Thou fortune with thy diuers play
That makest the ioyfull dolorous,
yet though thy chame hath me enwrapt
Spyte of thy hap, hap hath well hapt,
Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And seekst by change to doe me payne,
Mens myndes yet mayst thou not so order,
For honestie if it remayne,
Shall shine for all thy cloudy rayne.
In vayne thou seekest to haue me trapt,
Spyte of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
In hindering me, me didst thou further
And made a gap, where was a style,
Cruel wiles been oft put vnder.
Wenning to lower, then dist thou smyle,
Lord, how thy self thou didst beguile,
That in thy cares would me haue wrapt,
But spyte of hap, hap hath well hapt.

A reuouncing of hardely escaped loue.

FArewell the hart of cruelty,
Though that with payn my liberty
Deare haue I bought, and wofully
Finisht my fearefull tragedy,
Of force I must forsake such pleasure,
A good cause iust, since I endure
Therby my wo, which bee ye sure,
Shall therwith go me to recure.
I fare as one escapt that fleeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet styll feareth
Spied to be caught and so dredeth
That he for nought his paine leseth
In ioyfull payn, reioyce my hart,
Thus to sustayn of eche apart.

Let not this song from thee eſtart,
welcome among my pleaſant ſmart.

The louer to his bed, with deſcribing of his vnquiet ſtate.

THe reſtfull place, renner of my ſmart,
The labours ſaiue encreaſing my ſorow,
The bodies eaſe, and troubler of my hart
Quicter of minde, myne vnquiet foe,
Forgeatter of payne, remembrer of my woe,
The place of ſlepe, wherin I do but wake,
Beſprent with teares, my bed, I the forſake.
The froſty ſnowes may not redreſſe my heate,
Nor theate of ſunne abate my feruent cold,
I know nothing to eaſe my payne ſo great,
Eche cure cauſeth encreaſe by twenty fold,
Renewing cares vpon my ſorowes old,
Such ouerthwart effects in me they make
Beſprent with teares, my bed for to forſake.
But all for nought, I finde no better eaſe
In bed or out, this moſt cauſeth my payne,
where I do ſeeke how beſt that I may pleaſe
My loſt labour (alas) is all in vayne.
My heart once ſet, I cannot it reſtraine,
No place from me my griefe away can take,
wherfore with teares, my bed I thee forſake.

Compariſon of loue to a ſtreame falling from the Alpes.

FRom theſe hye hilles as whē a ſpring doth fall
It trilleth downe with ſtill and ſuttle courſe
Of this and that, it gathers aye and ſhall,
Till it haue iuſt downflowed to ſtreames force
Then at the foote it rageth ouer all:
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a courſe,
Rage is his rayne, Reſiſtance vayleth no...:
The firſt eſchue is remedy alone.

VVyates complaint vpon loue to reason vvith loues answere.

Myne olde dere enemy, my frowarde maister,
Ifore that Mucene, I causde to be acyted,
which holdeth the deuine part of our nature,
That like as golde, in fyre he mought be tryed,
Charged with dolour, there I me presented,
with horrible feare, as one that greatly dreadeth
A wrongfull death and Iustice alway seketh.
And thus I said: Once my left foote, Madam
when I was yong, I set within his raigne:
wherby other then fyrely burning flame,
I neuer felt, but many a grieuous paine
Torment I suffred anger and disdaine:
That mine oppressed pacience was past,
And I mine owne life hated at the last.
Thus hitherto haue I my tyme passed
In paine and smart, what waies is profitable,
How many pleasant dayes haue me escaped,
In seruing this false lyer so deceiuable:
what wit haue wordes so prest and forcable,
That may containe my great mishappinesse:
And iust complaintes of his vngentlenesse:
So shall nony much aloes, and gall,
In bitternesse, my blinde life hath tasted,
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,
With faire & amorous daunce, made me be traced
And wher I had my thought, and minde araced
From earthly fraylnesse, & from vaine pleasure,
Me from my rest he tooke, and set in errour.
God made he me regardlesse, than I ought,
And to my selfe to take right little hede:
And for a woman haue I set at nought,
All other thoughtes, in this onely to spede.
And he was onely counseler of this dede.
whetting alwaies my youthly fraile desyre
On cruell whetstone, tempered with fire.
But (oh alas) where had I euer wit?

Or other gift geuen to me of nature?
That sooner shalbe changed my wered spite,
Then the obstinate will, that is my ruler.
So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure.
This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse,
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant vse.
He hath me hasted, through diuers regions:
Through desert woodes, and sharpe hie mountaines
Through froward people, and through bitter passions
Through rocky seas, and ouer hylles and plaines:
With wery trauel, and with laborous paynes,
Alwayes in trouble and in tediousnesse
Ill in errour, and daungerous distresse.
But nother he, nor she, my tother foe,
For all my slight, did euer me forsake:
That though my tymely death hath been to slowe
That me as yet, it hath not ouertake:
The hauenly Gods of pitie doe it slake,
And not they this his cruell tyranny
That feedes him, with my care, and misery,
Sins I was his, howsoeuer rested I neuer,
Nor looke to doe, and eke the waky nightes,
The banished slepe may in no wise recouer.
By guyle and force, ouer my thralled spirites
He is ruler, sins which bell neuer strikes,
That I heare not as sounding to renue
My plaintes. Him self, he knoweth that I say true.
For neuer woormes olde rotten stocke haue eaten.
As he my hart, where he is resident
And doth the same with death dayly threaten,
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torments
The sighes, the woordes and eke the languishement,
That noy doth me, and parauenture other,
Judge thou that knowest the one, and eke the other.
Mine aduersarie with such greuous reproofe,
Thus he began, Heare Lady, tother part:
That the plain trouth, from which he draweth aloofe,
This vnkinde man may shew, ere that I part,
In his yong age, I toke him from that art,
That feileth woordes, and make a clattering knight,
And of my wealth I gaue him the delight.
Now shames he not on me for to complaine,

That held him euermore in pleasant gayne,
From his desire that might haue been his payne,
Yet therby alone I brought hym to some frame
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame,
And toward honour quickned I his wit,
Wheras a dastard els he mought haue sit.
He knoweth how great Atride that made Troy
And Hannibal to Rome so troubelous, (treat,
Whom Homer honoured Achilles that great,
And Thaffricane Scipion the famous,
And many other, by much honour glorious,
Whose fame and actes, did lift them vp aboue,
I did let fall in base dishonest loue.
And vnto him, though he vnworthy were,
I chose the best of many a Myllion,
That vnder sunne yet neuer was her pere
Of wisdom, womanhod, and of discrecion,
And of my grace I gaue her such a facion,
And eke such way I taught her for to teache,
That neuer base thought his hart so hie might reache
Euer more thus to content his maistresse
That was his only frame of honestie,
I stirred him still toward gentilenesse,
And caused him to regard fidelitie.
Pacience I taught him in aduersitie
Such vertues learned he in my great schoole,
Wherof repenteth now the ignorant foole,
These, we, the same deceites, and bitter gall,
That I haue vsed, the torment and the anger,
Sweeter then euer did to other fall.
Of right good seede, ill fruite so thus I gather,
And so shall he that the vnkinde doth further,
A Serpent nourish I vnder my wing,
And now of nature, ginneth he to sting
And for to sell, at last, my great seruice,
From thousand dishonestics haue I him drawen,
That, by my meanes him in no maner wyse,
Neuer vile pleasure once hath ouerthrowen,
Wher in his dede, shame hath him alwayes gnawen,
Douting report that should come to her eare,
Whom now .,e blame.. her wonted he to feare.
What euer he hath of any honest custome,

Of

Of her, and me, that holdes he euery whit,
But lo, yet neuer was there nightly fantome
So farre in errour, as he is from his wit,
To plain on vs, he striueth with the bit,
which may rule him and do him ease, and payne,
And in one hower, make all his griefe his gayne,
But one thing yet there is aboue all other,
I gaue him winges, wherwith he might vp flye
To honour and fame, and if he wouldo to hygher
Then mortall thinges, aboue the starry skye,
Considering the pleasure, that an eye
Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue,
what should that be that lasteth still aboue?
And he the same himself hath layd ere this,
But now, forgotten is both that, and I,
That gaue him her, his onely wealth and blisse
And at this woord, with deadly shrike and crye
Thou gaue her once (quod I) but by and by
Thou tooke her ayen from me, that woworth the
Not I, but price, more worth than thou (quod he.)
At last, eche other for himself; concluded,
I trembling still, but he, with small reuerence,
Lo, thus, as we eche other haue accused,
Dere Lady, now we wayte thine onely sentence,
She smiling, at the whisted audience,
It liketh me, quod she, to haue heard your question,
But longer time doth aske a resolution.

The louers sorowfull state maketh him write sorowful songes, but Suche, his loue may change the same.

MArueil no more altho
The songes, I sing do mone
For other life then woe,
I neuer proued none.
And in my heart also
Is grauen with letters deeper
A thousande sighes and mo
A flod of teares to weepe.

How many a man in smart
Finde matter to reioyce?
How many a morning hart
Set worth a pleasant voyce?
Playe who so can that part,
Nedes must in me appeare,
How fortune crerthwart
Doth cause my morning chere.
Perdy there is no man,
If he saw neuer sight,
That perfitly tell can,
The nature of the light.
Alas how shoulde I than,
That neuer tast but sowre,
But do as I began,
Continually to sowre.
But yet perchance some chance
May chance to change my tune,
And when (Such) chance doth chance
Then shall I thanke fortune.
And if I haue (Such) chance
Perchance or it be long,
For (Such) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

The louer complaineth himselfe forsaken.

Where shal I haue at myne owne will
teares to cõplaine: where shal I set
Such sighe: that I may sigh my fill,
And then againe my plaintes repete.
For though my playnt shall haue none
My teares cãnot suffise my woe (end
To mone my harme, haue I noe frend,
For fortunes frend, is mishappes foe,
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none,
But in the wind to waste my woordes,
Nought moueth you my deply mone,
But still you turne it into boordes,

I speake

I speake not now, to moue your hart,
That you should rue vpon my paine,
The sentence geuen may not reuert.
I know such labour were but vain,
But sins that I for you (my dere)
Haue lost that thing, that was my best,
A right small losse it must appere,
To lesse these woordes. and all the rest.
But though they sparkel in the winde
yet shall they shew your falsed faith
which is returned to his kinde,
For lyke to lyke, the prouerbe saith.
Fortune, and you did me auance,
Me thought I swam, and coulde not drowne
Happiest of all but my mischaunce
Did lift me vp, to throw me downe,
And you with her, of cruelnesse,
Did set your foote vpon my necke,
Me, and my welfare to oppresse,
without offence your hart to wreke.
Where are your pleasant woordes (alas)
where is your faith? your stedfastnesse?
There is no more but all doth passe.
And I am left all comfortlesse,
But sins so much it doth you greue,
And also me my wretched lyfe,
Haue here my trouth Nought shall releue,
But death alone, my wretched strife.
Therefore farewell, my lyfe, my death,
My gayne, my losse, my saiue, my sore,
Farewell also, with you my breath:
For I am gone for euermore.

Of his loue that pricked her finger with a nedle.

The late I sowed that hath done me wrong,
wherof I plain, and haue done many a day:
And, whilst she heard my plaint, in pitteous sog

She wisht my hart the lampier that it lay.
The blinde maister, whom I haue serued so long
Grudging to heare, that he did heare her say,
Made her own weapon do her finger blede,
To feele, if pricking were so good indede.

Of the same.

f. VVHat man hath heard such cruelties before.
That when my plaint remembred her my woe
That caused it, she cruell more and more,
Wished eche stitch, as she did sit and sow,
Had prickt my heart, for to encrease my sore.
And as I thinke, she thought it had been so,
For as she thought, this is his heart in dede,
She prickt hard, and made her selfe to blede.

Request to Cupide for reuenge of his vnkinde loue.

BEhold Loue, thy power how she despyseth,
Thy grieuous paine, how vile she regardeth
The solemne othe wherof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath, and yet she bydeth sure
Right at her ease, and litle there she dredeth,
weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed sitteth
To the disdainfull, all her lyfe she leadeth
To me spitefull, without iust cause or measure,
Behold Loue, how proudly she triumpheth,
I am in hold, but if thee pitie meueth,
Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh,
And ẏ some strocke, reuenge ẏ greate displeasure
Of thee, and him that sorow doth endure,
And as his Lorde the lowly her entreateth.

Complaint for true loue vnrequited.

WHat vaileth trouth? or by it to take pain
To striue by stedfastnes, for to attain
How to be iust, and flee from doublenesse?
Since all alike, where ruleth craftinesse,
Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain
Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and faine.
True meaning hart is had in highe disdaine,
Against deceit and cloked doublenesse,
What vaileth trouth, or perfit stedfastnesse.
Deceiued is he, by false and craftie train
That meanes no gile, and faithfull doth remain,
within the trap, without helpe or redresse,
But for lo loue, lo, such a sterne maistresse,
Where crueltie dwelles, alas it were in vain.

The louer that fled loue, now followes it with his harme.

SOmtime I fled the fire, that me so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by winde,
And now the coales I follow, that be quent,
From Douer to Tales, with willing minde
Lo how desire is both sprong, and spent,
And he may see, that wilome was so blind,
And all this labour laughes he now to scorne,
Weashed in ỹ briers that erst was onely torne.

The louer hopeth of better chaunce.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fall,
The sunne returnes, ỹ hid was vnder cloud.
And when fortune hath spit out all her gall
I trust, good luck to me shalbe allowed,
For I haue sene a ship in hauen fal,
After ỹ storme hath broke both mast & shrowd,
The willow eke, that stoupeth with the winde,
Doth rise again, and greater wood doth binde,

The

The louer compareth his hart to the ouer charged gonne.

The furious gonne, in his most ragyng rye,
when that the boule is rammed in too loye,
And that the flame cannot part from the fier,
Crackes in sunder, and in the ayer do roye
The shiuered peces. So doth my desire,
whose flame entreateth aye from moye to moye
which to let out, I dare not loke, noy speke,
So inward foyce my hart doth al to breake.

The louer suspected of change praieth that it be not beleued against him.

Accused though I bee, without desert,
With none can proue, beleue it not foy true,
Foy neuer yet, since that you had my hart,
Intended I to falle, oy bee vntrue.
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,
Than breake me woyde of that I promised you
Accept therfoye my seruice in good part,
None is a liue, that can il tongues eschew.
Hold them as falle, and let not vs depart
Our frendship old, in hope of any new,
Put not thy trust in such as vse to faine,
Except thou minde to put thy frend to paine.

The louer abused renouncth loue.

My loue to thine, my service to retaine,
Therin me thought you vsed cruelti,

Since with good will I loſt my libertie,
Might neuer woe yet cauſe me to retrayne,
But onely this wich is extremitie,
To gyue me nought (alas) nor to agree
That as I was your man I might remaine,
But ſince that thus ye liſt to order mee
That would haue ben your ſeruant true and faſt
Diſpleaſe you not, my dotyng time is paſt,
And with my loſſe to leaue I muſt agree
For as there is a certaine time to rage,
So is there tyme ſuch madnes to aſſwage.

The louer profeſſeth himſelfe conſtant

WIthin my breſt I neuer thought it gayne,
Of gentle mindes the fredome for to loſe
Nor in my hart ſank neuer ſuch diſdaine,
To be a forger, fautleſſe for to diſcloſe.
Nor I can not endure the truth to gloſe
To ſet a gloſſe vpon an earneſt paine,
Nor I am not in numbre one of thoſe,
That liſt to blow retreate to euery retayne.

The louer ſendeth his complaintes and teares to ſue for grace.

PAſſe forth my wounted crys,
Thoſe cruel cares to pearce,
which in moſt hatefull wyſe
Doe ſtill my plaintes reuerſe.
Doe you, my teares, alſo
Do wet her barrein heart:
That pitie there may growe,
And crueltie depart.
For though hard rockes among

She semes to haue ben bred,
And of the Tygre long,
Bene nourished and fed.
Ye shall not nature change,
If pitie once wyn place
Whom as vnknowen and strange
She now away doth chase.
And as the water soft,
without forcing or strength,
where that it falleth oft
Hard stones doth perce at length.
So in her stony hart
My plaintes at last shall graue,
And rigour set apart
Winne graunt of that I craue.
Wherfore my plaintes, present
Still so to her my suit,
As ye through her assent
May bring to me some frute,
And as she shall me proue,
So bid her me regarde,
And render loue for loue,
which is a iuste reward.

The louers case cannot be hidden how euer he dissemble.

YOur lokes so often cast
your eyes so frendly rolde,
your sight fixed so fast,
Alwaies one to beholde:
Though hide it faine ye woulde,
It plainly doth declare,
who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.
Faine would ye finde a cloke,
your brenning fire to hide,
yet both the . . e and smoke
Breakes out on euery side.

ye

ye can not loue so guilde,
That it no ille wynne,
Abrode nedes must it gilde,
That brennes so hotte within.
For cause your selfe do wink,
ye iudge all other blinde,
And secret it you think,
which euery man dothe finde,
In wast oft spend ye winde
your self in loue to quit,
For agues of that kynde
will show, who hath the fit.
your sighes you set from farre
And all to wry your wo,
yet are ye ner the narre
Men are not blinded so
Depely oft swere ye no,
But all those othes are vaine,
So well your eye doth shew,
who puttes your hart to paine.
Thinke not therfore to hyde,
That still it selfe betraies,
For seke meanes to prouide
To darke the sunny dayes,
Forget those wonted wayes,
Leaue of such frowning chere,
There will be found no stayes,
To stoppe a thing so clere.

The louer praieth not to be disdained, refused mistrusted, nor forsaken.

DIsdaine me not without desert,
Nor leaue me not so sodeynly,
Sithce well ye wot, that in my hert
I meane ye not but honestly.
Refuse me not without cause why,
For think me not to be vniust,

Sithce

Sithence that by lott of fantasie,
This carefull knot nedes knit I must.
Mistrust me not, though some there be,
That fayne wouide spot my stedfastnesse:
Beleue them not, sins that ye se,
The prose is not, as they expresse.
Forsake me not, till I deserue,
Nor hate me not, till I offende.
Destroy me not, till that I swerue,
But sins ye knowe what I entende,
Disdaine me not that am your owne,
Refuse me not, that am so true,
Mistrust me not till all be knowen,
Forsake me not, now for no new.

The louer lamenteth his estate with sute for grace.

FOr want of will in wo I pleyne,
Under colour of lobernelle,
Renewing with my sute my payne,
My wanhope with your stedfastnelle.
Awake therfore o[f] gentlenelle,
Regard at length, I you require,
My sweiting p[ai]nes of my delire,
Be tymes who geueth willingly,
Redoubled thankes aye doth deserue,
And I that sue vnfainedly,
In fruitles hope, alas do sterue.
How great my cause is for to swerue,
And yet how stedfast is my sute,
Lo, here ye see, where is the frute.
As hounde that hath his keper lost,
Seke I your presence to obtayne,
In wich my hart deliteth most,
And shal delight though I be slaine.
you may release my band of payne,
Lose then m[y] .a[u]se that makes me crye,
For want of helpe or els I dye,

I dye,

I dye, though not incontinent,
By proceſſe yet conſumingly,
As waſt of fire, which doth relent,
If you as wilfull will deny.
Wherfore ceaſe of ſuch cruelty,
And take me wholy in your grace,
which lacketh will to change his place.

The louer waileth his changed ioyes.

If euery man might him enioy
Of fortunes frendly cheere,
It was my ſelfe I muſt it graunt,
For I haue bought it dere,
And derely haue I held alſo
The glory of her name,
In yelding her ſuch tribute, lo,
As did ſet forth her fame.
Sometime I ſtode ſo in her grace
That as I would require,
Eche ioy I thought did me embrace,
That furdered my deſire,
And all thoſe pleaſures, lo, had I,
That fanſie might ſupport,
And nothing ſhe did me deny,
That was vntomy comfort.
I had (what would you more perdie)
Ech grace that I did crane,
Thus fortunes will was vnto me
All thing that I would haue,
But all to rathe alas the while,
She built on ſuch a ground.
In little ſpace, to great a guile,
In her now haue I founde.
For ſhe hath turned ſo her wheele,
That I vnhappy man
May waile the time that I did feele
wherwith ſhe fed me than
For broken now are her beheſtes
And pleaſant lookes ſhe gaue,

And

And therfore now all my requestes,
From perill can not saue,
yet would I well it might appere
To her my chiefe regard,
Though my desertes haue been to dere
To merite such reward.
Sins fortunes will is so to bent,
To plague me thus poore man,
I must my selfe therwith consent,
And beare it as I can.

To his loue that hath giuen him answere of refusall.

THe aunswere that ye made to me my deare
when I did sue for my poore hartes redresse,
Hath so appalde my contenaunce and my chere,
That in this case, I am all comfortlesse,
Sins I of blame no cause can well expresse.
I haue no wrong, wher I can claime no right
Nought tane me fro, wher I haue nothing had
yet of my wo, I can not so bee quite,
Namely sins that another may be glad,
With that, that thus in sorow makes me sad.
yet none can claime (I say) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by desert, I dare well make auant,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that shall,
Beare you more trueth, more ready at your cal.
Now good then, call agayne that bitter worde
That toucht your frēd so nere wt pāgues of payn
And say my dere that it was said in bord,
Late, or to sone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherwith free will doth true desert retayne.

To his Ladie, cruell ouer her y.iden louer.

Such

SWich is the course that natures kynde hath wrought,
that snakes haue tyme to cast away their stynges,
Agaynst chaynd prisoners what nede defence be sought,
the fierce Lyon will hurt no yeldyng thinges,
why should such spight be nursed then by thought?
Sith all these powers are prest vnder thy wynges
And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,
what mischiefe malice many wayes it dryngeth,
Consider eke, that spight auayleth nought,
Therfore this song thy fault to thee it synges:
Displease thee not, for saying thus (me thought)
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth sprynges
For furies that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

The louer complaineth that deadlie sickenes can not helpe his affection.

THe enemy of lyfe, decayer of all kynde,
that with his colde withers away the grene,
this other night me in my bed dyd fynde,
And offred me to ryd my feuer clene
And I dyd graunt, so dyd dispayre me blynde,
He drew his bowe with arrowes sharpe and kene,
And strake the place, where loue had hyt before,
And draue the fyrst dart deper more and more

The loner reioiceth the enioying of his loue.

ONce as me thought, fortune me kist
And bade me aske what I thought best,
And I should haue it as me lyst,
Therewith to set my hart in rest,
I asked but my ladies hart,
to haue for euermore myne owne,
Then at an end were all my smart,
then should I nede no more to mone,

Yet for all that a stormy blast
Had ouerturnde this goodly nay:
And fortune semed at the last
That to her promise she sayd nay.
But lyke as one out of dispaire,
to sodeyn hoape reuyued I:
New Fortune sheweth her selfe so fayre
that I content my swonderfly.
My moste desire my hand my reache,
My will is alway at my hande,
We neede not longe for to beseeche
Her, that hath power me to commaunde.
What earthly thyng more can I craue?
What would I wishe more at my will
Nothing on earth more would I haue,
Saue that I haue, to haue it still.
For fortune nowe hath kept her promesse
In grauntyng me my moste desire
Of my soueraigne I haue redresse,
And I content me with my hyre.

The louer complaineth the vnkindnes of his loue.

My lute awake perfourme the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste:
And ende that I haue nowe begonne.
And when this song is song and past,
My lute be still, for I haue done.
As to be heard where eare is none,
As leade to graue in marble stone,
My song may pearce her hart as sone,
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone?
No, no, my lute, for I haue done.
The rockes do not so crudly
Repulse the waues continually,
As she my suite and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Whe[illegible] lute and I haue done.
Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte

Of simple hartes thyrough loues shot,
By whom vnkynde thou hast them wonne,
thinke not he hath his bowe forgot,
Although my lute and I haue done.
Vengeaunce shall fall on thy disdayne
that makest but game on earnest payne,
thinke not alone vnder the sunne
Vnquit to cause thy louers playne.
Although my lute and I haue done.
May chaunce the eye withered and olde.
In winter nightes that are so colde,
Playning in vayne vnto the moone,
Thy wishes then dare not be wolde,
Care then who lyst for I haue doone.
And then may chaunce thee to repent
the tyme that thou hast lost and spent,
to cause thy louers sighe and swowne,
then shalt thou knowe beauty but lent,
And wishe and want as I haue done.
Nowe cease my lute this is the last,
Labour that thou and I shall wast
And ended is that we begonne,
Now is this song both song and past,
My lute be still for I haue done.



How by a kisse he found both his life and death

NAtur that gaue the Bee so feate a grace,
To finde honey of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spyder out of the same place
to fetche poyson by straunge attraction,
though this be straunge, it is a straunger case
With one kisse by secret operation,
Both these at once in those your lips to finde,
In change whereof, I leaue my heart behynde,

The louer describeth his beyng taken with sight of his loue.

VNcarcly so was neuer no man caught.
with stedfast look vpon a goodly face,
As I of late, for sodainly me thought,
My hart was torne out of his place.
Thorow myne eye the stroke from hers did slie.
And downe directly to my hart it ranne,
In helpe whereof the bloud thereto dyd glyde,
And left my face both pale and wanne.
Then was I lyke a man for wo amased,
Or lyke the fowle that flyeth into the fyre,
For while that I vpon her beautie gased,
The more I burnde in my desyre.
Anone the bloude start in my face agayne,
Inflamde with heate, that it had at my hart,
and brought therwith throughout in euery vaine,
A quakyng heat with pleasunt smart.
Than was I lyke the straw, when that the flame
Is driuen therein, by force and rage of wynde,
I can not tell, alas, what I shall blame,
For what to seke, nor what to finde.
But well I wot, the griefe doth hold me fore,
In heate and colde, betwixt both hoape and dreade,
That, but her helpe to health do me restore,
this restlesse lyfe I may not leade.

To his louer to loke vpon him.

AL in thy looke my lyfe doth wholy depende,
thou hydest thy selfe, and I must dye therfore,
Yet synce thou mayst so easely helpe thy frende
why doest thou sticke to saue that thou made fore?
why doe I dye, sithe thou mayest me defende,
And yf I dye, thy lyfe may last no more,
For eche by other doth liue and haue relefe,
I in thy looke, and thou moste in my griefe.

the

The louer excuseth him of wordes wherewith he was vniustlie charged.

PErdy I sayd it not,
Nor neuer thought to do,
As well as I ye wot
I haue no power thereto,
And yf I dyd, the lot
That fyrst dyd me enchayne,
May neuer slake the knot,
But strayte it to my payne.
And if I dyd eche thyng
That may do harme or wo,
Continually may sting
My heart where so I go:
Repoyt may alwayes ring
Of shame on me for aye,
If in my heart dyd spring
the woordes that you do say.
And if I did, eche starre
That is in heauen aboue,
May frowne on me to marre
the hope I haue in loue.
And if I dyd, such warre
as they brought vnto Troy,
Bring all my lyfe as farre
From all his ioye and ioye.
And if I dyd so saye,
the beauty that me bounde,
Encrease from day to day
More cruell to my wounde,
With all the mone that may
to plaint may turne my song.
My lyfe may sone decaye
without redresse by wrong.
If I be cleare from thought
why do you then complayne?
then is this thing but sought,
To turne my hart to payne.

Then this that you haue wrought,
You must it now redresse,
Of right therefore you ought
Such rigour to represse.
And as I haue deserued,
So graunt me now my hyre.
You knowe I neuer swerued,
you neuer found me lyer.
For Rachel haue I serued,
For Lea carde I neuer,
And her I haue reserued
within my hart for euer.

Of such as had forsaken him.

LAy my faire faulcon, and thy fellowes all,
How well pleasant it were your libertie,
ye not forsake me, that fayre mought you fall,
But they that sometime lyked my company,
Like lyce away from dead bodies they crall.
Lo, what a proofe in light aduersitie,
But ye my byrdes, I sweare by all your belles,
ye be my frendes, and very fewe elles.

A prescription of such a one as he would loue.

AFace that should content me wonderous well,
Should not be faire, but louely to beholde,
Of liuely looke all griefe for to repell
with right good grace, so would I that it should
Speake without worde, such words as none cã tell
Her tresse also should be of crisped golde,
with wit and these, percheaunce I might be tryde,
And knyt again with knot, that should not slide.

How vnpossible it is to finde quietnes in loue.

Eter my hap is slack and slow in comming
Desire encreasing aye my hope vncertayne,
with doubtfull loue that but encreaseth payne
For Tigre like so swift it is in partyng.
Alas the snow black shall it bee and scaldyng,
the sea waterlesse and fishe vpon the mountaine,
the temmes shall back retourne into his fountaine.
And where he rose the sunne shall take her lodging,
Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse,
Or that loue, or my lady rightwisely
Leaue to conspire against me wrongfully
And if I haue after such bitternesse,
One drop of swete, my mouth is out of taste,
That all my trust and trauell is but waste.

Of loue, fortune, and the louers minde.

Loue, fortune, and my mynde, which do remembre
Eke that is now, and that once hath bene,
Torment my hart so sore that very often
I hate and enuy them beyonde all measure.
Loue fleeth my hart while fortune is depriuer
Of all my comfort, the folish minde than,
Burneth and playneth, as one that very seldom
Liueth in rest, so still in displeasure
Wy pleasant dayes they flete and passe.
And daily doth myne yll change to the worse.
while more then halfe is runne now of my course,
Alas not of steele, but of brittle glasse,
I see that from my hand falleth my trust,
And all my thoughtes are dashed into duste.

The louer prayeth his offred hart to be receiued.

How oft haue I, my dere and cruell foe.
with my great payne to get from peace or truce
Geuen you my hart: but you do not vse
In so high thinges, to cast your minde so low.

If any other loke for it, as you trow,
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuse.
And that thus I disdain, that you refuse,
It was once myne, it can no more be so;
If you it chafe, that it in you can fynde
In this exile, no maner of comfort,
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde resort,
He may wander from his naturall kinde.
So shall it be great hurt vnto vs twayne,
And yours the losse, and myne the deadly payne.

The louers lyfe compared to the Alpes.

LIke vnto these vnmeasurable mountaines,
So is my painfull life the burden of pyne,
For hie be they, and hie is my desyre,
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaynes,
Under craggy rockes they haue barren playnes.
Hard thoughtes in me my wofull mynde doth tire,
Small fruit and many leaues their toppes do attire
With small effect great trust in me remaynes,
The boisterous wyndes oft their hie boughes do blast,
Hotte sighes in me continually be shed,
Wilde beastes in them, fierce loue in me is fed,
Vnmoueable am I, and they stedfast.
Of singing birdes they haue the tune and note,
And I alwayes plaintes passing through my throte.

Charging of his loue as vnpiteous and louing other.

If amorous faith, or if an hart vnfayned
A swete langour, a great louely desire,
If honest will kindled in gentle fyre,
If long errour in a blinde maze chained,
If [illegible] sage reche thought distained,
Or my speaking voyce, lor er, or hyer,

which feare and shame, so wofully doth tyre,
If pale colour, which loue alas hath stained,
If to haue an other then my selfe more dere,
If wailing or sighing continually,
with sorowfull anger fedyng busily
If burned farre of, and if frising nere,
Are cause that I by loue my selfe destroy,
yours is the fault, and myne the great annoy.

A renouncing of loue.

FAre well loue, and all thy lawes forever,
Thy bayted hookes shall tangle me no more,
Senec, and Plato call me from thy lore,
To parfit welth my wit for to endever.
In blinde errour when I dyd persever,
Thy sharpe repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I sette no store,
But scape forth thence, since libertie is lefter.
Therefore, fare wel, go trouble yonger hartes,
And in time claime no more auctorite,
with vile youth go vse thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle dartes.
For hitherto though I haue lost my tyme,
Me list no lenger rotten bowes to clyme.

The louer forsaketh his vnkynde loue.

MY hart I gaue thee, not to do it pain,
But to preserue, lo it to thee was taken,
I serued thee not that I should be forsaken,
But that I should receyue rewarde agayn,
I was content thy seruaunt to remayne,
And not to be repayed on this fashion.
Now, since in thee there is none other reson,
Displease thee not, if that I do refrayne,
Vnsaciat of my wo, and thy desire,
Assured by craft for to excuse thy faute,
But, sins it pleaseth thee to saith better.

Fare

Farewell I say departyng from the fyre.
For he that doth beleue bearing in hande,
Dloweth in the water and loweth in the sande.

The louer describeth his restlesse state.

The flamyng sighes that boyle within my brest
Sometyme breake forth and they can well declare
The hartes vnrest and how that he doth feare
the payne thereof the griefe and all the rest.
The shatered eyen from whence the teares do fall,
Do fele some force or els they would be dry,
the wasted fleshe of colour ded can try
And sometyme tell what sweetenesse in the gall.
And he that lust to lere and to discearne,
How care can sore within a wearied mynde,
Come he to me I am that place assynde,
But for al this no force it doth ne harme,
the wound alas happe in some other place,
From whence no toole away the sharr can race.
But you which of such lyke haue had your part,
Can best be iudge. wherfore my frende so dere,
I thought it good my state should now appere
to you and that there is no great dessart.
And whereas you in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,
For trifling thynges I now am strken so
that though I fele my hart doth wound and beat,
I sit alone saue on the second day,
My feuer comes with whome I spende my tyme,
In burnyng heat while that she list assigne.
And who hath heith and libertie alway,
Let him thank God and let him not prouoke
to haue the lyke of this my painfull stroke.

The louer lamentes the death of his loue.

The pillar perisht is whom I lent,
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet mynde.

The

The like of it no man agayne can fynde
Fram East to weſt ſtil ſeking though he went,
to myne vnhappe for happe away hath rent,
Of all my ioy the very barke and rinde,
And I (alas) by chaunce am thus aſſynde
Dayly to mourne tyll death do it relent.
But ſince that thus it is by deſteny,
What can I more but haue a wofull hart,
Wyppenne in plaint, my voyce in carefull crye,
Wymynde in woo, my body full of ſmart,
And I my ſelfe, my ſelfe alwayes to hate,
Tyll dreadfull death do eaſe my dolefull ſtate.

The louer ſendeth ſighes to mone his ſuite.

GO burning ſighes vnto the froſen hart,
Go breake the Iſe which pities painfull dart
Might neuer pearce, and if that mortall prayer
In heauen be heard, at leaſt yet I deſyre,
That death or mercy end my wofull ſmart.
Take with the payne, wherof I haue my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot ſtart.
And leaue me then in reſt, I you require.
Goe burnyng ſighes fulfill that I deſire.
I muſt go worke I ſee my craft and art,
For truthe and fayth in her is layde aparte,
Alas, I cannot therefore now aſſayle her,
With pitifull complaint and ſcaldyng fyer,
That from my breſt diſcreuably doth ſtart.

Complaint of the abſence of his loue.

SO feble is the threde, that doth the burden ſtay,
Of my poore lyfe in heauy plight, that falleth in decay,
That, but it haue elſwhere ſome ayde or ſome ſuccoure,
the running ſpindle of my fate anone ſhall ende his courſe.
For ſince thunhappy hower, that dyd me to depart,
From my ſwete weale, one oncly hope hath ſtayed my lyfe apart
Which doth perſwade ſuch wordes vnto my ſored mynde.

Main-

Maintayn thy ſelfe O wofull wight, ſome better luck to fynde
For though thou be depriued from thy deſyred ſyght,
Who can the tell, if thy returne be for thy more delight?
Or who can tell thy loſſe, if thou mayſt once recouer?
Some pleaſant houre thy wo may wrap, & thee defend, & couer.
Thus in this truſt as yet it hath my lyfe ſuſtayned,
But now (alas) I ſee it faint, and I, by truſt am trayned.
The tyme doth flete, and I ſee how the houres do bende
So faſt, that I haue ſcant the ſpace to marke my comming ende.
Weſtward the ſunne from out the Eaſt ſcant ſhewes his light,
When in the Weſt he hies hun ſtrait, within the darke of night.
And comes as faſt, where he began his path awry,
From Eaſt to weſt, from weſt to Eaſt ſo doth his tourney lye.
The lyfe ſo ſhort ſo frayle that mortall men lyue here,
So great a weight ſo heauy charge, the bodies that we bere.
That when I thinke vpon the diſtaunce and the ſpace,
that doth ſo farre diuyde me from my dere deſyred face:
I knowe not how tattayne the winges that I require
to lyft me vp, that I might flye, to follow my deſire.
Thus of that hope, that doth my lyfe ſome thyng ſuſtayne,
Alas, I feare, and partly feele, full litle doth remayne.
Eche place doth bringe me griefe where I do not behold
thoſe liuely eyes, which of my thoughts wer wōt ẏ keys to hold.
Thoſe thoughts wer pleaſāt ſwete, whilſt I enioyed that grace,
My pleaſure paſt, my preſent payne, whē I might wel embrace.
And, forbecauſe my want ſhould more my wo encreaſe:
In watch and ſlepe, both day and night, my wil doth neuer ceaſe
that thyng to wiſhe, wherof ſynce I dyd loſe the ſight,
Was neuer thyng that mought in ought my wofull hart delight,
thuneaſy lyfe I leade, doth teache me for to mete
the floudes, the ſeas, the lād, the hils, that doth them entermete.
twene me, and thoſe ſhene lightes, that wonted for to clere
My darked pāges of cloudy thoughts, as bright as Phebꝰ ſphere
It teacheth me alſo what was my pleaſant ſtate,
the more to feele, by ſuch record, how that my welthe doth bate.
If ſuch record (alas) prouoke then flamed mynde,
whiche ſprong that day, that I dyd loue the beſt of me behynde.
If loue forgeat himſelfe, by length of abſence let,
Who doth me guyde (O wofull wretche) vnto his bayted net?
Whe[illegible] encreaſe my care, much better were for me,
As dumme as ſtone all thing forgot, ſtill abſent for to be.
Alas, the clere chriſtall, the bright tranſplendant glaſſe

Doth

Doth not bewray the colours hid, which vnderneth it hale.
Is doth thaccumbred spite the thoughtfull throwes discouer.
Of teares delyte, of feruent loue, that in our hartes we couer.
Out by these eyes, it sheweth that euermore delight,
In plaint and teares to seeke redresse, and eke both day & night.
those kyndes of pleasures most wherin men so reioyce,
to me they do redouble still of stormy sighes the voyce.
For, I am one of them. whom playnt doth well content.
It sits me well my absent wealth me semes for to lament.
And with my teares, tassay to charge myne eyes twayne,
Like as my hart aboue the brinke is fraughted ful of payne.
And for because thereto, that these faire eyes doe treate,
Do me prouoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to repeate.
For there is nothyng els, so toucheth me within,
where they rule all, and I alone nought but the case or skyn.
Wherfore I shall returne to them, as well, or spring,
From whom descendes my mortall wo, aboue all other thyng.
So shall myne eyes in payne accompany my hart,
that were the guydes, that dyd it leade of loue to feele the smart.
The crisped gold, that doth surmount Apollos pride,
the lyuely streames of pleasant starres that vnder it doth glyde,
wherein the beames of loue do: still encrease their heate,
which yet so farre touche me to nere, in colde to make me sweate.
The wyse and pleasaunt talke. so rare, or els alone
that gaue to me the curteys gift, that erst had neuer none,
We farre from me, alas, and euery other thyng,
I might forbeare with better will, then this that dyd me bring
with pleasant woord and chere, redresse of kyngred payne,
And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to trayne.
Thus am I forst to heare, and harken after newes,
Wy comfort scant, my large desire in doubtfull trust renewes.
And yet with more delyte to mone my wofull ease,
I must complayn those hands, these armes ỹ firmely do embrace
We from my selfe, and rule the sterne of my poore lyfe,
the swete disdaynes, the pleasant wrathes, & eke the louely strife,
that wonted well to tune in temper iust and mete.
the rage, that oft dyd make me erre, by furour vndiscrete.
All this is hid fro me, with sharpe and ragued hilles.
At others will my longe abode, my depe dispayre fulfilles.
And of my hope sometyme ryse vp, by some redresse.
It stumbleth straite, for feable faint my feare hath such cesse.
Such is the sort of heape, the lesse for more delyte,

And

And yet I truſt ere that I dye, to ſee that I require.
The reſting place of loue, where vertue dwelles and growes,
There I deſyre my wery lyfe, ſometyme may take repoſe.
My ſong, thou ſhalt attaine, to fynde the pleaſaunt place
wher ſhe doth liue, by whō I liue, may chaūce to haue this grace
when ſhe hath read, and ſene the griefe, wherein I ſerue,
Betwene her breſtes ſhe ſhall the put, there ſhall ſhe the reſerue.
Then tell her, that I come, ſhe ſhall me ſhortly ſee,
And iffor waight the body fayle, the ſoule ſhall to her flee.

The louer blameth his loue for renting of the letter he ſent her.

Yll ſtilled not (madame) that you dyd teare
My wofull hart, but this alſo to rent,
The weping paper that to you I ſent,
wherein the letter was written with a teare,
Could not my preſent paynes (alas) ſuffile
your grieuy heart? and that my ſmart doth feele,
Tormentes that pricke more ſharper then the ſteele?
But new and new muſt to my lot aryſe,
Yll ſe then my death, ſo ſhall your cruelltie,
Spite of your ſpite rid me from all my ſmart,
And I no more ſuch tormentes of the hart
Fele as I bor this ſhall you gayne therby.

The louer curſeth the tyme when fyrſt he fell in loue.

When fyrſt myne eyes did viewe and marke,
Thy fayre beauty to beholde,
And when my eares ipſined to harke
the pleaſaunt wordes that thou me tolde,
I would as then I had bene free,
From eares to heare and eyes to ſee.
And . . my lippes gan fyrſt to mone,
wher . . hart to thee was knowne,
And when my tonge dyd talke of loue,

To thee that hast trv_one downe thyselfe,
I would my lippes, and tongue also,
Had then bene dumme, no deale to goe,
And when my handes haue handled ought,
That the hath kept in memory,
And when my feete haue gone and sought
To fynde and get thy company,
I would eche hand a foote had beene,
And I eche foote a hand had seene,
And when in mynde I dyd consent,
To followe this my fanlies will,
And when my hart dyd first relent
To taste such bayte my lyfe to spill,
I would my hart had bene as thyne,
Or els thy hart had bene as myne.

The louer determineth to serue faithfully.

Synce loue will nedes, that I shall loue,
Of very force I must agree,
And since no chaunce may it remoue,
In wealth and in aduersitie,
I shall alway my selfe applye,
To serue and suffer pacientlye,
Though for good will I finde but hate,
And cruelly my life to waste,
And though that still a wretched state
Should pyne my dayes vnto the last:
Yet I professe it willingly
To serue and suffer pacientlye.
For since my hart is bound to serue,
And I not ruler of myne owne,
what so befall, tyll that I sterue,
By proofe full well it shalbe knowne
That I shall stylll my selfe apply
To serue and suffer pacientlye.
Yea though my griefe fynde no redresse,
But still encrease before myne eyes,
Though my reward be cruelnesse,
With all the harme, happe can deuyse,

yet I profesſe it willingly,
To ſerue and ſuffer pacientlye.
yea though fortune her pleaſaunt face
Should ſhew, to ſet me vp aloft,
And ſtraight my wealth for to deface
Should wyrthe away, as ſhe dothe oft,
yet would I ſtill my ſelfe applye
To ſerue and ſuffer pacientlye.
There is no griefe, no ſmert, no wo,
That yet I feele, or after ſhall,
That from this mynde may make me go.
And whatſoeuer me befall,
I doe profeſſe it willyngly
To ſerue and ſuffer pacientlye

The louer ſuſpected blameth il tonges

MIſtruſtfull mynded be moued
To haue me in ſuſpect,
The treuth it ſhalbe proued,
which time ſhall once detect.
Though falſhed goe about
Of crime me to accuſe,
At length I doe not dout
But truth ſhall me excuſe.
Such fauor, as they haue ſerued
To me without deſert,
Euen as they haue deſerued,
thereof God ſend them part.

The louer complayneth and his ladie comforteth.

Louer. IT burneth yet, alas my hearteꝰ deſyre,
Ladye. what is the thing that hath inflamde thy hert?
Lo. T. A certayne point as feruent as the fyre,
Ladye. The heate ſhall ceaſe, if that thou wilt conuert,
Louer. I cannot ſtop the feruent ragyng yre

What

La. what may I do, if thy selfe cause thy smart?
Lo. Heare my request, and rew my weping chere.
La. with right good will say on. lo, I the here.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content.
La. Thy sekest, perchaunce of me, that I may not.
Lo. Would God, thou wouldest, as thou mayst, well assent
La. That I may not the griefe is mine, God wot.
Lo. But I it feele, what so thy woordes haue ment,
La. Suspect me not, my woordes bee not forgot,
Lo. Then say, alas shall I haue helpe or no.
La. I see no time to aunswer, yea, but no.
Lo. Say yea, dere hart, and stand no more in doubt.
La. I may not grant a thing that is so dere.
Lo. Lo, with delayes thou drimes me still about.
La. Thou wouldest my death it plainly doth appeare.
Lo. First, may my heart his blood, and life bleede out:
La. Then for my sake, alas, thy will forbeare.
Lo. From day to day, thus wasteth my lyfe away.
La. yet for the best, suffre some smale delay,
Lo. Now good, say yea, do once so good a dede.
La. If I sayd yea, what should therof ensue?
Lo. An heart in payne of succour so should spede
Twixt yea, and nay, my dout shall still renew.
Wy swete, say yea, and do away this dreade.
La. Thou wilt needes so, bee it so, but then bee trew,
Lo. Nought would I els, nor other treasure none,
Thus, hartes bee woone by loue, request, and mone.

VVhy loue is blinde.

Of purpose, loue chose first for to bee blynde,
For he with sight of that, that I beholde,
Vanquisht had been, against all godly kynde.
His bow your hand, and trusse should haue vnfold.
And he with me to serue had been assinde,
But for he blind, and reckelesse would him holde,
And still, by chance, his dredy strokes bestow,
With such, as see, I serue, and suffer wo.

To his vnkinde loue.

WHat rage is this? what furor? of what kinde?
what power? what plage doth wery thus myne minde
within my bones to rankle is assinde,
what poyson pleasant swete?
Lo, see, myne eyes flowe with continual teares
The body still away slepeiesse it weares,
My foode nothing my fainting strength repaires
Nor doth my lymmes sustaine.
In depe wide wound, ỹ dedly stroke doth turne
To cureiesse skarre that neuer shall returne
Go to, triumph, reioyce thy goodly turne,
Thy frend thou doest oppresse.
Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure.
Fierce Tygre, fell, hard rocke without recure.
Cruel rebell to loue.
Once may thou loue, neuer beloued againe,
So loue thou still, and not thy loue obtaine,
So wraithfull loue with spites of iust disdaine,
Way thyet thy cruell hart.

The louer blameth his instant desire,

DEsyr (alas) my maister, and my foe,
So forgetfull they selfe, how maist thou see
Some time thou sekest, and dryues me to ỹ fro,
Sometime thou leadest, that leadeth thee e mee,
What reason is to ruie thy subiectes so?
By forced law, and mutabilitie.
For where by thee I doubted to haue blame.
Euen now by hate agayn I doubt the same.

The louer complaineth his estate,

I ...er that chance hath chosen me,
...yus secretly to liue in payne,
And to another geuen thee free,

Of al my my losse to haue the gayne.
By chaunce a sinde thus doe I serue.
And other haue that I deserue.
Unto my selfe sometyme alone
I doe lament my sowfull case,
But what auaileth me to mone?
Since trouth and pitie hath no place
In them, to whom I sue and serue,
And other haue that I deserue.
To seke by meane to change this mind
Alas, I proue it will not be,
For in my heart I cannot finde,
Once to refrayne, but still agree,
As bound by force, alway to serue
And other haue that I deserue.
Such is the fortune that I haue,
To loue them most, that loue me lest,
And to my payne to seeke and traue
The thing, that other haue possest.
So thus in vayne alway I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.
And till I may appease the heate,
If that my happe will happe so well,
To wayle my wo my heart shal freate
whose pensif payne my tong can tell,
Yet thus vnhappy must I serue,
And other haue that I deserue.

Of his loue called Anna.

What woord is that, that changeth not,
Though yt be turnde and made in twayne,
It is myne Anna, God it wote,
The onely cauler of my payne,
My loue that medeth with disdayne.
yet is it loued, what will you more?
It is my salue, and eke my sore.

That pleasure is mixed with euer/ paine.

VEnemous thornes that are so sharpe and kyne.
Beare flowers we see, full fresh and faire of hue,
Poyson is also put in medicine.
And vnto man his health doth oft renue.
The fier that all thinges eke consumeth clene
May hurt and heale, then if that this be true,
I trust sometime my harme may be my health.
Sins euery woe is ioyned with some wealth.

A riddle of a gift geuen by a Ladie.

A Lady gaue me a gift she had not,
And I receiued her gift which I toke not,
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not,
And I receiued it, albeit, I couldo not,
If she geue it me, I force not,
And if she take it againe she cares not.
Conster what this is, and tell not,
For I am fait sworne I may not.

That speaking or profering bringes alway speding.

SPeake thou and spede where will or power ought helpeth
Where power doth want, will must be wonne by welth.
For nede will spede, where will woorkes not his kinde,
Attayne, thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee fynd.
For sute and golde, what doe not they obtayne,
Of good and bad the triers are these twayne.

He

He ruleth not though he reigne ouer realmes, that is subiect to his owne lustes.

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruell will, and see thou kepe thee free
From the foule yoke of sensuall bondage,
For though thine empire stretche to Indian sea,
And for thy feare tremdleth the fardest Thilee
If thy desyre haue ouer thee the power,
Subiect then art thou and no gouernour.
If to be noble and high thy mynde be moued,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginning,
For he that hath eche starre in heauen fixed,
And geues the Moone her hornes and her eclipsing
Alyke hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foule lust and vice doe conquer thee.
Al wer it so thou had a flood of golde,
Unto thy thirst yet should not suffice,
And though with Indian stones a thousand folde,
More precious then can thy selfe deuise,
Ycharged were thy backe, thy couetise,
And busy byting yet should neuer let,
Thy wretched lyfe, ne do thy death moket.

whether libertie by losse of life, or life in prison and thral dome be to be preferred.

LYke as the byrde within the cage enclosed,
The dore vnsparred, her foe the hawke without,
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
whether for tho chose standeth in dout,
Lo so do I wich seke to bring about,
which shoule be best by determinacion,
By losse of lyfe libertie, or lyfe by prison.
O mischief by mischief to be redressed
where payne is best, there lyeth but little pleasure,

By short death better to be delivered,
Then byde in paynfull lyfe, thraldome and dolour.
Smal is the pleasure, where much payne we suffre
Rather therfore to chose me thinketh wisdome,
By losse of lyfe libertie, then lyfe by prison.
And yet me thinkes although I live and suffer,
I doe but wayte a tyme and fortunes chance,
Oft many thinges doe happen in one howre,
That which oppreslt me now may me advance,
In tyme is trust which by deathes greevaunce
Is wholy lost. Then were it not reason,
By death to chose liberti, and not lyfe by prison,
But death wer deliverance where life lengthens payne
Of these two illes let see now chose the best,
This bird to deliver that here doth playne,
What say ye lovers? which shalbe the best?
In cage thraldome, or by the hauke oppreslt
And which to chose make playne conclusion,
By losse of lyfe libertie, or life by prison.

Againe hourders of money.

FOr shamefast harme of great, and hatefull nede,
In depe dispayre, as dyd a wretch go,
With redy corde, out of his life to spede,
His stumbling foote did fynde an hoorde, lo
Of golde, I say, where he prepardc this dede,
And in eschange, he left the corde, tho
He that had hid the golde, and founde it not,
Of that he found he shapt his necke a knot,

Description of a gonne.

VUlcane begat me, Minerua me taught
Nature my mother, craft nourisht me yere by yere
Three bodies are my foode, my strength is in naught
Anger, wrath, waste, and noyse, are my children dere,
Gesse frende, what I am: and how I am wraught,
Whether of sea, or of lande, or els where.
Know me, and vse me, and I may the defend,
And if I be thine enemie, I may thy life ende.

wiate beinge in prison, to Brian.

Syghes are my foode, my drinke are my teares,
Clinking of fetters would such musike craue,
Stinke, and close ayre, away my life it weare.
Poore innocence is all the hope I haue,
Raine, wynd, or weather, iudge I by mine eares
Malice assauts that righteousnesse should haue
Sure am I, Bryan, this woūd shal heale again
But yet alas, the skarre shall styll remaine.

Of dissembling woordes.

Throughout the world if it were sought.
Fayre wordes enough a man shall fynde,
They bee good chepe they cost right nought,
Their substance is but onely wynde,
But well to say and so to mene,
That swete accorde is seldome sene.

Of the meane and sure estate.

Stand who so list vpon the slipper wheele
Of high estate, and let me here reioyce,
And vse my life in quietnesse eche dele,
Unknowen in court that hath the wanton toyes
In hidden place my time shall slowly passe,
And when my yeres be past withouten noyse,
Let me dye olde after the common trace,
For grypes of death doth he too yardly passe,
That knowyne is to all, but to himselfe, alas
He dyeth vnknowyne, dazed with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life.

In court to serue decked with freshe aray,
Of sugred meates feling the swete repast,
The lyfe in banketts, and sundry kyndes of playe

Amid the preſſe of worldly lookes to waſte,
Hath with it ioyned oft times ſuch bitter taſte
That who ſo ioyes ſuch kinde of life to holde,
In priſon ioyes fettered with chaines of golde.

Of diſapointed purpoſe by negligence.

OF Carthage he that worthy warriour
Could ouercome, but could not vſe his chance
And I likewyſe of all my long endeuour
The ſharpe conqueſt though fortune did auance
Ne could I vſe. The hold that is geuen ouer,
I vnpoſſeſſe, ſo hangeth now in balance
Of warre, my peace, reward of all my payne.
At Mountzon thus I reſtleſſe reſt in Spaine.

Of his returne from Spaine.

TAgus farewell & weſtward to thy ſtremes,
Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried
For I with ſpurre and ſaile, go ſeke & temmes,
Gaynward & ſunne & ſheweth her wheithy pryd
And to & towne that Brutus ſought by dreams
Lyke bended moone that leaues her luſty ſyde
My king, my countrey, I ſeke for whom I liue
O mighty Ioue the wyndes for this me geue.

Of ſodaine truſting.

DRiuen by deſire I did this dede
To daunger my ſelfe without cauſe why.
To truſt thuntrue not lyke to ſpede,
To ſpeake and promiſe faithfully,
But now the proofe doth verify,
That who ſo truſteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himſelfe and pleaſe his foe.

Of the mother that eat her childe at the ſiege of Ieruſalem.

IN doubtfull breſt whyles motherly pitty,
With furious famine ſtandeth at debate,
The mother ſaith, O childe vnhappy,
Retourne thy blood whер thou hadſt mylke of late
yeld me thoſe limmes that I made vnto thee.
And enter there where thou were generate,
For of one bodie againſt all nature,
To an other muſt I make ſepulture.

Of the meane and ſure eſtate written to Iohn Poines.

MY mothers maides when they do ſow & ſpinne,
They ſing a ſong made of the fildiſh mouſe,
That forbicauſe her liuelod was but thinne,
would needes go ſee her townish ſiſters houſe.
She thought her ſelfe endured to grieuous payne,
The ſtormy blaſtes her caue ſo ſore did ſouſe
That when the furrous ſwimmed with the rayne,
She muſt lye colde, and wet in ſory plight,
And then woorſe that, bare meate ther did remaine
To comfort her, when ſhe her houſe had dight,
Somtyme a barley corne, ſomtime a beane,
For which ſhe laboured hard both day and night
In harueſt tyme, whyle ſhe might go and gleane.
And when her ſtore was ſtroyed with the floode,
Then welaway for ſhe vndone was clene.
Then was ſhe faine to take in ſtede of foode
Slepe if ſhe might, her hunger to begyle,
My ſiſter quod ſhe, hath a liuing good,
And hence from me ſhe dwelleth not a myle.
In colde and ſtorme, ſhe lyeth warme and dyre
In bed of downe, the durt doth not defile
Her tender foote, ſhe labours not as I.

Richely she fedes, and at the riche mannes coste,
And for her meate she nedes not craue nor cry.
By lea, by lande, of delicates the moste,
Her cater sekes, and spareth for no percil,
She fedes on boylde meate, bake meat and on rost,
And hath therfore no whit of charge nor trauell.
And when she list the licoure of the grape
Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell.
And at this iourney makes she but a tape,
So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth,
With her sister her part so for to shape,
That if she might there kepe her selfe in health,
To liue a Lady while her life doth last.
And to the doore now is she come by stealth,
And with her foote anone she scrapes full fast,
Thother for feare, durst not well scarce appeare,
Of euery noyse so was the wretch agast.
At last, she asked softly who was there,
And in her language as well as she could,
Pepe (quod the other) sister I am here.
Peace (quod the towne moule) why speakest thou so loude?
And by the hand she tooke her fayre and well,
welcome, quod she my sister by the roode.
She feasted her, that ioy it was to tell
The feare they had, they dranke the wyne so clere.
And as to pur pose now and then it fell,
She chered her, with how sister what chere?
Amid this ioy befell a sory chaunce,
That well away, the stranger bought full dere
The feare she had. For as she looked a skance:
Under a stole she spied two steming eyes,
In a rounde heade, with sharp eares. In fraunce
Was neuer mouse so ferde, for the vnwyse
Had not ysene such a beast before.
Yet nature taught her after her guyse
To know her foe, and dread him euermore.
The towne mouse fled, she knew whether to go,
Thy other had no shift, but wonders sore
Ferde of her life, at home she wisht her tho,
And to the doore, alas, as she did skippe,
The heauen it would, to, eke her chaunce was so
At the thresholde her sely foote did trippe,

And

And ere ſhe might recouer it againe,
The traitour cat had caught her by the hyppe,
And made her there againſt her will remayne,
That had forgot her poore ſuertie, and reſt,
For ſeking welth, wherin ſhe thought to raygne,
Alas (my Poynes) how men do ſeke the beſt,
And finde the waiſe, by errour as they ſtraye,
And no maruell, when ſight is ſo oppreſt,
And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
Goeth guide and all, in ſekyng quiet life.
O wretched myndes, there is no golde that may
Graunt that yee ſeke, no warre, no peace, nor ſtrife.
No no, although thy head were hoopte with golde:
Sergeant with mace, with hawbart, ſword nor knife
Can not repulſe the care that folow ſhould,
Eche kynde of lyfe, hath with him his deſeaſe,
Liue in delites, euen as thy luſt woulde,
And thou ſhalt finde, when luſt doth moſt thee pleaſe
It yrketh ſtraight, and by it ſelfe doth fade.
A ſmall thing is it, that may thy minde appeaſe
None of you al there is, that is ſo madde:
To ſeke for grapes on brambles or on briers,
For none I trow, that hath a witte ſo badde,
To ſet his haye for coneis ouer riuers,
Nor ye ſet not a dragge net for an hare.
And yet the thing that moſt is your deſire,
you doe miſlyke, with more trauell and care.
Make plaine thine heart, that it be not knotted
With hope or dreade, and ſee thy will be bare
From all affectes, whom vyce hath neuer ſpotted,
Thy ſelfe content with that is thee aſſinde,
And vſe it wel that is to the alloted,
Then ſeke no more out of thy ſelfe to fynde,
The thing that thou haſt ſought ſo long before,
For thou ſhalt feele it ſticking in thy mynde
Made if ye liſt to continue your ſore,
Let preſent paſſe, and gape on tyme to come,
And depe thy ſelfe in trauell more and more.
Henceforth (my Poynes) this ſhalbe all and ſome,
Theſe wretched boles ſhall haue nought elſ of me,
But, to the great God, and to his do ne,
None other payne pray I for them to be,

But

But when the rage doth leade them from the right
That looking backeward, Vertue they may see,
Euen as she is, so goodly faire and bright,
And whylst they clasp theyr lustes in armes across
Graunt them good lord, as thou mayst of thy might
To frear inward, for losing such a losse.

Of the Courtiers life, written to Iohn Poines.

Myne own Iohn Poynes, sins ye delight to kno
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the preace of courtes, where so they goe,
Rather then to liue thrall vnder the awe
Of lordly lookes, wrapped within my cloke
To will and lust learning to set a law,
It is not that because I skorne or mocke
The power of them whom fortune here hath lent
Charge ouer vs, of right to strike the stroke,
But true it is that I haue alwayes ment
Lesse to esteme them, then the common sort,
Of outward thinges, that iudge in their entent
without regarde, what inward doth resort,
I graunt, sometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my heart. Me list not to report,
Blame by honour, and honour to desire,
But how may I this honour now attaine.
That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer.
My Poynes, I cannot frame my tune to fain,
To cloke the trueth, for praise without desert,
Of them that list all vile for to retayne.
I cannot honour them, that seth theyr part
with Venus, and Bachus, al their life long,
Nor holde my peace of them, al though I smart,
I cannot crutche nor knele to such a wronge,
To worship them like God on earth a lone,
That are as wolues these sely lambes among,
I cannot with my woordes complayne and mone,
And suffer nought nor smart without complaint,
Nor turne the woord that from my mouth is gone,
I cannot speake and looke like a saint,
Vse wyles for wit, and make disceit a pleasure,

Call

Call craft counsaile, for lucre still to paint.
I can not wrest the law to fyll the coffer,
With innocent blood to feede my selfe fatte,
And doe most hurt where that most helpe I offer.
I am not he, that can allow the state
Of hie Caesar, and damne Cato to dye,
That with his death did scape out of the gate,
From Caesars handes if Liuy doth not lye.
And would not lyue, where liberty was lost,
So did his heart the common wealth apply,
I am not he, such eloquence to bost,
To make the crow in singing, as the swanne,
For call the Lyon of coward beastes the most,
That cannot take a mouse, as the cat can.
And he that dyeth for honger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
Passeth Apollo in musike many folde,
Praise fyr Copas for a noble tale,
And scorne the story that the knight tolde,
Praise him for counsel, that is dronke of ale,
Grinne when he laughes, that beareth al the sway,
Frowne when he frownes and grone when he is pale
On others lust, to hang both night and day,
None of these pointes would euer frame in me.
My wit is nought, I can not learne the way.
And muh the lesse of thinges that greater be,
That asken helpe of colours to deuise
To ioyne the meane with eche extremitie,
With nerest vertue ay to cloke the vice,
And as to purpose likewyse it shall fall,
To prelle the vertue that it may not ryse,
As dronkenneslle good felowship to call.
The frendly foe, with his faire double face,
Say he is gentle, and curties therwithall.
I affirme that fauill hath a goodly grace
In eloquence: And cruelty to name
Zeale of Justice, and change in time and place.
And he that suffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitiefull, and him true and playne,
That playeth recheleslle vnto eche mans game.
Say he is rude, that can not lye and fayne,
The lecher a louer, and tyranny

To

To be right of a Princes raygne.
I cannot I, no no, it will no be.
This is the cause that I could neuer yet
Hang on theyr sleues, that weigh (as thow maist see)
A chippe of chaunce, more then a pounde of wit,
This maketh me at home to hunt and hauke
And in foule weather at my booke to sit
In frost and snow, then with my bowe stalke.
No man doth marke where so I ryde or goe,
In lusty leas at libertie I walke,
And of these newes I feie nor weale nor woe,
Saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my heie.
No force for that for it is ordred so,
That I may leape both hedge and dike full weie.
I am not now in Fraunce, to iudge the wyne,
With sauery sauce those delicates to feele,
Nor yet in Spayne, where one must him incline,
Rather then to be, outwardly to seme,
I meddle not with wittes that be so fine,
Nor Flaundres chere letteth not my sight to deme
Of blacke, and whyte, nor takes my wittes away
With beastlines, such doe those beastes esteme,
Nor I am not, where truth is geuen in pray,
For money, pryson, and treason, of some
A common practise, vsed night and daye.
But I am here in kent and christendome
Among the Muses, where I reade and ryme,
Where yf thou list, myne owen John Poynes to come
Thou shalt be iudge, how I doe spende my tyme.

How to vse the court and him selfe therin, written to syr Fraunces Brian.

A Spending hand that alway powreth out,
Had nede to haue a bringer in as fast,
And on the stone that rull doth turne about,
There groweth no mosse: These prouerbes yet do last

Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
That length of yeres their force can neuer waste,
When I remember this, and eke the case
wherin thou standst, I thought fourthwith to write
(Bryan) to thee, who knowes how great a grace,
In writing is to counsayle man the right.
To thee therfore that trottes shyll vp and downe,
And neuer restes, but rummynge day and night,
From realme to realme, from citie, strete, and towne
why doest thou weare thy body to the bones?
And mightest at whome slepe in thy bedde of downe,
And drinke good ale so nappy for the nones.
Fede thy selfe fatte, and heape vp pounde by pounde
Lykest thou not this? No. why? for swynes so groines
In stye, and chaw dung moulded on the ground,
And driuell on pearles, with head still in the manger
So of the harpe the asse doth heare the sound,
So lackes of durt bee filde. The neat courtier
So serues for iello, then doe these fatted swine.
Though I seme leane and drye, withouten moister
yet wyll I serue my prince, my lord and thine
And let them liue to fede the paunch that list.
So I may liue to feede both me and myne.
By God well said. But what and if thou wilt,
How to bring in, as fast as thow doest spende,
That would I learne, And it shall not bee mist
To tell the how. Now harke what I intende.
Thou knowest well first, who so can seke to please
Shall purchase frendes, wher trouth shal but offende.
Flee therfore truth, it is both welth and ease.
For though that trouth of euery man hath praise,
Full neare that wynde goth trouth in great miscase
Vse vertue, as it goeth now a dayes,
In word alone to make thy launguage sweete,
And of thy dede, yet doe not as thou sayes,
Els bee thou sure, thou shalt befarre vnmeete
To get thy bread, eche thinge is now so skant.
Seke still thy profit vpon thy bare fete,
Lend in no wise: for feare that thou do want,
Vnlesse yet bee, as to a caitefe cheste,
But if thou can bee sure to win a cant
Of halfe at least. It is not good to leese.

Learne

Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote
From vnder the ſtall, without en landes or fee
Hath lept into the ſhoppe, who knowes by rote
This rule that I haue tolde thee here before.
Sometime alſo riche age begynnes to dote,
Se thou when there thy gayne may bee the more
Stay him by the arme where ſo he walke or goe.
Bee nere alway, and if he cough to ſore,
What he hath ſpyt treade out, and pleaſe him ſo,
A diligent knaue that pykes his maiſters purſe
May pleaſe him ſo, that he without en no
Executour is. And what is he the worſe?
But if ſo chance, thou get nought of the man,
The widow may for all thy paine diſburſe.
A riueled ſkinne, a ſtinking breath, what than
A toothelesſe mouth ſhall doe thy lyppes no harme.
The gold is good, and though ſhe curſe or banne,
Yet where thee liſt, thou mayſt ipe good and warme.
Let the olde mule byte vpon the brydle,
Whilſt there do ipe a ſweeter in thine arme.
In this alſo ſee that thou bee not ydle,
Thy neece, thy coſin, ſiſter, or thy daughter,
If ſhe bee faire, if hanſome bee her middle,
If thy better hath her loue beſought her,
Auaunce his cauſe, and he ſhall helpe thy nede,
It is but loue, trane thou it to a laughter
But ſoare I ſay, ſo gold the helpe and ſpede,
That in this caſe thou bee not ſo vnwiſe
As Pander was in ſuch a lyke dede.
For hr the ſoole of conſcience was ſo nyce,
That he no gayne woulde haue for all his paine,
Be next thy ſelfe for frendſhip heares no pryce.
Laugheſt thou at me: why? doe I ſpeake in vayne?
No not at thee, but at thy thryfty ieſt.
wouldeſt thou, I ſhoulde for any loſſe or gayne,
Change that for golde, that I haue tane for beſt,
Next godly thinges, to haue an honeſt name?
Shoulde I leaue that, then take me for a beaſt.
Nay then farewell, and if thou care for ſhame
Content thee then with honeſt pouertie,
With free tong, what thee miſlykes, to blame,
And for thy trouth, ſometime aduerſitie.

And therwithall this gyfte I shall the giue,
In this world nowe litle prosperitie,
And quoyne to kepe, as water in a siue.

The song of Iopas vnfinished.

WHen Dido feasted first the wandering Troian knight,
Whom Iunos wrath & stormes did force in Libik sãds to light
That mighty Ilias taught, the supper lasting long,
With crispèd lockes on golden harpe, Iopas sang in song:
That same (quod he) that we the world do call and name,
Of heauen and earth with all contentes, it is the very frame.
Of thus, of heauenly powers by more powre kept in one
Repugnant kinds, in middes of whom ẏ earth hath place alone.
Firme, rounde, of liuinges the mother, place and nourse,
without ẏ which in egal weight, this heauẽ doth hold his course.
And it is calde by name, the fyrst and mouing heauen,
The firmament is placed next, conteining other seuen,
Of heauenly powers that same is planted full and thicke
As shining lights which we cal starres, that therin cleue & sticke
with great swift sway the fyrst, and with his restles sours,
Carieth it selfe, and all those eyght, in euen continuall cours.
And of this worlde so round within that rolling case,
two pointes ther be that neuer moue, but firmly kepe their place
The tone wee see alway, the tother standes obiect
Against the same, diuyding iust the ground by lyne direct
which by ymagination, drawne from the one to thother.
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other.
And these bee calde the Poles, described by starres not bright,
Artike the one northward wee see, Antartike the other hight.
The lyne that we deuyse from thone to thother so,
Is axell is, vpon the which the heauens about do go.
which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fyre haue kinde.
Therfore the substance of those same wer hard for man to finde.
But they been vncorrupt, simple and pure vnmixt,
And so we say been all those starres, that in the same bee fixt.
And eke those erring seuen, in cycle as they stray,
So calde, because against that first they haue repugnant way,
And smaller by wayes too, scant sensible to man,
To busy woorke for my poore harpe, let sing them he that can.
The wydest saue the first, of all these nyne aboue,
One hundereth yere doth aske of space, for one degree to moue.

Of which degrees we make in the fyrst mouing heauen,
Three hundred and three score in partes, iustly diuided euen.
And yet there is another betwene those heauens two,
whose mouing is so slye so slacke: I name it not for now,
The seuenth heauen or the shell, next to the starry skye,
All those degrees that gathereth vp, with aged pace so slye,
And doth perfourme the same, as elders count hath bene,
In nine and twenty yeres complete, and dayes almost sixteene
Doth carye in his bought the starre of Saturne olde,
A threatner of all liuing thinges, with drought and ꝑ his colde.
the sixt whome this contcines, doth stalke with ponger pase,
And in twelue yere doth somewhat more thē thothers viage was
And this in it doth beare the starre of Ioue benigne,
twene Saturnes malice and vs men, frendly defending signe,
The fift beares bloudy Mars, that in three hundred dayes
And twise eleuen with one full yere, hath finisht al those wayes.
A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers therto sixe,
And in the same the dayes eye, the sunne therin he stickes.
the third that gouerned is by that, that gouernes me,
And loue for loue, and for no loue prouokes, as oft we see.
In like space doth perfourme that course, that dyd the tother,
So doth the next vnto the same, that seconde is in order.
But it doth beare the starre, that calde is Mercury
That many a crafty secret steppe doth treade, as Talcars trye.
That skye is last, and fyrst next vs those weyes hath gone.
In seuen and twenty common dayes, and eke the thyrd of one
And beareth with his sway, the dyuers Moone about,
Now bigh' now brown, now bet, now full, & now her light is out
thus haue they of their owne two mouings al these seuē,
One, wherin they be caried still, eche in his seuerall heauen:
Another of themselues, where their bodies bee layde
In bywaies, and in lesser roundes, as I afore haue sayde.
Saue of them all the Sunne doth stray least from the streight,
the starry skye hath but one course, that we haue cald the eight.
And all these mouinges eyght are ment from west to East,
Although they seeme to clyme aloft, I say from East to weast.
But that is but by force of theyr fyrst mouing skye,
In twise twelue howres frō East to East ꝑ carieth thē by & by
But marke me well also, the mouing of these seuen,
Be not about the axeitree of the fyrst mouing heauen.
For they haue theyr two Poles directly tone to the tother. &c.

S.T. VVYATE the elder

Vncertain auctours.

The complaint of a louer with sute to his loue for pitie.

If euer wofull man might moue your hartes to ruthe,
Good ladies heare his wofull plaint, whose death shall trye his truth
And rightful iudges be on this his true report,
If he deserue a louers name among the faithfull sort.
Fiue hundred times the sunne hath logde him in the west
Since in my hart I harbred first of al the goodliest gest,
whose worthinesse to shew, my wittes are all to faynt,
And I lacke cunning of the scholes, in colours her to paint.
But this I briefly say in woordes of egall weight,
So voyde of vice was neuer none, nor with such vertues freight
And for her beauties prayse, no wight that with her warres,
For where she comes, she shewes her self as sāne amōg ẏ starres
But lord, thou wast to blame, to frame such perfiteneſſe,
And puttes no pitie in her hart, my sorowes to redresse.
For if ye knew the paynes, and panges that I haue past,
I wonder would it be to you, how that my lyfe hath last.
When all the Gods agreed, that Cupide with his bowe
Should shote his arrowe frō her eyes, on me his might to show.
I knew it was in vaine my force to trust vpon,
And well I wist it was no shame, to yelde to such a one.
Then did I me submyt with humble hart and mynde,
To be her man for euermore, as by the Gods assinde.
And since that day, no wo, wherwith loue might torment,
Could moue me from this faithfull band, or make me once repent
yet haue I felt full oft the hottest of his fyre,
The bitter teares, the scalding sighes, the burning hote desire.
And with a sodain sight the trembling of the hart,
And how the blood doth come and go, to succour euery parte.
When that a pleasant looke hath lift me in the ayre,
A frowne hath made me fall as fast into a depe dispayre.
And when that I ere thys, my tale could wel by hart,
And that my tong had learned, it so that no woord might start.
The sight of her hath set my wittes in such a stay,
That to be lord of all the world, one woord I could not say.

And many a sodain crampe my hart hat pinched so,
That for the tyme my sences al, felt neither weale no wo.
yet saw I neuer thing, that might my mynde content,
But wisht it hers, and at her will, if she could so consent.
Nor neuer hard of wo, that dyd her will displease,
But wisht the same vnto my selfe, so it might doe her ease.
Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked face,
Vnlesse it did resemble her, or some part of her grace.
No distance yet of place could vs so farre deuide,
But that my heart and my good wil did still with her abyde,
Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortune powre,
To put that swete out of my thought, one minute of an howre.
No rage of drenching sea, nor woodnes of the wynde,
Nor cănon ẏ their thundring crackes could put her frō my mind.
For when both sea and lande asunder had vs set,
My whote delight was onely then, my selfe alone to get.
And thitherward to looke, as nere as I couldc gesse,
Where as I thought that she was then, ẏ might my wo redresse.
Full of it dyd me good that wayes to take my winde.
So pleasant ayre in no place els, me thought I could not finde.
I saying to my selfe, my lyfe is ponder way,
And by the winde I haue her sent, a thousand sighes a day.
And sayde vnto the sunne, great giftes are geuen thee,
For thou mayst seee myne earthly blisse were euer that she bee.
Thou seest in euery place, would God I had thy might,
And I the ruler of my selfe, then should she know no night.
And thus from wish to wish, my wittes haue been at stryfe,
And wanting al that I haue wisht, thus haue I lead my life.
But it cannot last, that in such wo remaines,
No force for that, for death is swete, to him ẏ feeles such paines.
yet most of all me grieues, when I am in my graue,
That she shal purchase by my death a cruell name to haue.
Wherfore all you that heare this plaint, or shall it see,
Wish that it may so pearce her hart, that she may pitie me.
For and it were her will, for both it were the best,
To saue my lyfe, to kepe her name, and set my hart at rest,

Of the death of maister Deuorox the lord Ferres sonne.

whe

WHo iuſtly may reioyce in ought vnder the ſkye?
As life or lāds, a frendes or fruites, which onely liue to dye.
Or who doth not well knowe all worldly workes are vaine,
And geueth nought but to thee lendes, to take the ſame againe?
For though it lift ſome vp as we long vpward all,
Such is the ſort of ſlipper welth, all thinges do riſe to fall.
Thuncerte intie is ſuch, experience teacheth ſo,
That what thinges men do couet moſt, them ſooneſt they forgo.
Lo Deuor where he lieth, whoſe life men helde ſo deare,
That now his death is ſorowed ſo, that pitie it is to heare.
Hys byrth of auncient bloud, his parentes of great fame
And yet in vertue farre before, the formoſt of the ſame.
His king, and contrey bothe he ſerued to ſo greate gayne,
That with the Brutes, record doth reſt, and euer ſhall remayne.
No man in warre ſo mete, an enterpriſe to take,
No man in peace that pleaſurde more of enemies friēdes to make.
A Cato for his counſel, his head was ſurely ſuch,
Ne Theſeus frēdſhip was ſo great, but Deuor was as much.
A graffe of ſo ſmall grothe, ſo much good fruite to bring,
Is ſeldome heard, or neuer ſeene, it is ſo rare a thing.
A man ſent vs from God, his life did well declare,
And now ſent for by God agayne, to teache vs what we are.
Death, and the graue, that ſhall accompany all that liue,
hath brought hi heuē, though ſowhat ſone, which life could neuer (geue
God graunt wel all that ſhall profeſſe as he profeſt:
To liue ſo wel, to dye no worſe, and ſend his ſoule good reſt.

They of the meane eſtate are happieſt.

IF right be raſt and ouerronne,
And power take part with open wrong,
If feare by force do yelde to lone,
The lacke as ſhe to laſt to long.
If God for goodes ſhalbe vnplaced,
If right for riches looſes his ſhape,
If world for wiſdome be embraced,
The geſſe is great, much hurt may hap.
Among good thinges I proue and finde,
The quiet lyfe doth moſt abound,

And

And ſure to the contented mynd,
There is no riches may be founde.
For riches hates to be content
Rule is enemy to quietneſſe,
Power is moſt part impacient,
And ſeldome likes to liue in peace.
I heard a heard man once compare
That quiet nightes he had mo ſlept,
And had mo mery dayes to ſpare,
Then he which ought the beaſtes, he kept.
I would not haue it thoughe hereby,
The dolphin ſwimme I meane to teache,
Nor yet to learne the Fawicon flye,
I rowe not ſo farre paſt my reache.
But as my part aboue the reſt,
Is well to wiſh and well to will,
So tyll my breath ſhall fayle my breſt,
I will not ceaſe to wiſh you ſtill.

Compariſon of lyfe and death.

The lyfe is long, that lothſomly doth laſt,
The doleful dayes draw ſlowly to their date,
The preſent vanges, and paynfull plages forepaſt,
yelde griefe aye grene to ſtabliſh this eſtate,
So that I feele, in this great ſtorme and ſtrife,
That death is ſwete that endeth ſuch a life.
Yet by the ſtroke of this ſtraunge ouerthrowe,
At which conflict in thraldome I was thruſt,
The lord be praiſed, I am well taught to knowe,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he muſt,
And by the way vpon how feble force,
His terme doth ſtand, till death doth end his courſe.
The pleaſant yeres that ſeme, ſo ſwift that runne,
The mery dayes to end, ſo faſt that flete,
The ioyfull nightes, of which day daweth ſo ſoone,
The happy howres which mo do mille then mete,
Do all conſume as ſnowe againſt the ſunne,
And death makes end of all, that life begonne,

Since

Since death shall dure till all the world be wast,
what meaneth man to dread death then so sore?
As man might make, that life should alway last,
without regarde, the lord hath led before
the daunce of death, which all must runne on row.
Though how, or when, the lord alone doth know.
If man would minde, what burdens life doth bring,
what greuous crimes to God he doth commit,
what plagues, what panges, what perilles therby lying,
with no sure hower in all his daies to sit,
he would sure thinke, as with great cause I do,
the day of death were better of the two,
Death is a port, wherby we passe to ioy.
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in paine,
Death is so deare, it ceaseth all annoy,
Life is so leude, that all it yelds is vayne.
And as by life to bondage man is brought,
Euen so like wise by death was fredom wrought,
wherfore with Paul, let all men wish and pray
To bee dissolued of this foule fleshly masse,
Or at the least bee armde against the day,
That they bee found good, prest to passe
From life to death, from death to lyfe againe
To such a life, as euer shall remaine.

The tale of Pigmalion with conclusion vpon the beautie of his loue.

IN Greece somtime ther dwelt a man of worthy fame, L.
to graue in stone his cunning was, Pigmalion was his name.
To make his faine endure, when death had him berefte,
He thought it good, of his owne hand some fyled worke were left
In secret study then such worke he gan deuise,
As might his cunning best commend, & please the lookers eyes
A courser faire he thought to graue, barbed for the field,
And on his back a semely knight, well armed with speare and shild
Or els some foule, or fish to graue he did deuise,
And still, within his wandering thoughtes, new fansies did arise

Thus varied he in minde, what enterprise to take,
Till fansie moued his learned hand a woman faire to make.
Wheron he staied, and thought such perfect fourme to frame
Wherby he might amase all Grece and winne immortal name.
Of yuorie white he made so faire a woman than,
That nature scorned her perfectnesse so taught by craft of man,
Well shaped were her lims, full comly was her face,
Eche litle liuely coucht, eche part had semely grace.
Twixt nature & Pigmalion, there might appere great strife,
So semely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothing but life.
His curious eye beheilde his own deuised worke,
And gasing oft theron, he founde much venom there to lurke,
For all the featured shape so did his fansy moue,
That with his idoll, whom he made, Pigmalion fell in loue.
To whom he honour gaue, and decked wt garlandes swete,
And did adourn with iewels rich, as is for louers meete.
Somtimes on it he fawnd, sometime in rage would cry,
It was a wonder to behold, howe fansy bleared his eye.
Since that this ymage domme enflamed so wise a man,
Why dere alas, since I you loue, what wounder is it then?
In whome hath nature set the glory of her name,
And brake her moulde in great dispaire, your like she coulde not (frame.

The louer sheweth his wofull state, and praieth pitie.

LIke as the Larke within the Marlians foote,
With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden laye:
So sing I now, seing none other boote,
My rendering song, and to your will obey,
Your vertue mountes aboue my force so hye,
And with your beautie seased I am so sure,
That there auailes resistance none in me,
But paciently your pleasure to endure,
For on your will my fansy shall attende.
My life my death, I put both in your choyce,
And rather had my life by you to ende,
Then liue by other alwayes to reioyce,
And if your crueltie do thirst my blood,
then let it fourth if it may do you good.

Vpon

Vpon conſideracion of the ſtate of his life he waſteth death.

THe longer life, the more offence:
The more offence the greater paine,
The greater paine the leſſe defence;
the leſſe defence the leſſer gaine.
The loſſe of gayne long ſtill doth trye,
wherfore come death and let me dye.
The ſhorter life, leſſe count I finde,
The leſſe account, the ſoner made,
the count ſoone made, the merier minde,
The merier minde doth thought euade,
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,
wherfore come death, and let me dye.
Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care the flod of life,
the flod of life, the ioyfull fare,
The ioyfull fare, the ende of ſtrife,
the ende of ſtrife, that thing wiſh I.
wherfore com death, and let me dye.

The louer that once diſdained loue, is now become ſubiect being caught in his ſnare.

TO this my ſonge geue eare who liſt,
And mine entent iudge as ye will,
the time is come, that I haue miſt,
The thing wheron I hoped ſtyll,
And from the toppe of all my truſt,
Myſhap hath throwen me in the duſt.
The time hath bene and that of late,
My hart and I might leape at large,
And was not ſhut within the gate
Of loues deſire, nor tooke no charge
Of any thing, that did pertaine

As

As touching loue in any paine.
My thought was free, my hart was lyght
I marked not who lost, who laught,
I plaide by day, I slept by night,
I wayed not, who wept, who laught,
My thought from all such thinges was free
And I my selfe at libertie.
I toke no heede to tauntes nor toyes,
As leefe to see them frowne as smyle,
where fortune laught I scornde their toyes
I found their fraudes and euery wyle,
And to my selfe oft times I smyled,
To see how loue had them begiled.
Thus in the net of my conceit
I masked still among the sort
Of such as fed vpon the bayte,
that Cupide laide for his disport,
And euer as I saw them caught,
I them beheld, and ther at laught.
Till at the length when Cupide spied
My scornefull will and spitfull vse,
And how I past not who was tyed,
So that my selfe myght still liue lose,
He set him selfe to lye in waite,
And in my way he threw a bayte.
Such one as nature neuer made,
I dare well say saue she alone,
Such one lyke was as would inuade
A hart, more hard then marble stone,
Such one she is, I know it right,
Her nature made to shew her might.
Then as a man in a mase,
when vse of reason is a way,
So I began to stare and gase,
And sodeinly, without delay,
Or euer I had the wit to loke,
I swalowed vp both bait and hooke,
which daily greues me more and more
By sundry sortes of carefull wo,
And none aliue may salue the sore,
Saue onely she that hurt me so.
In whom my lyfe doth now consist

To ſaue or ſlay me as ſhe liſt.
But ſeeyng now that I am caught,
And bounde ſo faſt I cannot flye,
Be ye by myne enſaumple taught,
That in your fanſies fele you free.
Deſpyſe not them that louers are,
Leſt you be caught within his ſnare.

Of Fortune, and fame.

THe plage is great where fortune frownes,
One miſchiefe bringes a thouſand woes
where trumpets geue their warlike ſownes.
The weake ſuſtayne sharpe ouerthrowes,
No better lyfe they taſt and fecle
That ſubiect are to fortunes whele.
Her happy chaunce may laſt no tyme,
Her pleaſure threatneth payne to come,
She is the fall of thoſe that clyme,
And yet her whele auaunceth ſome.
No force, where that ſhe hates or loues,
Her fickle minde ſo oft remoues,
She geues no gift, but craues as faſt,
She ſone repentes a thankfull deede,
She turneth after euery blaſt,
She helpes them oft that haue no nede.
Where power dwelles, and riches reſt,
False Fortune is a common geſt.
Yet ſome affirme and proue by ſkill,
Fortune is not a flyeng fame,
She neither can doo good nor yll,
She hath no fortune, yet beares a name,
Then we but ſtriue againſt the ſtreames
To frame ſuch topes on fanſies dreames.
If ſhe haue ſhape, or name alone,
If ſhe do rule or beare no ſway,
If ſhe haue bodye, lyfe or none,
Be ſhe a ſpirite I cannot ſaye.
But well I wot, ſome cauſe there is,
That cauſeth woe and ſendeth bliſſe.
The cauſes of thinges I will not blame,

Leſt

Leſt I offende the prince of peace,
But I may chyde, and braule with Fame,
To make her crye and neuer ceaſe.
To blowe the trumpe within her eares,
That may appeaſe my wofull teares.

Againſt wicked tonges.

O Euil tonges, which clap at euery winde,
ye ſlea the quicke and, the dead defame,
Thoſe that liue well, ſome faute in them ye fynde.
ye take no thought in ſclaundring their good name,
ye put truſt men oftimes to open ſhame,
ye ring, ſo loude, ye ſounde vnto the ſkies,
And yet in proſe, ye lowe nothing but lyes,
ye make great warre, where peace heath ben of long,
ye bring riche realmes to ruine and decay,
ye plucke downe right, ye do enhaunce the wrong.
ye turne ſwete myrth to woo, and wel away,
Of michiefes all ye are the ground I ſay.
Happy is he, that liues on ſuch a ſort,
That nedes not feare ſuch tonges of falſe report.

Hell tormenth not the damned ghoſtes ſo ſore, as vnkind= neſſe the louer.

The reſtleſſe rage of depe deuouring hell,
The blaſing brandes that neuer doe conſume,
The roaring route, in Plutoes den that dwell.
The fiery breath, that from thoſe ympes doth fume,
The dropſy dryeth, that Tantale in the flood,
Endureth aye, all hopeles of reliefe,
The hunger ſterued, where fruite is ready foode,
So wretchedly his ſoule doth ſuffer griefe,
The liuer gnawne of guiltfull Prometheus,
which Vulturnes fell with ſtrayned talent tyre,
The labour loſt of wered Siſiphus.

Thele

These hellish houndes with paines of quenchelesse fyre,
Cannot so sore the silly soules torment,
As her vntruth my hart hath all to rent.

Of the mutabilitie of the worlde.

BI fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to finde,
Such fansies, as my careful thought had brought into my mind
And when eche one was gone to rest full soft in bed to lye.
I would haue slept, but than the watch dyd followe still mine eye,
And sodenly I sawe a sea of wofull sorowes prest,
whose wicked wayes of sharpe repulse bred mine vnquiet rest.
I saw this world, and howe it went, eche state in his degree
And that from wealth ygraunted is, both life and libertie.
I sawe howe enuy it did rayse, and beare the greatest price,
Ye greater poyson is not found within the Cockatrice.
I saw also, how that disdayne oft times to forge my woe,
Gaue me the cuppe of bytter swette to pledge my mortall foe.
I saw also, how that desyre, to rest no place could finde,
But stil constrayned in endlesse payne to followe natures kinde.
I saw also most straunge of all, how nature dyd forsake,
The bloud, ỹ in her wombe was wrought, as doth ỹ lothed snake
I saw how fansie would retayne to lenger then her lust,
And as the wind how she doth chaunge, and is not for to trust.
I saw how stedfastnes did flee with winges of often chaunge,
A flyeng byrd, but seldome see, her nature is so straunge.
I saw how pleasant times did passe, as flowres doe in the mede,
To day that riseth red as rose, to morowe faileth ded.
I say my time how it dyd runne, as sand out of the glasse,
Euen as eche howre appointed is from time and tyde to passe.
I saw the peres that I had spent, and losse of al my gayne,
And how the spot of youthfull playes my folly dyd retayne.
I saw how that the litle ant in summer still doth ronne,
To seeke her foode, wherby to liue in winter for to come.
I sawe eke vertue how she sate, the threde of lyfe to spinne,
Which sheweth the ende of euery worke, before it doth beginne.
And when all these I thus beheld with many moe perdy,
In me, me thought, eche one had wrought a perfite propertie.
And then I sayde vnto my selfe, a lesson this shalbe
For other, that shal after come, for to beware by me.

Thus

Thus al the night I did deuise, wich way I might constraine.
To forme a plot, & wit might worke theſe diſiches in my brain.

Harpalus complaint of Phillidaes loue, beſtowed on Corin, who loued her not and denied him that loued her.

Phillida was a faire mayde,
As freshe as any flowre,
whom Harpalus the heardman prayd
To be his paramour.
Harpalus and eke Corin
were herdmen both yferre:
And Phillida could twist and spinne
And thereto sing full clere.
But Phillida was all to coy
For Harpalus to winne,
For Corin was her onely ioy,
who forst her not a pinne.
How often would she flowres twine,
How often garlandes make?
Of Coulips and of Columbyne,
And all for Corins sake.
But Corin he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the field:
Of louers lawe he tooke no cure
For once he was begylde.
Harpalus prevayled nought
His labour all was lost,
For he was farthest from her thought
And yet he loued her most.
Therfore wax he both pale and leane
And dye as clod of clay,
His fleshe it was consumed cleane
His colour gone away.
His beard it had not long be shaue,
His heare hong all vnkempt,
A man most fit euen for the graue
Whom spitefull loue had shent.

His eyes were red and all forwatche
His face besprent with teares,
It seemde vnhap had him long hatched,
In myddes of his dispayres.
His clothes were blacke and also bare
As one forlorne was he,
Upon his head alwaies he ware
A wreathe of willowe tree.
His beastes he kept vpon the hyll,
And he sate in the dale,
And thus with sighes and sorowes shrill,
He gan to tell his tale.
Oh Harpalus (thus would he say)
Unhappiest vnder sunne,
The cause of thine vnhappy day
By loue was fyrst begunne.
For thou wentst fyrst by sute to seeke
A Tygre to make tame,
that settes not by thy loue a leeke
But makes thy griefe her game.
As easy it were for to conuert
the frost into the flame,
As for to turne a froward hart,
whom thou so fayne wouldest frame.
Corin he liueth carelesse,
He leapes among the leaues
He eates the fruites of thy redresse,
thou reapest, he takes the sheaues.
My beastes a while your foode refraine
And harke your heardmans sounde,
whome spightfull loue alas hath slaine
through gyrt with many a wounde.
O happy bee ye beastes wilde
that here your pasture takes,
I see that ye bee not begylde
Of these your faithfull makes.
The Hart he feedeth by the Hinde,
the Bucke hard by the Do.
The Turtle doue is not vnkinde
to hym that loues her so.
The Ewe she hath by her the Ramme
the yong cowe hath the Bull,

The Calfe with many a lusty lambe
Doe feede their hunger full.
But wel away ẏ nature wrought
Thee Phillida so fayre,
For I may say that I haue bought
thy beauty all to deare.
What reason is that crueltie
With beauty should haue part,
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart.
I see therfore to shappe my death
She cruelly is prest,
to thend that I may want my breath
My dayes been at the best.
O Cupide graunt this my requeste
And doe not stoppe thine eares.
that she may feele within her brest
The paynes of my dyspayres.
Of Corin that is careiesse
That she may craue her fee,
As I haue done in greate dystresse
That loued her faithfully.
But since that I shal dye her slaue
Her slaue and eke her thrall,
Write you my frends vpon my graue
this chaunce that is befall.
Here lyeth vnhappy Harpelus
By cruell Loue nowe slaine,
whom Phillida vniustly thus
Hath murdred with dysdaine

Vpon sir Iames wilfordes death.

LO here the ende of man the cruell sisters three,
the web of Wildfordes lyfe vneth had halfe esponne,
when rashe vpon misdede they all accorded bee
To breake vertues course ere halfe the race were ronne,
And trip him on his way that els had wonne the game
And holden highest place within the house of fame,
But yet though he bee gone, though sense with him be past,

which trode the euen steppes that leaden to renoune,
we that remayn alyue, ne suffer shall to waste,
The fame of his delertes, so shall he lose but sowne,
The thyng shall aye remayne, aye kept as fresh in store
As if his eares should ring of that he wrought before.
Wayle not therefore his want, sith he so left the stage
Of care and wretched lyfe, wyth toy and clap of handes
Who playeth lenger partes, may well haue greater age,
But few so well may passe the gulfe of fortunes sandes
So triedly did he treade ay prest at vertues becke
That fortune found no place to geue him once a checke.
The fates haue rid him hence, who shall not after goe,
Though earthed be his corps, yet florish shall his fame,
A gladsome thing it is, that ere he stept vs fro,
Such mirrours he vs left our lyfe thereby to frame,
wherfore his prayse shall last aye freshe in Britons sight.
Tyll sunne shall cease to shyne, and lend the earthe his light.

Of the wretchednesse in this worlde.

Who list to liue vpright, and holde himselfe content,
Shal see such wõders in this world, as neuer erst was sett
Such groping for the swete, such tasting of the sower,
Such wandring here for worldly welth that lost vs in one hower
And as the good or badde, get vp in high degree,
So wades the worlde in right or wrong, it may none other be.
And loke what lawes they make, eche man must them obay,
And yoke himself with pacient heart, to driue & draw that way
yet such as long ago, great rulers were assynde,
Both liues and lawes ar now forgot & worne clene out of minde
So that by this I see, no state on earth may last
But as their tymes appointed be, to ryse and fall as fast,
The goodes that gotten be, by good and iust desart,
yet die them so that neadye handes may helpe to spend the part.
For looke what heape thou hordst, of rusty golde in store,
Thine enemies shall waste the same. that neuer swat therfore.

The repentant synner in durance and aduersitie.

VNto the liuing Lord for pardon do I pray.
From whō I flaūt, euen from ỹ well, I haue run full astray
And other liues there none (my death shall well declare)
On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty wikes do fare:
But thet O Lord alone, I haue offended so
That this small scourge is much to scāt for myne offēce I know
I ranne without returne, the way the worlde like best,
And what I ought most to regard, that I respected lest,
The through wherin I thrust, hath throwen me in such case
That Lord my soule is sore beset without thy greater grace,
My gyltes are growen so great, my power doth so appayre,
That with great force they argue oft, and mercy much dispayre.
But then with faith I flee to thy prepared store,
where there lyeth helpt for euery hurt, and salue for euery sore.
My lost tyme to lament, my paine wayes to bewayle,
No day, no night, no place no howre, no moment I shall fayle.
My soule shall neuer cease with an assured fayth,
To knocke, to craue, to call, to crye, to the for helpe, wich sayth.
Knocked it shalbe heard, but aske, and giuen it is,
And all that lyke to kepe thiw course, of mercy shall not misse.
For when I call to mynde howe the one wandring shepe.
Did bring more ioye with his returne, then all the flock did kepe,
It yeldes full hope and trust, my strayed and wandring ghost
Shalbe receyued and held more dere, then those were neuer lost.
O lorde my hope behold, and for my helpe make haste,
To pardon the forpassed fact that carelesse I haue past.
And but the day draw neare that death must pay the det,
For loue a..yse which thou hast lent and tyme of payment set.
From this sharpe shrewe me shilde which threatned is at hand,
wherby thou shalt great power declare, & I the more withstād
Set my will lord but thine, fulfilled be in eche case,
to whose gret wil & mighty power, al powers shal once geue place
My faith, my hope, trust my God and eke my guyde,
Stretch furth thy hand to saue the soule what so the body byde.
Refuse not to receiue that thou so deare hast bought,
For but by the alone I knowe, all safety in vayne is sought.
I knowe and knowledge eke, albeit very late,
That thyq it is I ought to bone and dreade in eche estate.
And with repentant heart, doe laude the Lorde on hye,
that hath so gently set me straight, that erst walkte so awry.
Now graunt in grace my God, to stande thyne strong in spyte,
and let ỹ worlde the worke such wayes, as to ỹ worlde semes mete.

The

The louer here telleth of his diuers ioies, and aduersities in loue, and lastly of his ladies death.

SYth singing gladdeth of the heartes,
Of them that fele the panges of loue
And for the while doth ease their smarte
My selfe I shall the same way proue.
And though the loue hath smit that stroke
wherby is lost my libertie,
which by no meenes I may reuoke,
yet shall I sing, how pleasantly
Mye twenty yeres of youth I past,
which all in libertie I spent,
And so from first vnto the last,
Ere aught I knew what louing ment.
And after shall I sing the wo,
the payne, the griefe, the dedly smart,
when loue this life did ouerthowe,
That hidden lies within my heart.
And then, the ioyes that I did fele,
when fortune lifted after this,
And set me hye vpon her whele,
And changed my wo to pleasant blisse.
And so the sodeyn fall agayne,
From all the ioyes that I was in,
All you, that lust to heare of payne,
Geue eare, for now I doe begin,
Loe, first of all when loue began,
With hote desires my heart to burne,
Mye thought his might auayle not than
From libertie my heart to turne.
For I was free, and dyd not know,
Howe much his might, mans heart may greue,
I had profest to be his fo,
His law I thought not to beleue.
I went vntyed in lusty leas,
I had my wish alwayes at will,

There was no wo, might me displease,
Of pleasant ioyes I had my fill.
No painfull thought dyd passe my hart,
I spilt no teare to wet my brest:
I knew no sorow, sigh nor smart,
My greatest grief was quiet rest.
I brake no slepe I tossed not,
Nor dyd delight to sitte a loue
I felt no change of colde and hotte,
Nor nought a nightes could make me moue.
For all was ioy that I dyd fele,
And of voyde wandering I was free,
I had no clogge tyde at my hele,
This was my lyfe at libertie.
That yet me thynkes it is a blisse,
to thynke vpon that pleasure past,
But furth withall I fynde the misse,
For that it might no longer last.
Those dayes I spent at my desyre,
without wo or aduersitie,
Till that my hart was set a fyre,
With loue, with wrath, and ielousie,
For on a day (alas the whyle)
Lo, heare my harme how it began,
The blynded Lord, the God of guile
Had list to end my fredome than,
And through myne eye into my heart
Full sodaynly I felt it glyde,
He shot his sharped fiery dart,
So hard that yet vnder my syde.
The head (alas) doth still remayne,
And synce could I neuer know,
the way to wring it out agayne,
yet was it nye three yere agoe.
This sodayn stroke made me agast,
And it began to vexe me sore,
But yet I thought it would haue past,
As other such had done before.
But it did not that (wo is me)
So deepe imprinted in my thought,
the stroke abode, that yet I see,
Me thinkes my harme how it was wrought.

Rynde

Kynde taught me straight that this was loue,
And I perceiued it perfectly.
yet thought I thus: Nought shall me moue,
I will not thrall my lybertye.
And diuers wayes I dyd assay,
By slyght, by force, by frend, by foe,
This fiery thought to put away.
I was so loth for to forgo]
My libertie, that me was leuer,
Then bondage was, where I heard say
who once was bound, was sure neuer,
without great paine to scape away.
But what for that, there is no choyce
For my mishappe was shapen so,
That those my dayes that dyd reioyce,
Should turne my blisse to bitter wo.
For with ỹ stroke my blisse toke ende
In stede whereof forthwith I caught,
Hotte burning sighes, that sins haue brend
My wretched heart almost to naught.
And sins that day, O Lord, my syre,
The misery that it hath felt.
that nought hath had, but wo and strife
And hotte desyres my heart to melt.
O Lord how sodayn was the change,
From such a pleasant libertie?
the very thraldome semed strange,
But yet there was no remedye.
But I must yelde, and gyue vp all,
And make my guyde my chiefest foe,
And in this wyse became I thrall,
Lo, loue and hap would haue it so.
I suffred wrong and held my peace,
I gaue my teares good leaue to ronne,
And neuer would seke for redresse,
But hopte to lyue as I begonne.
For what it was that might me ease
He lyued not that might it knowe.
thus dranke I all myne owne disease
And all alone bewayde my wo.
There was no sight that might me please
I fled from them that did reioyce,

And of alone my hart to ease,
I would bewayle with wofull voyce.
My lyfe, my state, my misery.
And curse my selfe and all my dayes,
thus wrought I with my fantasy,
And sought my helpe none other wayes.
Saue sometyme to my selfe alone,
when farre of was my helpe, God wot
Loude would I crye, My lyfe is gone
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.
Then wisht I straight ỹ death might end
these bitter panges, and all this griefe
for nought, me thought, might it amend,
thus in dispaire to haue reliefe.
I lyngered forth, till I was brought
with pinyng in so piteous case,
that al, that saw me sayd, me thought
Lo, death is painted in his face.
I went no where, but by the way,
I sawe some sight before myne eyes
That made me sigh, and oft tymes say
My life, alas I thee despise.
This lasted well a yere, and more,
which no wight knew, but onely I,
So that my life was nere forlore,
And I dispaired vtterly.
Till on a day, as fortune would,
(For that, that shalbe, nedes must fall)
I sat me downe as though I should,
Haue ended then my lyfe, and all.
And as I sat to write my plaint
Meaning to shew my great vnrest,
With quaking hand and hart full faint
Amid my plaintes among the rest
I wrote with ynke, and bitter teares,
I am not myne, I am not myne,
Behold my life, away that weares,
And if I dye the losse is thyne.
Herewith a litle hope I caught,
That for a while my lyfe dyd stay,
But in effect all was for naught,
Thus lyued I still till on a day

As I sat staring on these eyes,
Those shyning eyes, that first me bound,
My inward thought did cryed, Tryse,
Lo, mercy where it may be found.
And therewithall I drewe nie nere,
with feble heart, and at abrayde,
(But it was softly in her eare)
Mercy, Madame, was all I sayde.
But wo was me, when it was tolde,
For therewithall faynted my breath,
And I sate still for to beholde.
And heare the indgement of my death.
But loue nor hap would not consent
To end me then, but well awaye.
there gaue me blisse, that I repent
To thinke I lyue to see this day.
For after this I playned still,
So long and in so piteous wyse,
That I my wishe had at my will
Graunted, as I would it deuise.
But lord who euer heard, or knewe
Of half the ioy that I felt than?
Or who can thinke it may be true,
That so much blisse had euer man?
Lo fortune thus set me aloft,
And more my sorowes to relcue,
Of pleasant ioyes I tasted oft,
As much as loue or happe might geue,
The sorowes olde, I felt before,
About my heart, were driuen thence,
And for eche griefe, I felt afore,
I had a blisse in recompence.
Then thought I all the tyme well spent,
that I in plaint had spent so longe,
So was I with mylife content,
that to my self I saide among.
Sins thou art ridde of all thine ill,
to shew thy ioyes set fourth thy voice,
And sins thou hast thy wish at will,
My happy heart, reioyce reioyce,
Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo,
then by my song may well be tolde:

And thinkyng on my passed wo,
My blysse dyd double manifolde.
And thus I thought with mannes blood
Such blisse might not be bought to deare,
In such estate my ioyes then stoode,
That of a change I had no feare,
But why sing I so longe of blisse?
It lasteth not that will away,
Let me therfore bewaile the misse,
And sing the cause of my decay.
Yet all this while there liued none,
that led her lyfe more pleasantly,
Nor vnder hap there was not one,
We thought so well at ease, as I.
But O blynd toy, who may the trust?
For no estate thou canst assure,
Thy faithfull vowes proue all vniust.
Thy faire behest be full vnsure.
Good proofe by me, that but of late
Not fully twenty dayes ago,
which thought my life was in such state,
that nought might worke my heart this wo.
Yet hath the enmy of myne ease,
Cruell mishappe, that wretched wight,
Now when my life did most me please
Deuised me such cruel spight,
That from the hyest place of all,
As to the ceasing of my thought,
Downe to the depest am I fall,
And to my helpe auayleth nought,
Lo, thus are all my ioyes quyte gone,
And I am brought from happinesse,
Continually to waple, and mone,
Lo, such is fortunes stablenesse.
In weith I thought such suertie,
that pleasure should haue ended neuer,
But now alas, aduersitie,
Doth make my singing cease for euer,
O brittle ioy, O weith vnstable,
who seeles the moste, he shall not misse,
At length to be made miserable.

For all must end as doth my bliſſe,
There is none other certaintie,
And at the end the woꝛſt is his,
That moſt hath knowen pꝛoſperitie.
For he that neuer bliſſe aſſayed,
May well away with wꝛetchednelle,
But he ſhall fynde that hath it layd,
A pain to part from pleaſantneſſe.
As I do now, foꝛ ere I knew
what pleaſure was, I felt no griefe,
Lyke vnto this, and it is tꝛew
that bliſſe hath bꝛought me in this miſchiefe.
But yet I haue not ſongen, how
this miſchief came, but I intend
with wofull voice to ſinge it now,
And therewithall I make an end.
But lоꝛd, now that it is begonne,
I feie my ſpꝛites are vexed ſoꝛe,
Oh geue me bꝛeth till this be done,
And afteꝛ let me lyue no moꝛe.
Alas the enmy of this life,
The ender of al pleaſantneſſe,
Alas he bꝛingeth all this ſtꝛife,
And cauſeth al this wꝛetchednelle.
For in the middes of all the welth,
That bꝛought my hart to happineſſe,
this wicked death he came by ſtelth,
And robde me of my ioyfulneſſe.
He came when that I litle thought
Of ought that might me vexe ſo ſoꝛe,
And ſodeinly he bꝛought to nought
My pleaſantneſſe foꝛ euer moꝛe.
He ſlew my ioy, alas the wꝛetch,
He ſlew my ioy, oꝛ I was ware,
And now, alas, no might may ſtꝛetch
to ſet an end to my great care.
For by this curſed deadly ſtꝛoke,
My bliſſe is loſt, and I foꝛloꝛe,
And no helpe may the loſſe ꝛeuoke,
For loſt it is foꝛ euermoꝛe.
And cloſed by are thoſe faire eyes,
that gaue me fiꝛſt the ſigne of gꝛace,

My

My fayre ſwete foer, myne enemies,
And earth doth hyde her pleaſant face.
The loke which dyd my lyfe vphold,
and all my ſorowes did confound,
With which more bliſſe then may be tolde,
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground.
But ceaſe for I will ſing more,
Since that my harme hath no redreſſe,
But as a wretche for euermore
My lyfe will waſt with wretchednesſe.
And endyng this my wofull ſong,
Now that it ended is and paſt,
I would my lyfe were but as long,
And that this word might be my laſt.
For lothſome is that lyfe (men ſay)
That lyketh not the lyuers mynde,
Lo, thus I ſeke mine owne decay,
and will, till that I may it fynde.

Of his loue named white.

FAll faire and white ſhe is, and white by name,
Whoſe white doth ſtriue, the lilies white to ſtain,
who may contemne the blaſt of black defame,
who in darke night, can bring day bright agayne.
The ruddy roſe inpreaſeth with cleare hewe,
In lippes and chekes, right orient to behold,
That the nerer gaſer may that reewe,
And fele diſperſt in limines the chilling cold,
For white all white his bloodleſſe face will be,
The aſhy pale ſo alter will his cheare,
But I that do poſſeſſe in full degree
the hurty loue of this my hart ſo deare,
So oft to me as ſhe preſents her face,
For ioy do fele my hart ſpring from his place.

Of the louers vnquiet ſtate.

What

VVHat thing is that which I both haue and lacke,
With good will graunted, yet it is denyed:
How may I be receyued and put abacke.
Alwaye doing and yet vnoccupyed,
Moste slow in that which I haue moste applied
Still thus to seeke, and lese that I winne,
And that was done is newest to begin.
In riches finde I wilfull pouertie,
In great pleasure, liue I in heauinesse.
In much fredome I lacke my libertie,
Thus am I both in ioy and in distresse.
And in fewe wordes, if that I shall be plaine,
In Paradise I suffer all this paine.

where good will is, some proofe will appere.

IT is no fire that geues no heat,
Though it appeare neuer so hot.
And they that rynne and cannot sweate,
Are very leane and dry God wot,
A perfect leche applieth his wittes,
To gather herbes of all degrees.
And feuers with their feruent fittes,
Be cured with their contraries.
New wine will serche to finde a vent,
Although the caske be set so strong,
And wit will walke when will is bent,
although the way be neuer so long.
The Rabbets runne vnder the rockes,
The snailes doe clime the highest towers,
Gunpouder cleaues the sturdy blockes.
A feruent will all thing deuoures.
When wit with will and diligent,
Applie themselues and match as mates
There can no want of resident,
From force defend the castell gates.
Forgetfulnesse makes little haste,
and sloth delightes to liue full soft,
That telleth the deale, his tale doth waste,
And is full dyre that craues full oft.

Verſes written on the picture of ſir Iames wilford knight.

Alas that euer death ſuch vertues ſhould forſet,
As compaſt was within his corps, whole picture is here ſet,
Or that it euer lay in any fortunes might,
through depe diſdaine to ende his life ỳ was ſo worthye a wight.
For ſyth he firſt began in armour to be clad,
A worthier champion then he was, yet England neuer had,
And though recure be paſt, his lyfe to haue againe,
yet would I wiſh his worthynes in writyng to remayne
That men to minde might call, how farre he did excell,
At all aſſaies to winne the fame, which were to long to tell.
And eke the reſtleſſe race that he full oft hath runne,
In painfull plight from place to place, wher ſeruice was to donne.
Then ſhould men well perceyue, my tale to be of trouth,
And he to be the worthieſt wight that euer nature wrought.

The ladie praieth the returne of her louer abiding on the ſeas.

Shall I thus euer long, and be no whit the nere,
And ſhall I ſtill complain to thee, the which me will not here?
Alas, ſay nay, and be no more ſo dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and ſay that thou ſhalt come,
That thou wilt come thy word ſo ſware, if thou a liues man bee,
the roaryng hugy waues, they threaten my pore ghoſt,
And toſſe the vp and downe the ſeas, in daunger to be loſt.
Shall they not make me feare that they haue ſwalowed thee?
But as thou art moſte ſure aliue, ſo wilt thou come to me.
whereby I ſhall goe ſee thy ſhipp ride on the ſtrand,
And think and ſay lo where he comes, and ſure here wil he [illegible],
And then I ſhall lyft vp to the my litle hand,
And thou ſhalt thinke thine heart in eaſe, in health to ſee me ſtād.
And if thou come in dede (as Chriſt the ſende to doe)
thoſe armes which mille thee yet, ſhall then embrace the two.
Eche vain to euery ioint the liuery blood ſhall ſyred,

which

which now for want of thy glad light, doth show ful pale & dead.
But if thou slip thy trouth and doe not come at all,
As minuts in the clock do strike so call for death I shall.
To please both thy false heart, and rid my selfe from woo,
that rather had to dye in trouthe then line forsaken so.

The meane estate is best.

The bountifull man hath fewers strange
And constant hope is oft disalde,
Dispaire cannot but brede a change,
Nor getting hartes cannot be plealde,
Of all theise bad, the best I thinke,
Is well to hope, though fortune shrinke.
Desired thinges are not ay prest.
Nor thinges denied lest all vnsought,
Nor new thinges to be beloued best,
Nor all offers to be set at nought,
where faithfull hart hath ben refusde.
The cholers wit was there abusde.
The wofull ship of carefull smite,
Fleting on seas of wayling teares,
with sailes of wilshes broken quite,
Hanging our waues of doleful feares,
By surge of sighes at wrecke nere hand
May fall no anker holde on land.
what helpes the bell in the blynde,
Or els the clocke without it sound:
Or who by dreames doth hope to finde
The hidden gold within the grounde:
Shalbe as free from cares and feares,
As he that holdes a wolfe by the eares
And how much mad is he that thinkes
to clymbe to heauen by the beames.
Wo[illegible]by alas hath he that winkes,
At Titan or his golden streames,
His ioyes not subiect to his reasons lawes
that ioyeth more then he hath cause.
For as the Pheenix that clymeth hye.
The sunne lightly in ashes byeth.
Againe, the Faulcon so quick of eye,

Gone on the grounde the net maſheth.
Experience therfore the meane aſſurance
Preferes before the doutfull pleaſance.

The louer thinkes no paine to great, wherby he may obtaine his ladie.

SIth that the way to wealth is woe,
And after payne is pleaſure meſt.
why ſhould I than diſpayre ſo,
Ay bewayling myne vnreſt,
Or let to leade my lyfe in payne,
So worthy a lady to obtayne.
The fiſher man doth count no care,
To caſt his nets to wracke or waſt,
And in reward of eche mans ſhare,
A gogen gift is much embraſt,
Should I then grudge in gricfe or gall,
That loke at length to whelme a whall?
The poore man ploweth his ground for gayne,
And ſoweth his ſeede increaſe to craue,
And for therpence of all his pain,
Oft holdes it hap his ſede to ſaue.
Theſe pacient paines my part doth ſhow,
to long for one ere that I knowe.
And take no ſcorne to ſcape from ſkill,
To ſpend my ſpirites to ſpare my ſpech,
to ſwim for welth the ſwant of will,
And thus for reſt to rage I reche,
Running my race as rect by right,
Till teare of truth appeale my plight.
And plant my plaint within her breſt,
who doutleſſe may reſtore againe
My harmes to health, my ruth to reſt.
that laced is within her chaine,
For earſt ne are the griefes ſo great,
As is the ioy when loue is meſt.
For who couets ſo high to clime,
As doth the byrd that pitfall tooke,

Or who delightes so swift to swimme,
As doth the fishe that scapes the hoke,
If these had neuer entred wo,
How mought they haue reioyced so:
But yet alas ye louers all,
That here my ioy thus idlie reioyce,
Judge not amys what so befall.
In me there lyeth no power of choyse,
It is but hope that doth me moue,
whose standerd bearer is to loue.
On whose enligne when I behold,
I see the shadow of her shape,
within my faith so fast I fold,
Through dredc I dye, throught hope I scape
Thus ease and wo full oft I finde,
What will you more she knoweth my myndc.

Of a new maried studient that playd fast or lose.

A Studient at his boke so placed,
That welth he might haue swonne,
From boke to wyfe dyd fiete in hast,
From welth to wo to runne.
How, who hath plaied a scater cast,
Since tugling first begt nie?
In knittyng of himself so fast,
Himselfe he hath vndoone,

The meane estate is to be accompted the best.

WHo craftly castes to stere his boate,
And safely scourcs the flattering flood,
He cutteth not the greatest waues,
For why, that way were nothyng good.
He sleeteth on the crooked shore;
Lest harme him happe awayting gest.
But twines a wayc betweene them both,
As who wouth say the meane is best.

whole

Who waiteth on the golden meane,
  He put in point of sickernes,
Hides not his head in sluttish coates,
  Ne shroudes himselfe in filthines
Ne sittes a loft in hie estate,
  where hateful hartes enuie his chance,
But wisely walkes betwixt them twayne,
  He proudly doth himselfe auance,
the highest tree in all thee wood
  Is riefest rent with blustring windes,
The higher hall the greater fall
  Such chance haue proude & lofty mindes.
When Iuppiter from hye doth threat,
  With mortall mace and dint of thunder
The hyest hilles bene batered eft,
  when they stode still that stoden vnder,
the man whose hed with wit is fraught
  In wealth will feare a worser tyde
when fortune failes dispaireth nought,
  But constantly doth still abyde.
For he that sendeth grisely stormes
  with whisking wyndes and bitter blastes
And forwith with haile the winters face,
  And frotes the soyle with hory frostes,
Euen he adawth the force of colde,
  The springe in sendes with somer hote,
the same I wot oft to stormy hartes
  Is cause of bale, of ioy the roote.
Not alwayes ill though so be now,
  when cloudes ben driuen, the rioes the rack
Phebus the freshe ne shooteth still,
  Somtyme he harpes his mate to wake.
Stand stil therefore, pluck vp thy hart,
  Lose not thy porte though fortune faile.
Againe whan wynde doth serue at will,
  Take hede to hye to hoyse thy sayle.

The louer refused, lamenteth his estate.

I Lent my loue to loue, and gaged my lyfe in vayne,
  I hate for loue and death for lyfe of louers is the gayne.

An

And curſe I may by courſe, the place the tyme and howre,
That nature fyrſt in me did fourme to bee a liues creature.
Sith that I muſt abſent my ſelfe ſo ſecretly,
In place deſert, where neuer man my ſecretes ſhall eſpye.
In dolyng of my dayes among the beaſtes ſo brute.
who with their tonges may not bewray the ſecrets of my ſute.
Nor I in lyke to them may once to moue my mynde,
But gaſe on them, and they on me, as beaſtes are wont of kynde
Thus ranging as refuſde, to reache ſome place of reſt,
All ruffe of heare, my nayles vnmocht as of ſuch ſemeth beſt
That wander by their wittes, defourmed ſo to bee,
that men may ſay, ſuch one may curſe the time he firſt gan ſee
The beauty of her face, her ſhape in ſuch degree,
As God himſelfe may not diſcerne one place mended to bee.
Nor place it in lyke place, my fanſie for to pleaſe,
who would become a heardmās hyre, one howſer to haue of eaſe.
Wherby I might reſtore to me ſome ſtedfaſtneſſe,
that haue mo thoughts heapt in my hed, thē life may lōg diſgeſſe
As oft to throwe me downe vpon the earth ſo colde,
whearas with teares moſt rufully, my ſorowes do vnfolde.
And in beholding them, I chiefly call to mynde,
what woman could finde in her heart, ſuch bonding for to bynde
then raſhely fourth I yede, to caſt me from that care,
Lyke as the byrde for foode doth flye, and lighteth in the ſnare.
From whence I may not meue, vntill my race be ronne.
So trained is my truth through her ỹ thinks my life wel wonne
thus toſſe I too and fro, in hoape to haue reliefe,
But in the fine I finde not ſo, it doubleth but my grefe.
wherfore I will my want a warning for to bee,
Vnto all men, wiſhing that they, a myrrour make of mee.

The felicitie of a mynde imbracing vertue that beholdeth the wretched deſyres of the worlde.

When dredful ſwelling ſeas, through boiſteous windy blaſts
Do toſſe ỹ ſhips, that all for nought ſerues anker, ſaile, and maſtes.
Who takes not pleaſure then, ſafely on ſhore to reſt.
And ſee with drede and depe diſpayre, how ſhipmen are diſtreſt.
Not that we pleaſure take, when others felen ſmart,
Our gladnes groweth to ſee their harmes, ỹ yet to feele no part.

Delight we take also, well ranged in array,
when armies meete to see the fight, yet free bee from this fray.
But yet among the rest, no ioy may match with this,
To aspyre vnto the temple hye where wisdome throned is
Defended with the lawes of hory heads expert,
which clere it kepe frō errours mist, ẏ might the truth peruert.
From whence thou maist loke downe, and see as vnder foote,
Mans wādering wil & doutful life from whence they toke their roote.
How some by wit cōtend by prowes some to rayse,
Riches and rule to gayne and holde, is all that men deuise,
O miserable myndes, O hartes in folly drent,
why see you not what blindnesse in this wretched lyfe is spent?
Body deuoyde of griefe, mynde free from care and drede,
Is all and some that nature craues, wherwith our lyfe to fede,
So that for natures turne fewe thinges may well suffise,
Dolour and griefe clene to expell, and some delight surprise.
yea and it falleth oft, that nature more content,
Is with the lesse, then when the more to cause delight is spent.

All worldly pleasures vade.

The winter with his griesly stormes no lenger dare abyde,
The pleasant grasse & lusty grene, ẏ earth hath newly dyde
The trees haue leues, ẏ bowes don spred, new changed is ẏ yere
the water brokes are cleane sonk down, ẏ pleasāt bankes appere.
The spring is come, ẏ goodly nimphes now dasice in euery place
thus hath the yere most pleasantly of late ychaunged his face.
Hoape for ..o immortalitie, for wealth will weare away.
As we may learne by euery yere, yea howers of euery day.
For Zephirius doth mollify the colde and blustering windes,
The somers drought, doth take away the spring out of our minds
And yet the somer cannot last but once must step asyde,
then Autumne thinks to keue his place, but Autumne cānot byd
for whē he hath brought furth his fruits, & stuft ẏ barns & come
Then winter eates and emties all, and thus is Autumne worn.
then hory frosties possesse ẏ place, thē tēpestes work much harme
Thē rage of stormes done make al cold, which somer had made so warm
Wherfore let no man put his trust in that, ẏ will decay
For slipper wealth will not continue, pleasure will were awaye
For when that we haue lost our lyfe, and lye vnder a stone,
wt art we then we are but earth, then is our pleasure gone.

No

No man can tell what God almight of euery wight doth cast,
No man can say to day I liue, till morne my lyfe shall last.
For when thou shalt before thy iudge stand to receyue thy dome,
what sentence Minos doth pronounce that must of thee become.
Then shall not noble stocke and blood redeme thee frō his handes
Nor surgred talke with eloquence shal lose thee from his handes
Nor yet thy lyfe vprightlye led can helpe thee out of hell,
For who descendeth downe so depe, must there abyde and dwell.
Diana could not thence deliuer chast Hypolitus,
Nor Theseus could not call to lyfe his frend Perithous

A complaint of the losse of libertie by loue.

IN seeking rest, vnrest I finde,
I finde that wealth is cause of wo,
wo worth the tyme that I enclynde
To fixe in mynde her beauty so.
That day be darkened as the night
Let furious rage it cleane deuoure,
No sunne nor Moone therin geue light,
But it consume with streame and showre.
Let no small byrdes straine fourth their voyce,
With pleasant tunes, ne yet no beast,
Fynde cause wherat he may reioyce
That day when chaunced myne vnrest.
wherin alas, from me was raught
Myne owne free choyce and quiet myrde,
My lyfe my death in balance braught,
And reason raide through barke and rinde.
And I as yet in floure of age,
Both wit and will did still aduaunce,
Ay to resist that burning rage,
But when I darte then dyd I glaunce.
Nothing to me dyd seme so hye,
In mynde I could it strait attaine,
Fansy perswaded me therby,
Loue to esteme a thing most vayne.
But as the byrde vpon the bryer.
Doth pricke and proyne her without care,

Not knowing alas (poore foole) how nere
She is vnto the fowlers snare.
So I amyd discreitfull trust,
Dyd not mistrust such wofull happe,
Tyll cruell loue ere that I wyst
Had caught me in his carefull trappe.
Then did I feele and partly knowe
How litle force in me did raigne,
So soone to yelde to ouerthrowe
So fraple to flit from ioy to payne.
For when in wealth will dyd me leade,
Or liuertie to hoyse my sayle,
To hale at shete, and cast my leade,
I thought free choyse would still preuayle.
In whose calme streames I sailde so farre,
No raging storm had in respect,
Vntill I raisde a goodly starre,
Wherto my course I did direct.
In whose prospect in dolefull wyse,
My tackle faylde. my compasse brake,
Through hote desyres such stormes did ryse,
That sterne and top went all to wrake.
Oh cruell hap, oh fatall chaunce,
O fortune why wer thou vnkynde,
Without regard thus in a traunce,
To reue from me my ioyfull mynde.
Where I was free now must I serue,
Where I was lose now am I bound,
In death my lyfe I do preserue,
As one through gyrt with many a wounde.

A praise of his Ladye.

GIue place you Ladies and be gone.
Boast not your selues at all,
For here at hande approcheth one.
Whose face will staine you all.
The vertue of her liuely lookes
Excels the precious stone,
I wishe to haue none other bookes
To reade or looke vpon.

In

In eche of her two chrystall eyes,
Smyleth a naked boy.
It would you all in heart suffise
To see that lampe of ioy.
I thinke nature hath lost the moulde,
where she her shape did take,
Or els I doubte if nature coulde
So fayre a creature make.
She may be wel comparde
Unto the Phenix kinde,
whose like was neuer seene nor heard,
That any man can finde.
In lyfe she is Diana chast,
In trouth Penelopey,
In woord and eke in dede stedfast,
what will you more we say.
If all the world were sought so farre,
who could finde such a wight,
Her beauty twinkleth like a starre
within the frosty nyght.
Her roseall colour comes and goes,
with such a comely grace,
More ruddier to, then doth the rose,
within her liuely face.
At Bacchus feast none shall her mete,
Ne at no wanton playe,
Nor gasing in an open strete,
Nor gadding as a stray.
The modest myrth that she doth vse,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse,
All vyce she doth wholy refuse,
And hateth ydlenesse.
O lord it is a world to see,
How vertue can repayre,
And decke in her such honestie,
whom nature made so fayre.
Truely she doth as farre excede,
Our women now adayes,
As doth the Ielisloure a wede,
And more a thousand wayes.
How might I do to get a graffe,
Of this vnspotted tree?

For al the reſt are playne but chaffe,
Which ſeeme good corne to bee.
This gyft alone I ſhall her geue,
When death doth what he can,
Yet honeſt fame ſhall liue,
Within the mouth of man.

The poore eſtate to be holden for beſt.

EXperince now doth ſhew what God vs taught before,
Deſired pompe is vaine, and ſeldome doth it laſt,
Who climbes to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full ſore,
Alas the wofull end that comes with care full laſt,
Reiect him doth renounce, his pompe full lowe is caſt,
Deceiued is the byrd by ſweetneſſe of the call,
Expell that pleaſant taſt wherin is bitter gall.
Such as with otes cakes in poore eſtate abydes,
Of care haue they no cure, the crab with myrth they roſt.
More eaſe feele they then thoſe, that frō their height down ſlides,
Exceſſe doth bryde theyr wo, they layle in Scillas coſt,
Remaynyng in the ſtormes till ſhip and all be loſt.
Serue God therfore thou poore, for lo, thou liueſt in reſt,
Eſchue the golden hall, thy patched houſe is beſt.

The complaynt of Theſtilis amid the deſert wood.

THeſtilis a ſely man, when loue did him forſake,
In mourning wyſe, amid ỹ woods thus gan his plaint to make
Ay wofull man (quod he) fallen in thy lot to mone,
And pine away with careful thoughtes vnto thy loue vnknown.
Thy lady thee forſakes whom thou didſt honour ſo,
That ay to her thou wer a frend, and to thy ſelfe a fo.

Yelo-

ye louers that haue loſt your hartes deſyred choyce,
Lament with me my cruell happe, and helpe my trembling voice
was neuer man that ſtoode ſo great in fortunes grace,
Nor with his ſwete alas to deare poſſeſt ſo hygh a place,
As I whoſe ſimple heart aye thought himſelfe full ſure.
But now I ſee hye ſpringing tydes they may not ay endure.
She knowes my gyltleſſe heart, and yet ſhe lets it pyne
Of her vntrue profeſſed loue, ſo feble is the twyne,
what wonder is it than, if I beerent my heares,
And crauing death continually do bathe my ſelfe in teares.
When Creſus king of Lide was caſt in cruell bandes,
And yelded goodes and life alſo into his enemies handes.
what tong could tell his wo, yet was his griefe much leſſe
thē mine, for I haue loſt my loue which might my woe redreſſe.
ye woodes that ſhroude my limbs geue now your hollow ſounde,
That ye may helpe me to bewayle the cares that me confound.
ye riuers reſt a whyle and ſtay the ſtreames that runne,
Rew Theſtilis moſt wofull man that reſtes vnder the ſurue.
Tranſport my ſighes ye wyndes vnto my pleaſant foe,
My tricking teares ſhall witneſſe beare of this my cruell woe.
O happy man wer I, if all the goddes agreed,
that now the ſyſters three ſhould cut in twaine my fatall threde.
Till lyfe with loue ſhall ende, I here reſygne all ioy,
thy pleaſant ſwete I now lamēt, whoſe lacke breds mine annoy
Fareſwell my deare therfore fareſwell to me well knowne,
If that I dye it ſhalbe ſaide that thou haſt ſlaine thine owne.

An aunſwere of comfort.

Theſtilis thou ſely man, why doſt thou ſo complayne,
Ifneedes thy loue will thee forſake, thy mourning is in vaine
For none can force the ſtreames againſt their courſe to runne,
Nor yet vnwilling loue with teares or wailing can be woone
Ceaſe thon therfore thy plaintes, let hope thy ſorowes eaſe,
The ſhipmen though their ſaile be rent, yet hope to ſcape the ſeas
Though ſtrange ſhe ſeme a while, yet thinke ſhe will not change
Good cauſes driue a ladies loue, ſometime to ſeme full ſtrange.

No louer that hath wit, but can forefee fuch happe.
that no wight can at wish or will flepe in his ladies lappe.
Achilles for a tyme fayre Briſes did forgo.
yet did they mete with ioy againe. Then thinke thou mayſt do ſo
though he, and louers all, in loue ſharpe ſtormes do finde,
Diſpaire not thou poore Theſtilis, though thy loue ſeme vnkind
Ah thinke her graffed loue cannot ſo ſone decaye
Hye ſpringes may ceaſe from ſwelling ſtill, but neuer drye away
Oft ſtormes of louers eye, do more their loue encreaſe,
As ſhyning ſunne refreſhe the frutes, whō raining gins do ceaſe
when ſpringes are waxen lowe, then muſt they flowe agayne,
So ſhall thy hart aduaunced be, to pleaſure out of paine.
when lacke of thy delight moſt bitter griefe apperes,
thinke on Etraſcus worthy loue, that laſted thyrty yeres.
which could not long atcheue, his heartes deſyred choyce,
yet at the ende he founde reward, that made him to reioyce.
Since he ſo long in hope with pacience did remaine,
Cannot thy feruent loue forbeare thy loue a month or twaine?
Admit ſhe minde to chaunge and nedes will thee forgo,
Is there no moe may thee delyght but ſhee that paine thee ſo?
Theſtilis draw to the towne and loue as thou haſt done,
In tyme thou knoweſt by faithful loue, as good as ſhe is wonne
And leue the deſert woodes and wayling thus alone,
And ſeke to laine thy ſore eis where, if all her loue be gone.

The louer praieth pittie ſhewing that nature hath taught his dog as it wer to ſue for the ſame by kiſſing his ladies handes.

NAture that taught my ſely dog God wat
Euen for my ſake to like where I do loue,
Inforced him wher as my lady ſat,
with humble ſute before her falling flat.
As in his ſort he might her pray and moue
to rue vpon his lord and not forgeat,
The ſtedfaſt faith he beareth her, and loue,
Kiſſing her hand whome ſhe coulde not remoue,

I way that would for drowning not for threat
As though he would haue layd in my behoue,
Pity my lorde your ſlaue that doth remaine,
Leſt by his death, you guiltleſſe ſlay vs twayne.

Of his ring ſent to his ladie.

SInce thou my ring mayſt go, where I ne may,
Since thou maiſt ſpeake where I muſt holde my peace,
Say vnto her that is my liues ſtay.
Grauen within which I do here expreſſe,
That sooner ſhall the ſunne not ſhine by day,
And with the raine the floodes ſhall waxen leſſe,
Sooner the tree the hunter ſhall bewray,
Then I for change, or choyce of other loue,
Do euer ſeke my fanſy to remoue.

The changeable ſtate of louers.

FOr that a reſtleſſe hed muſt ſome what haue in vre
Wher with it may acquainted bee, as falcon is with lure
Fanſy doth me awake out of my drowſy ſlepe,
In ſeing how the litle mouſe, at night begins to crepe,
So the deſirous man, that longes to catche his pray,
In ſpying how to watche his tyme, lyeth lurking ſtill by day.
In hoping for to haue, and fearing for to finde
The ſalue that ſhould recure his ſore, & ſorroweth but the minde
Such is the guyſe of loue, and the vncertaine ſtate,
That ſome ſhould haue their hoped hap, and other hard eſtate.
That ſome ſhould ſeme to ioy in that they neuer had,
And ſome againe ſhal frown as faſt, where cauſeleſſe thy be ſad
Such trades do louers vſe, when they be moſt at large.
That guyded ỹ ſtere when they thẽ ſelues lye fettred in ỹ barge.
The greneſſe of my youth cannot therof expreſſe,
The proceſſe, for by proofe vnknowen, all this is but by geſſe,
Wherfore I hold it beſt, in time to hold my peace,
But wanton wil it cannot hold, or make my pen to ceaſe.

A pen

I yen of no auayle, a frutlesse labour eke,
My troubled hed with fansies fraught, doth paine it selfe to seke
And if perhaps my woordes of none auaile do pricke
Such as do feele ỹ hidden harms, I would not they should kicke
Is causelesse me to blame which thinketh them no harme,
Although I seme by others fyre, sometime my selfe to warme.
Which clerely I deny, as guiltlesse of the crymne,
And though wrong deemde I be therin, truth it will trie in time

A praise of Audley.

When Audley had run out his race, and ended wer his days
his fame stept forth & bad me write of him som worthy praise
what lyfe he lad, what actes he did, his vertues and good name,
wherto I cald for true report, as witnes to the same.
Wel borne he was, wel dēt by kind, whose mind did neuer swerue
A skilfull head, a valiant hart, a redy hand to serue.
Brought vp and traind in feates of war long time beyond ỹ seas
Calde home againe to serue his price, whō stil he sought to please
what turney was there he refusde, what seruice did he shoon?
where he was not nor his aduice, what great exploite was doon
In towne a Lambe, in filde full fierce, a Lyon at the nede.
In sobre Wit a Salomon, yet one of Hectors sede:
Then shame it wer that any tong should defame his dedes,
that in his lyfe a mirrour was to all that him succedes.
No poore estate nor hye renowne his nature could peruart,
No hard mischance ỹ him befell could moue his constant hart.
Thus long he liued, loued of all, as one myslykte of none,
And where he went who calde him not the gentle Paragon.
But course of kinde doth cause eche frute to fall when it is rype,
And spitefull death will suffer none to scape his grieuous gripe.
Yet though the ground receiued haue his corps into her wombe,
This Epitaphe ygraue in brasse, shall stand vpon his tombe.
Lo here he lyes that hated vyce, and vertuous lyfe imbrast,
Hys name in earth, his spryte abone, deserues to bee well plast.

Tyme trieth trueth.

Eche thing I see hath tyme, which time must trye my truth,
which truth deserues a special trust, on trust great frēdship grō
And frendship may not fade wher faithfulnesse is found, (weth
And

And faithfulneſſe is full of fruite, and fruitfull thinges be ſound.
And ſound is good at proofe, and proofe is prince of prayſe,
And precious praiſe is ſuch a pearle, as ſeldome ner decayes.
All theſe thinges time tryes fourth, which time I muſt abyde,
How ſhould I boldly credite craue till time my truth haue trid
For as I found a tyme to fall in fanſies frame,
So I doe wiſh a lucky time for to declare the ſame.
If hap may aunſwer hoape, and hoape may haue his hyre,
Then ſhall my heart poſſeſſe in peace, the time that I deſire.

The louer refuſed of his loue, embraceth vertue.

My youthfull yeres are paſt,
My ioyfull dayes are gone,
My lyfe it may not laſt,
My graue and I am one.
My myrth and ioyes are fled,
And I a man in wo,
Deſirous to be ded,
My miſchiefe to forgo.
I burne and am a colde,
I freeſe amyddes the fier,
I ſee ſhe doth withholde
That is my moſt deſire.
I ſee my helpe at hande,
I ſee my lyfe alſo,
I ſee where ſhe doth ſtande
That is my deadly fo.
I ſee how ſhe doth ſee,
And yet ſhe wilbe blinde,
I ſee in helping me,
She ſekes and not will finde.
I ſee how ſhe doth wrye,
when I beginne to mone,
I ſee when I come nye,
How fayne ſhe would be gone.
I ſee what will ye more,
She will me gladly kill,
And you ſhal ſee therfore
That ſhe ſhal haue her will.

I can

I cannot liue with stones,
It is to hard a foode,
I wilbe dead at ones
To doe my lady good.

The picture of a louer.

BEholde my picture here wel prtrayed for the nones,
with heart consumed and falling flesshe, behold the very bones.
Whose cruel chaunce alas, and destenye is such,
Onely because I put my trust in some folke all to muche.
For since the tyme that I dyd enter in this pyne,
I neuer sawe the rising sunne but with my weping eyen,
Nor yet I neuer heard so swete a voyce or sounde,
But that to me it dyd encrease the dolour of my wound.
Nor in so soft a bedde, alas I neuer lay,
But that it semed hard to me or neuer it was day.
Yet in this body bare, that nought but life retaynes,
The strength wherof cleane past away, the care yet stil remaines
Like as the cole in flame doth spende it selfe you see,
To vaine and wretched cindre dust till it consumed bee.
So doth this hope of myne enforce my feruent sute,
To make me for to gape in vaine, whilst other eate the fruite.
And shal do tyll that death doth geue me such a grace,
To rid this sely wofull spryte out of this dolefull case.
And then would God wer writ in stone or els in leade,
This Epitaph vpon my graue, to shew why I am dead.
Here lyeth the louer lo, who for the loue he aught,
Alyue vnto his ladie dere, his death therby he caught.
And in a shielde of black, is here his armes appeares
with weping eyes as you may see, well poudred all with teares.
Lo here you may beholde, aloft vpon his brest
A womans hand straynyng the hart of him that loued her best,
Wherfore all you that see this corps for loue that starues,
Example make vnto you all, that thankelesse louers sarues,

Of the death of Philips.

BEwayle with me all ye that haue profest
Of muslike tharte, by though of coarde or winde,

Ly

Lay downe your lutes and let your gitterns rest,
Philips is dead whose lyke you cannot finde,
Of musike much exceding all the rest,
Muses therfore of force now must ye wrest
your pleasant notes into another sound,
The string is broke, the lute is dispossest,
The hande is colde, the body in the ground,
The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore,
Philips her frende that can her touche no more.

That all thing sometime finde ease of their paine, saue onely the louer.

I See there is no sort
Of thinges that liue in griefe,
which at some time may not resort
whereas they haue relefe.
The stricken Dere by kinde
Of death that standes in awe,
For his recure an herb can finde,
The arrowe to withdrawe.
The chased Dere hath soyle,
To coole him in his heate,
The Asse after his wery toyle,
In stable is vp set.
The cony hath his caue,
The litle byrd his nest,
From heate and cold themselues to saue,
At all times as they list.
The Owle with feble sight,
Lyes lurking in the leaues,
The sparrow in the frosty night
May shroude her in the caues.
But wo to me alas,
In sunne nor yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting place,
My burden to vnlade.
But day by day still beares
The burden on my backe,

With weping eye and watry teares,
To holde my hope abacke.
All thinges I see haue place,
wherin they bowe or bende,
Haue this alas my wofull case,
which no where findeth ende.

Thassaute of Cupide vpon the fort where the louers hart laie wounded, and how he was taken.

When Cupide scaled first the fort
wherin my heart lay wounded sore,
The batry was of such a sort
That I must yelde or dye therfore.
There saw I loue vpon the wall,
How he his banner dyd display,
Alarme alarme he gan to call,
And bade his souldiours kepe aray.
The armes the which that Cupide bare,
were pearced heartes with teares besprent,
In siluer and sable to declare
The stedfast loue he alwayes ment.
There myght you see his hand all dyett,
In colours, like to whyte and blacke,
with powder and with pellets prest,
To bring the forth to spoyle and lacke.
Good will the maister of the shot,
Stoode in the rampyre braue and proude
For spence of powder he spared not,
Assaulte assaulte to crye aloude.
There myght you heare the cannons roze
Eche piece discharged a louers looke,
which had the power to rent, and toze
In any place wheras they tooke.
And euen with the trumpets sowne,
The scaling laddders were vp set,
And beauty walke vp and downe,
with bow in hand and arrowes whet.
Then first desire began to scale
And shrowded him vnder his targe,

Is one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to geue the charge.
The pushed souldiers with theyr pykes,
And holbardes with handy strokes,
the hargabushe in flesshe it lightes,
And dimps the ayze with mistie smokes.
And as it is now souldiers vse,
when shot and powder gins to want,
I hanged vp my flagge of truce,
And pleaded for my lyues graunt.
when fansy thus had made her breache,
And beauty entred with her bande,
with bagge and baggage selv wretch.
I yelded into beauties hand.
Then beauty bad to blow retrete,
And euery souldiour to retyre,
And mercy mylde with spede to set
Me captiue bound as prisoner
Madame (quod I) sith that this day
Hath serued you at all assayes,
I yelde to you without delay,
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.
And sith that I haue been the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye,
Nedes must you with your handy warke,
Or saue my sore or let me dye.

The aged louer renoun=ceth loue.

I Loth that I dyd loue,
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires for my behoue,
Me thinkes they are not mete.
My lustes they doe me leaue,
My fansies all are fled,
And tract of time begynnes to weaue
Gray heares vpon my hed.
For age with stealing steppes
Hath clawde me with his crouche,

And

And lusty lyke away she leapes
As there had been none such.
  My muse doth not delight
Me as she dyd beefore,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they haue been of yore.
  For reason me denyes
This youthly ydle tyme,
And day by day to me she cryes
Leaue of these toyes in tyme.
  The wrinkles in my browe,
The furrowes in my face,
Say lymping age will lodge him now,
Where youth must geue him place.
  The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
the cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth byd me to prouide
  A pickeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A house of clay for to bee made,
For such a geast most meete.
  Me thinkes I heare the clarke
That knoles the carefull knell,
And byddes me leaue my Wofull warke
Ere nature me compell.
  My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laughe to scorne,
Of me that cleane shalbe forgot,
As I had not been borne.
  Thus must I youth geue vp,
Whose badge I long did weare,
to them I yelde the Wanton cup,
That better may it beare.
  Lo here the barehead skull.
By whose balde signe I know,
that stouping age away shall pull.
which youthfull yeres did sowe.
  For beauty with her band
These croked cares hath wrought
And shipped me into the land,
From whence I fyrst was brought,

And

And ye that byde behinde,
Haue ye none other truſt,
As ye of clay were caſt by kinde,
So ſhall ye waſt to duſt.

Of the lady wentworths death.

TO liue to dye, and dye to liue againe,
With good renowne of fame well led before
Here lyeth the that learned had the loze,
whom if the perfect vertues woulded bayne,
To be ſet furth with ſtoy of woꝛldly grace,
was noble bozne, and matcht in noble race,
Lozde Wentwozthes wife, noꝛ wanted to attaine
In natures giftes, her prayſe among the reſt
But that that gaue her prayſe aboue the beſt
Not fame, her wedlockes chaſtnes durſt diſtayne
Wherin with child, deliuering of her wombe
Thuntimely birth hath bꝛought the both in tombe
So left ſhe life by death to liue againe.

The louer accuſing his loue for her vnfaithfulneſſe purpoſeth to liue in libertie.

THe ſmoky ſighes the bitter teares,
That I in vaine haue waſted,
The bꝛoken ſlepes, the woe and feares,
That long in me haue laſted,
The loue and all I owe to thee,
Here I renounce and make me free,
which fredome I haue by thy guylt,
And not by my deſeruing,
Since ſo vnconſtantly thou wilt
Not loue, but ſtill be ſwerning
to leaue me of which was thine owne,
without cauſe why as ſhalbe knowne.
The fruites weꝛe layꝛe the which did growe

Within my garden planted,
the leaues were grene of euery bough.
And moysture neuer wanted,
yet or the blosomes gan fall,
the catterpiller wasted all.
Thy bodie was the garden place,
And sugred woordes it beareth,
the blossomes all thy faith it was.
Which as the canker weareth
the caterpiller is the same,
That hath wonne the and lost thy name.
I meane the louer lôued now,
By thy pretenced foly,
which will proue like, thou shalt find how
Unto a tree of holy
that barke and beary beares alwayes,
The one, byrdes feders, the other slayes.
And right well mightest thou haue thy wish,
Of thy loue new acquainted,
For thou art like vnto the dishe,
that Adrianus painted.
wherin were grapes portrayd so fayre,
that fowles for foode did there repayre.
But I am lyke the hestern fowle,
That from the net escaped,
And thou art lyke the rauening owle,
that all the night hath waked,
For none entent but to betray,
The sleping fowle before the day.
Thus hath thy loue ben vnto me.
As pleasant and commodious,
As was the fyre made on the see
By Nanlas hate so odious.
therwith to trayne the grekish host,
From Troyes returne where they were lost.

The louer for want of his desire, sheweth his death at hande.

AS Cypres tree that rent is by the roote,
As branche or slippe better from whence it growes,
As well sowne sede for drought that cannot sprout
As gaping ground that rainelesse cannot close
As mowles that whan the earth to doe them bote
As fishe on land to whom no waters flowes,
As Chamelon that lackes the ayre so sote,
As flowers, do fade when Phebus rarest showes.
As Salamandra repulsed from the fire,
So wanting my wish I dye for my desire.

A happy end exceedeth al ple sures and riches of the world.

THe shyning season to some,
The glory in the worldes sight.
Renoumed fame though fortune wonne
The glittering gold the eyes delight.
The sensuall lyfe that semes so swete,
The heart with joyfull dayes replete,
The thing wherto eche wight is thral
The happy end exceedeth all.

Against an vnstedfast woman.

O Temerous tauntres that delightes in topes,
Tumbling cock boate tottring to and fro,
Jangling iestres, deprauers of swete ioyes,
Ground of the grafte whence all my grief doth grow
Mullen serpent enuironed with despite,
That ill for good at all times dost requite.

A prayse of Petrarche and of Laura his Ladie.

O Petrarche head and prince of Poets all,
whose liuely gift of flowing eloquence
well may we seke, but find not how or whence,
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall,
Peace to thy bones and glory immortall
Be to thy name, and to her excellence,
whose beauty lighted in thy tyme and sence,
So to bee set furth as none other shall.
Why hath not our pens rymes so perfit wroughte,
Ne why our tyme furth bringeth beauty such:
To tryc our wittes as gold is by the touch,
If to the style the matter ayded ought:
But there was neuer Laura more then one,
And her had Petrache for his Paragone.

That Petrark cannot be passed but notwithstandinge that Laura is farre surpassed:

WIth Petrarche to compare there may no wight,
Nor yet attaine vnto so high a stile,
But yet I wot full well where is a file,
To frame a learned man to praise a right,
Of stature meane of semely forme and shape,
Eche line o' iust proporcion to her height,
Her colour fresh, and mingled with such sleight,
As though the rose sat in the lilies lap.
In wit and tong to shew what may be sed,
To euery dede she ioynes a perfit grace.
If Laura liued, she would her cleane deface.
For I dare say, and lay my lyfe to wed
That Monius could not, if he downe discended,
Once iustly say, Lo this may be amended.

Against a cruel woman.

CRuel vnkinde whom mercy cannot moue,
Harbour of vnhappe where rigours rage doth raigne,
Ground of my griefe where pitie cannot proue,

Tickle

Tickle to trust of all vntruth the trayne,
Thou rigorous rocke that truth cannot remoue.
Daungerous delph, depe dungeon of disdaine,
Sarke of selfwill, the chest of craft and chaunge,
what causeth thee thus causelesse for to change?
Ah pitieleſſe, plaint whom plaint cannot prouoke,
Den of disceit that right doth still refuse,
Causeleſſe vnkinde that carriest vnder cloke
Cruelty and craft me onely to abuse,
Stately and stubborne withstanding Cupides stroke,
Thou marueilous mase that makest men muse,
Swollen by selfwill, most stone stiffe and strange,
what causeth the thus causeleſſe for to change?
Slipper and secret where suertie cannot sow,
Net of newetie, nest of newfangleneſſe,
Spring of al spite, from whence whole studdes doe flow,
Thou caue and cage of care and craftineſſe,
Wauering willow that euery blast doth blow
Graffe without groth and cause of carefulneſſe,
Heape of mishappe of all my griefe the grange,
What causeth thee thus causeleſſe for to change?
Hast thou forgot that I was thyne infeft
By force of loue, hast thou not hart at all?
Sawest thou not other for thy loue were left
Knowest thou vnkinde, that nothing mought befall
From out of my heart that coulde haue thee bereft,
what meanest thou then, at ryot thus to range?
And leauest thine owne that neuer thought to change.

The louer sheweth what he woulde haue, if it where graunted him to haue . . what he would . . . . . wisshe.

If it were so that god would graunt me my request,
And that I might of earthly thinges haue that I lyked best,
I would not wish to clyme to princely hye estate,
which slipper is and slydes so oft, and hath so fickle fate,
Nor yet to conquer realmes with cruel sword in hande,

And so to shed the spitiesse blood of such as would withstand.
For I would not desire in worldly rule to raygne
Whose fruite is al vnquietnesse, and breaking of the brayne.
Nor richesse in excesse of vertue so abhorde,
I woulde not craue which bredeth care, and causeth all discorde.
But my request should be more worth a thousand folde,
That I might haue and her enioy that hath my hearth in holde,
Oh God what lusty lyfe should we lyue then for euer,
In pleasant ioy and perfect blisse to length our liues together.
With woordes of frendly chere, and lokes of liuely loue,
To vtter all our hot desires, which neuer should remoue.
But grosse and gredy wittes which grope but on the ground,
To gather mucke of worldly goodes which oft do them cõfound
Cannot attayne to knowe the misteries diuine,
Of parfit loue wherto hye wittes of knowledge do encline.
A niggard of his golde such ioy can neuer haue,
Which geates with toyle & kepes with care, & is his mony slaue,
As they enioy alwaies, that taste loue in his kinde,
For they do holde continually a heauen in their minde,
No worldly goodes could bring my heart so great an ease,
As for to finde or doe the thing that might my lady please.
For by her onely loue, my heart should haue all ioy,
And with the same put care away, and all that could annoy.
As if that any thing should chaunce to make me sadde,
The touching of her coral lippes, would straight waies make me (gladde.
And when that in hart I fele that did me greue,
With one embracing of her armes she might me sone relieue.
And as the Angels all which sit in heauen hye,
With presence and the sight of God, haue their felicitie.
So lykewise I on earth, should haue al earthly blisse,
With presence of that Paragon, my god in earth that is.

The ladie forsaken of her louer praieth his returne, or the end of her owne life.

LO loue, alas who would not feare,
That seeth my wofull state,
For he to whom my heart I beare
Doth me extremely hate.

And

And why therfore I cannot tell,
Ye will no lenger with me dwell.
  Did you not sue and long me serue,
Ere I you graunted grace?
And will you thus now from me swerue
That neuer did trespace?
Alas poore woman then alas,
A wery lyfe here must I passe.
  And shall my faith haue such refuse
In dede and shall it so?
Is there no choyce for me to chuse
But must I leaue you so?
Alas poore woman then alas,
A wery lyfe hence must I passe,
  And is there now no remedy
But that you will forget her?
there was time when that perdy
you would haue harde her better.
But now that time is gone and past,
And all your lone is but a blast,
  And can you thus breake your behest,
In dede and can you so?
Did you not sweare you loued me best?
And can you now say no?
Remember me poore wight in paine,
And for my sake turne once againe.
  Alas poore Dido now I feele,
Thy present painfull state,
when false Eneas did him stele,
From the at Carthage gate.
And left thee sleping in thy bed,
Regarding not what he had sed.
  Was neuer woman thus betrayde,
Nor man so false forsworne,
His faith and trouth so strongly tyde,
Untruth hath all to torne.
And I haue leaue for my good will,
To wayle and wepe alone my fil.
  But since it will not better bee
My teares shall neuer blin,
To moist the earth in such degree,

That I may drowne therin.
That by my death all men may say,
Lo women are as true as they.
By me all women may beware,
That see my wofull smart,
To seke true loue let them not spare,
Before they set their hart.
Or els they may become as I.
Which for my truth am lyke to dye.

The louer yelden into his ladies handes, praieth mercye.

IN fredome was my fantesie.
Abhorring bondage of the minde,
But now I yelde my libertie,
And willingly my selfe I bynd,
Truely to serue with all my heart,
Whiles lyfe doth last not to reuert.
Her beutie bounde me first of all,
And forst my will for to consent,
And I agree to bee her thrall,
For as she list I am content.
My will is hers in that I may,
And where she biddes I will obay,
It lyeth in her my woe or welth,
She may do that she lyketh best,
If that she list I haue my health,
If she list not, in wo I rest,
Sins I am fast within her bandes,
My wo and welth lye in her handes.
She can no lesse then pitie mee,
Sith that my fitte to her is knowne
It weare to much extremitie
With crueltie to vse her owne,
Alas a sinfull enterprise,
To slay that yeldes at her deuyse.
Yet I thinke not her hart so harde,
Nor that she hath such cruel lust.

I doubt nothing of her reſwarde,
For my deſert, but well I truſt,
As ſhe hath beautie to allure,
So hath ſhe a hart that will recure.

That nature which worketh all thinges for our behoofe, hath made women alſo for our comfort and delight.

AMong dame natures woorkes ſuch perfit law is wrought,
That thinges be ruide by courſe of kind in order as they ought
And ſerueth in their ſtate, in ſuch iuſt frame and ſort,
That ſlender wits may iudge the ſame, and make therof report.
Behold what ſecret force the wynde doth eaſely ſhowe,
which guydes the ſhippes amid the ſeas, if he his bellowes blowe
The waters waxen wilde where bluſtering blaſtes do ryſe,
yet ſeldome do they paſſe their boundes, for nature that deuiſe.
The fire which boyles the leade, and tryeth out the golde,
Hath in his power both helpe and hurt, if he his force vnfold,
The froſt which killes the fruite, doth knit the bruſed bones,
And is medicine of kinde, prepared for the nones.
The earth in whoſe entrailes the foode of man doth line,
At euery ſpring and fall of leafe, what pleaſure doth ſhe geue?
The ayre which lyfe deſires, and is to health ſo ſweete,
Of nature yeldes ſuch liuely ſmelles, that comforteſ euery ſpreete
The Sunne throughe natures might, doth drawe away ỹ dewe
And ſpred ỹ flowers wher he is wont, his princely face to ſhewe
The Moone which may bee calde the lanterne of the night,
Is halfe a guide to trauelyng men, ſuch vertue hath her light.
The ſtarres not vertuiſſe are beauty to the eyes,
A lodes man to Mariner, a ſygne of calmed ſkyes.
The flowers and frutfull trees, to man do tribute pay,
And when they haue their duetie done, by courſe they fade away
Eche beaſte both fiſhe and fowle, both offer lyfe and all,
To nouriſh man & do him eaſe, yea ſerue him at his call.
The ſerpentes venemous, whoſe ougly ſhapes we hate,
Are ſouereigne ſalues for ſundry ſores, and needfull in their ſtate
Syth nature ſhewes her power, in eche thing thus at large,
Why ſhould not man ſubmit himſelfe to be in natures charge?

Who

who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall,
The wyleſt cannot ſlippe her ſnare, for nature gouernes all
Lo, nature gaue vs ſhape, lo natures fedes ou lines,
Thē they are wozſe thē mad I thinke, againſt her force ỹ ſtrines
Though ſome do vſe to ſay, which can do nought but faine,
women wer made for this entent, to put vs men to paine,
yet ſure I thinke they are a pleaſure to the mynde.
Ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath aſſynde.

VVhen aduerſitie is once fallen it is to late to beware.

TO my miſhappe alas I finde
That happy hap is daungerous,
And fortune worketh but her kynde,
To make the ioyfull dolorous.
But all to late it comes to mynde,
To wayle the want that makes me blynde.
Amid my mirth and pleaſantneſſe,
Such chaunce is chaunced ſodainly,
That in diſpayre without redreſſe,
I finde my chiefeſt remedy.
No new kinde of vnhappineſſe,
Shoulde thus haue left me coumfortleſſe.
Who would haue thought that my requeſt,
Should bring me furth ſuch bitter fruite?
But now is hapt that I feard leſt,
And all this harme comes by my ſuite.
For when I thought me happieſt
Euen then hapt all my chiefe vnreſt.
In better caſe was neuer none,
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,
My chiefe deſyre doth cauſe me mone,
And to my harme my welth is hapt,
There is no man But I alone,
That hath ſuche cauſe to ſigh and mone.
Thus am I taught for to be ware,
And truſt no more ſuch pleaſant chance,
My happy hap bred me this care,
And brought my myrth to great miſchaunce.
There is no man whom hap will ſpare,
But when ſhe liſt his welth is bare.

Of a louer that made his onely God of his loue.

ALl you that frendſhippe doe profeſſe,
And of a frend preſent the place,
Geue eare to me that did poſſeſſe,
As frendly fruites as ye embrace,
And to declare the circumſtance,
There were themſelues that did aduance,
To teache me truely how to take,
A faithfull frende for vertues ſake,
But I as one of little ſkill,
To know what good might grow thereby,
Unto my wealth I had no will,
Nor to my nede I had none eye,
But as the childe doth learne to goe,
So I in tyme did learne to knowe,
Of all good fruites the world brought forth,
A faithfull frende is thing moſt worth.
Then with all care I ſought to finde,
One worthy to receiue ſuche truſt,
One onely that was riche in minde,
One ſecret, ſobre, wyſe and iuſt,
Whom riches coulde not rayſe at all,
Nor pouertie procure to fall,
And to bee ſhort in few woordes playne,
One ſuch a frende I dyd attayne,
And when I dyd enioy this welth,
Who liued lord in ſuch a caſe,
For to my frendes it was great helth,
And to my foes a ſourie deface,
And to my ſelfe a thing ſo riche
As ſeke the world and finde none ſuch.
Thus by this frende I ſet ſuch ſtore,
As by my ſelfe I ſet no more.
This frende ſo much was my delight,
When care had clene ouercome my heart,
One thought of her rid care as quite,
As neuer care had cauſde my ſmart.
Thus toyed I in me frend ſo dere,
Was neuer frend ſate man ſo nere.

I carde for her so much alone,
That other God I carde for none.
But as it doth to them befall,
That to themselues respect haue none
So my swete graffe is growen to gall
Where I sowed mirth I reaped mone,
This ydoll that I honorde soe,
Is now transformed to my fo.
That me most pleased, me most paynes
And in dispayre my heart remaynes.
And for iust scourge of such desart,
Thre plages I may my selfe assure,
First of my frende to lose my part,
And next my lyfe may not endure,
And last of all the more to blame,
My soule shall suffer for the same,
Wherfore ye frendes I warne you all,
But last for feare of such a fall.

Vpon the death of sir Antonie Denny.

Death and the king, dyd as it wer contend,
Which of them two bare Denny greatest loue,
The king to shew his loue ganne farre extende,
Did him aduaunce his betters farre aboue,
Here place, much welth, great honour, eke him gaue,
To make it known what power great princes haue
But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldy carke he quit his weried ghost,
Free from the corps, and straight to heuen it lift,
Now deme that can, who did for Denny most,
The kinge gaue welth but fading and vnsure,
Death bronght him blisse that euer shall endure.

A comparison of the louers paines.

Lyke as the brake within the riders hande
Doth straine the horse, nye woode with griefe of paine

For

Not vsed before to come in such a bande.
Striueth for griefe, although god wot in vain,
To be as erst he was at libertie,
But force of force doth strain the contrary.
Euen so sins band doth cause my deply griefe,
That made me so my wofull chaunce lament,
Like thing hath brought me into paine and mischiet
Saue willingly to it I did assent.
To binde the thing in fredome which was free,
That now full sore alas repenteth me.

Of a Rosemarie branche sent.

SUch grene to me as you haue sent,
Such grene to you I send againe,
A flourishing heart that will not feint
For drede of hope or losse of gayne,
A stedfast thought al wholy bent,
So that he may your grace obtayne,
As you by proofe haue alwaies seene,
To liue your owne & alwaies grene.

To his loue of his constant heart.

AS I haue been, so will I euer be
Unto my death, and lenger if I might
Haue I of loue the frendly looking eye,
Haue I of fortune fauour or despite,
I am of rocke by proue as you may see
Not made of wax, nor of no mettall light
As leefe to die, by change as to deceiue
Or breake the promyse made. And so I leaue.

Of the token which his loue sent him.

The

The golden apple that the Troyan boy,
Gaue to Venus the fairest of the three
which was the cause of al the wracke of Troy.
was not receiued with a greater ioy,
Then was the fame (my loue) thou sent to me,
It healed my sore it made my sorowes free,
It gaue me hope, it banisht mine annoy,
Thy happy hande full oft of me was blist,
That can geue such a salue when that thou list.

Manhode auaileth not without good fortune.

The Coward oft whom deynty byandas fed,
That bosted muche his ladies cares to please,
By helpe of them whom vnder him he led,
Hath reapt the palme that valiance cold not crase,
The vnexpert that shores vnknowen nere sought,
whom Neptune yet appalled not with feare,
In wandering shippe on trusties seas hath tought,
The skill to sele that tyme to long doth leare,
The sporting knight that scorneth Cupides kinde,
With fayned chere the payned cause to hyde,
In game vnhyrdes the leaden sparkes of mynde,
And gaynes the gole, where glowing flames should spede.
Thus I se. proofe that troth and manlie heart
May not auayle, if fortune chaunce to start.

That constancy of all vertues is most worthie.

Thoughe in the waxe a perfect picture made,
Doth shew as faire as in the marble stone,
yet do: we see it is esteemed of none.
Because that fier or force the fourme doth fade,
wheras the marble holden is full dere.
Sir. ? that endures the dats of lenger dayes,
Of Dyamondes it is the greatest prayse,

So long to last and alwayes one tappere.
Then if we doe esteme that thing for best,
which in perfection lengest tyme do last,
And that most vaine that tornes with euery blast:
what iewel then with tong can bee expresst?
Like to that hart where loue hath framde such frth,
That cannot fade but by the force of deth.

The vncertaine state of a louer.

Lyke as the rage of rayne,
Filles riuers with excesse,
And as the drought againe,
Doth drawe them lesse and lesse,
So I both fall and clyme,
with no and yea sometime.
As they swell hie and hie,
So doth encrease my state,
As they fall dyre and dyre,
So doth my welth abate,
As yea is mixt with no,
So mirth is mixt with wo.
As nothing can endure,
that lines and lackes reliefe,
So nothing can stand sure,
where chaunge doth raygne as chiefe.
wherfore I must intende,
to bowe when others bende.
And when they laugh to smyle,
And when they wepe to waple.
And when they craft, begyle,
And when they fight, assayle,
And thinke there is no change
Can make them seme to strange.
Oh most vnhappy state.
what man may leade this course?
to lacke he would faineste haue,
Or els to doe much worse.
These bee rewardes for such.

As

As liue and loue to much.

The louer in libertie ſmileth at them in thraldome, that ſometime ſkorned his bondage.

AT libertie I ſit and ſee,
Them that haue erſt laught me to ſcorne,
Whipt with the whip that ſcourged me,
And now they banne that they wer borne.
I ſee them ſit full ſobrely,
And thinke their earneſt lokes to hide.
Now in them ſelues they cannot ſpye,
that they or this in me haue ſpyde,
I ſee them ſitting all alone,
Marking the ſteppes eche woorde and ſpoke.
And now they treade where I haue gone
The painfull pathe that I forſoke.
Now I ſee well I ſaw no whit,
when they ſaw well that now are blinde,
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And iuſt iudgement hath them aſſind.
I ſee them wander all alone,
And treade full faſt in dredfull dout
The ſelfe ſame path that I haue gone,
Bleſſed be hap that brought me out.
At libertie all this I ſee,
And ſay no woord but erſt among.
Smyling at them that laughe at me,
Lo ſuch is happe, marke well my ſong.

A compariſon of his loue with the faithful and painful loue of Troylus to Creſide.

I Rede how Troylus serued in Troy
A lady long and many a day,
And how he boade so great anoy,
For her as all the stories say,
That halfe the payne had neuer man,
which had this wofull Troyan than.
His youth, his sport, his pleasant chere,
His courtly state and company,
In him so straungely altered were,
with such a face of contrary,
that euery ioy became a wo,
This poyson new had turnd him so
And what mē thought might most him ease
And most that for his comfort stode,
the same did moste his minde displease,
And set him most in furious mode,
For al his pleasure euer lay,
to thinke on her that was away.
His chamber was his common walke,
wherein he kept him secretly,
He made his bed the place of talke,
To here his great extremity,
In nothing els had he delight,
But euen to be a martir right.
And now to call her by her name
And straight therewith to sigh and throbbe:
And when his fansies might not frame,
then into teares and so to sobbe,
All in extremes and thus he lyes,
Making two fountains of his eyes.
As agues haue sharpe shiftes of fits
Of colde and heat successiuely:
So had his head lyke chaunge of wits,
His pacience wrought so diuerfly.
Now vp, now down, now here, now there,
Like one that was he wist not where.
And thus though he were priams sonne
And comen of the kynges hye bloode,
this care he had ere he her wonne,
till she that was his maistres good,
And loth to see her seruaunt so,
Became Phisicion to his wo.

And tooke him to her handes and graste,
And sayd she would her mynde applye,
to help him in his wofull case
If she might be his remedy.
And thus they say to ease his smart
She made him owner of her hart.
And truth it is except they lye,
From that day forth her study went,
To shew to loue him faithfully,
And his whole mynde full to content,
So happy a man at last was he,
and eke so worthy a woman was she.
Lo lady then iudge you by this
Myne case, and how my case doth fall,
For sure betwene my lyke and his,
No difference there is at all,
His care was great, so was his payne,
And myne is not the least of twayne.
For what he felt in seruice true
For her whom that he loued so,
the same I feele as large for you
to whom I doe my seruice owe.
There was that tyme in him no payne,
But now the same in me doth raigne.
Which if you can compare and waye,
And how I stande in euery plight,
then this for you I dare well say,
your hart must nedes remorse of right
to graunt me grace and so to do,
As Cresid then dyd Troylus to.
For well I wot you are as good,
And euen as faire as euer was she,
And commen of as worthy blood
and haue in you as large pitie
to tender me your owne true man,
As she did him her seruaunt than.
Which gyft I pray God for my sake,
Full soone and shortly you me send,
So shall you make my sorowes slake,
So shall you bring my wo to ende.
And set me in as happy case,
As Troylus with his lady was.

To leade a vertuous and honeſt lyfe.

FLee from the preaſe and dwell with ſoothfaſtnes,
Suffiſe to thee thy good though it be ſmall,,
For horde hath hate, and climming fickleneſs,
Prayſe hath enuy, and weale is blynde in all,
Fauour no more then thee behoue ſhall,
Rede well thy ſelfe that others well canſt rede,
and trouth ſhall thee deliuer, it is no drede.
Paynes the not eche croked to redreſſe,
In hoape of her that turneth as a ball,
Great reſt ſtandeth in little buſineſſe,
Beware alſo to ſpurne agaynſt a nall,
Strriue not as doth a crocke agamſt a wall.
Deme firſt thy ſelfe that demeſt others dede,
and truth ſhall thee deliuer, it is no drede.
That thee is ſent, receiue it in buxomneſſe,
The wreſtling of this worlde aſketh a fall,
Here is no home, here is but wilderneſſe,
Forth pilgrim forth beaſt out of thy ſtall,
Looke vp on hye, geue thankes to God of all,
weane well thy luſt, and honeſt lyke aye leade,
So trouth ſhall thee deliuer, it is no dreade.

The wounded louer determineth to make ſuite to his lady for his recure.

SInce Mars firſt moued warre, or ſtirred men to ſtryfe,
Was neuer ſeen ſo fierce a fight, I ſcarce could ſcape with life,
Reſiſt ſo long I did, till death approched ſo nye,
to ſaue my ſelfe I thought it beſt with ſpede away to flye,
In daunger ſtill I fled, by flight I thought to ſcape
From my deare foe, it bayled not, alas it was to late.
For Venus from her campe brought Cupide with his bronde,
Who layde now yelde or els deſyre ſhall chaſe thee in euery lande.
Yet would I not ſtraight yelde, till fanſy fiercely ſtroke,
Who from my will did cut the raines & charged me with this yoke

Then all the dayes and nights mine eare might heare the ſounde
What careful ſighes my heart would ſteale, to feele it ſelfe ſo bound
For though within my breſt, thy care I worke (he ſayde)
Why for good will didſt thou behold her percyng eye diſplayde?
Alas the fiſhe is caught through bayte that hydes the hooke,
Euen ſo her eye me trayned hath, and tangled with her looke.
But or that it be long, my hart thou ſhalt be fayne
to ſtay my lyfe, pray her forth throw ſwete lokes whē I cōplain.
when that ſhe ſhall deny, to do me that good turne,
Then ſhall ſhe ſee to aſhes gray, by flames my body burne.
Deſert of blame to her, no whight may yet impute,
For feare of nay I neuer ſought, the way to frame my ſute.
yet hap that what hap ſhall, delay I may to long,
I ſtay I ſhall for I heare ſay, the ſtill man oft hath wrong.

The louer ſhewing of the continuall paines that abide within his breſt, determineth to dye becauſe he cannot haue redreſſe.

The dolefull bell that ſtill doth ring
The wofull knell of all my ioyes,
The wretched hart doth perce and wryng,
And filles myne eare with deadly noyes.
The hungry Viper in my breſt,
That on my hart doth lye and gnaw,
Doth daily brede my newe vnreſt,
And dieper ſighes doth cauſe me drawe.
And though I force both hand and eye,
On pleaſant matter to attende,
My ſorowes to deceyue thereby,
And wretched lyfe for to amende:
Yet goeth the myll within my heart,
which grindeth nought but payne and wo,
And turned all my ioy to ſmart,
the euill corne it yeldeth ſo.
Though Venus ſmile with yeldyng eyes,
And ſwete muſike doth play and ſing,
Yet doth my ſprites feele none of theſe,
the clarke doth at myne eare ſo ring.

As smallest parkes vncared for,
To greatest flames do soonest grow,
Euen so did this myne inward sore,
Begin in game and end in wo.
And now by vse so swift it goeth,
that nothing can mine eares so fill,
But that the clacke it ouergoeth,
And plucketh me backe into the mill.
But since the mill will nedes about,
the pinne wheron the wheele doth go
I will assay to stryke it out,
And so the mylle to ouerthrow.

The power of loue ouer gods themselfes.

FOr loue Apollo (his godhed set aside)
was seruant to the kyng of Thessaly,
whose daughter was so pleasant in his eye,
that bothe his harp and his sawtrey he deade:
and bagpype solace of the rurall bride,
Did puffe and blow, and on the holtes hie,
His cattel kept with that rude melody.
and oft eke him that doth the heauens gide,
Hath loue transformed to shapes for him to base
transmuted thus somtime a swan is he,
Leda taccop, and eft Europe to please,
a mylde white bull, vnwrinckled front and face
Suffreth her play till on his back lept she,
whom in great care he ferieth through the seas.

The promise of a constant louer.

AS Laurell leaues that cease not to be grene.
From parching sun, nor yet from winters threte
as hardened oke that feareth no sworde so kene
A flint for toole in twaine that will not frete.
As fast as rocke, or piller surely set:
So fast am I to you, and ay haue bene,
assuredly whom I cannot forget.

For ioy, for payne, for torment no for tene,
For losse, for gaine, for frowning nor for threts,
But euer one, yea both in calme and blast,
Your faithfull friende, and will be to my last.

Against him that had slaundered a gentlewoman with himselfe.

FAlse may be, and by the powers aboue
Neuer haue he good spede or lucke in loue,
That so can lye or spot the worthye fame,
Of her for whom thou art to blame.
For chast Diane that hunteth still the chace,
And all her maydes that sue her in the race,
With faire bowes bent and arrowes by their side
Can say that thou in this haste falsely lyde.
For neuer hong the bowe vpon the wall,
Of Dians temple, no nor neuer shall,
Of broken chaste the sacred vowe to spot.
Of her whom thou dost charge so large I wot,
But if ought be wherof her blame might rise,
It is in that she did not well aduise
to marke thee right, as now she doth thee know,
False of thy dede, faise of thy talke also.
Lurker of kinde lyke serpent layde to byte,
As poyson hid vnder the fuger white.
What daunger such? so was the house defilde
Of Collatine, so was the wife begilde,
So smarted she, and by a traiterous force,
The Carthage queene, so she for dyd her corse,
So strangled was the Rodopeyan mayde,
Fye traitour fye, to thy shame be it sayde,
Thou dunghil Crow ꝑ crockst against the raine
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe againe,
Carrion for thee, and lothsome be thy voice,
Thy song is foule, I weary of thy noyce.
Thy blacke fethers, which are thy wearig wede
Wet thē & teares, & sorow for thy deede. (crye
And in darke caues where pyke some wormes do
Lurke thou al day, & flie whē thou shouldst slepe.

And neuer light where liuing thing hath life,
But eate and drink where stinche and filth is rife
For she that is a fowle of fethers bright,
Admit she toke some pleasure in thy sight.
As fowle of state somtimes delight to take,
Fowle of meane sort their flight with them to make.
For play of wing, or solace of their kinde,
But not in sort as thou dost breake thy minde.
Not for to trade with such foule fowle as thou,
No no I sweare, and dare it here auow,
Thou neuer settest thy foot within her nest,
Boast not so broade then to thine owne vnrest.
But blushe for shame, for in thy face it standes,
And thou canst not vnspot it with thy handes.
For all the heauens against the recorde beare,
And all in earth against the eke will sweare,
That thou in this art euen none other man,
But as the Iudges were to Susan than.
Forgers of that wherto their lust them prickt,
Bashe, blaser then, the truth hath thee conuict.
And she a woman of her worthy fame
Unspotted standes, & thou hast caught the shame,
And there I pray to God that it may rest,
False as thou art, as false as is the best,
That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,
In whom al trouth first florisht and began.
And so hath stand, till now thy wretched part
Hath spotted vs, of whose kinde one thou art,
That all the shame that euer rose or may,
Of shamefull dede on the may light I say.
And on thy kinde, and thus I wishe thee rather,
That all thy seede may like bee to their father,
Untrue as thou and forgers as thou art,
So as all bee blamelesse of thy part,
And of thy dede, and thus I do the leane,
Still to bee false, and falsely to deceiue.

A praise of maistresse R.

I Heard when fame & thundring voice did sommon to appere,
The chiefe of natures children all, that kinde hath place here.

To view what brute by vertue got their liues could iustly craue
And bad thē shew what praise by truth they worthy wer to haue
wherwith I saw how venus came and put her selfe in place,
And gaue her ladies leaue at large to stand and pleade their case.
Eche one was calde by name arow, in that assembly there
that hence are gone or here remaynes, in court or other where.
A solemne silence was proclaimde, the iudges sate and herd,
what truth could tel, or craft could fain, & who should be preferd.
Then bewtie stept before the barre, whose brest & neck was bare
with heare trust vp, and on her hed a caule of gold she ware.
thus Cupides thralles began to flock whose hōgry eyes did say,
that she had stayned all the dames, that present were that day,
For er she spake, ẅ whispīg words, ỹ prease was fild throughout
And fansy forced common voice, therat to gyue a shoute.
Which cried to fame take forth thy trūp, & sound her praise on hy
That gladdes the hart of euery wight that her beholds with eye.
what stirre and ruie (quod order than) do these rude people make
we hold her best that shall deserue a praise for vertues sake.
This sentence was no soner sayd, but beauty therwith blusht,
the noyse did cease, the hal was still and euery thing was whust,
then fineneſſe thought by training talke to win that beauty lost,
And whet her tong with ioly wordes, and spared for no cost,
Yet wantonneſſe could not abide, but brake her tale in hast,
And peuish pride for Peacocks plumes would nedes be hiest plast
And therewithall came curiousneſſe and carped out of frame,
the audience laught to heare the strife as they beheld the same.
Yet reason sone appeased the brute her reuerence made and done,
She purchased fauour for to speake, and thus her tale begon.
Sins bountie shall the garland weare, and crowned be by fame,
O happy iudges call for her, for she deserues the same.
Wher tēperance gouernes beauties flowers & glory is not sought
And shāefast mekeneſſe mastreth pride, & vtue dweis in thought
Bid her come forth and shew her face, or els assent eche one,
that true report shall graue her name in golde or marble stone,
For all the world to reade at will, what worthyneſſe doth rest,
In perfect pure vnspotted lyfe, which he hath here possest.
Then skill rose vp and sought the prease to finde if that he might
A person of such honest name, that men should praise of right.
This one I sawe full sadly sit, and shrinke her self aside,
whose sober lokes did shew what gifts her wiuely grace did hide
Lo here (quod skill, good people all) is Lucres left aliue,
And she shall most accepted be, that least for praise did striue.

No

No lenger fame could hold her peace, but blew a blaſt ſo hye,
That made an eccho in the ayre and ſowning through the ſkye.
The voyce was loude, & thus it ſayd, come K. with happy dayes
thy honeſt life hath wonne the fame, & crowned thee with praiſe
And when I heard my mayſtres name, I thruſt amids ỹ throng
And clapt my hands & wiſht of god that ſhe might proſper long.

Of one vniuſtly defamed.

I Ne can cloſe in ſhort and cunnyng verſe,
thy worthy praiſe of bountie by deſart,
The hatefull ſpite and ſclaunder to reherſe,
Of them that ſee but know not what thou art.
For kynde by craft hath wrought thee ſo to eye.
that no wight may thy wit and vertue ſpye,
But he haue other fele then outward ſight,
The lacke wherof doth hate and ſpite to trye,
thus kinde by craft is let of vertues light,
So how the outwarde ſhew the wittes may dull.
Not of the wiſe but as the moſte entend,
Minerua yet might neuer perce their ſcull
that Circes cup and Cupides brand hath blend,
whoſe fonde affectes now ſtirred haue the brayne,
So doth thy hap thy hue with colour ſtayne.
Beauty thy foe thy ſhape doubleth thy ſore,
To hede thy wit and ſhew thy vertue bayne,
Fell were thy fate, if wiſedome were not more.
I meane by thee euen C by name,
whome ſtormy windes of enuy and diſdaine
Do toſſe with boiſterous blaſtes of wicked fame,
Where ſtedfaſtneſſe as chiefe in thee doth raigne.
Patience thy ſuttle kynde doth guide and ſtere,
Silence and ſhame with many reſteth there.
Tyll tyme thy mother liſt them forth to call.
Happy is he that may enioy them all.

Of the death of the late conteſſe of Penbroke.

yet

YEt once againe my muſe I pardon pray
Thine intermitted ſong if I repeate
Not in ſuch wiſe as when loue was my pray,
My ioly wo with ioyfull verſe to treate.
But now (vnthanke to our deſert be geuen,
Which merite not a heauens gift to kepe)
Thou muſt with me bewaile ỹ fate hath reuen
From earth a iewel laide in earth to ſlepe.
A iewell, yea a gemme of womanhed,
Whoſe perfect vertues linked as in chaine,
So did adorne that humble wiuely hed.
As is not rife to finde the like againe.
For wit and learning framed to obey,
Her huſbandes will that willed here to vſe
The loue he bare her chiefly as a ſtay,
For al her frends ỹ would her further̄ce choſe
Well ſaid therfore a heauens gift ſhe was,
By cauſe the beſt are ſoneſt hence bereft,
And though her ſelfe to heauen hence did paſſe.
Her ſpoile to earth from whēce it came ſhe left
And to vs teares her abſence to lament,
And eke his chaunce that was her make by law
Whoſe loſſe to loſe ſo great an ornament,
Let thē eſteme which true loues knot can draw

That ech thing is hurt of it ſelfe.

WHy feareſt thou thy outward fo,
when thou thy ſelfe thy harme doſt fede,
Of griefe, or hurt, of paine or wo,
Within ech thing is ſowen the ſede,
So fine was neuer yet the cloth,
No ſmith ſo hard his yron did beate,
But thone conſumed was with mothe,
Thother with canker all to freate.
The knotty oke and waynſcot old,
Within doth eate the felly worme
Even ſo a minde in enuy rolde.
Alwaies within it ſelfe doth burne.

That

Thus euery thing that nature wrought
within it selfe his hurt doth beare,
No outward harme nede to be sought,
where enemies be within so neare.

Of the choyse of a wyfe.

THe flickering fame that flieth frō eare to eare
and aye her strength encreaseth her flight,
Geues first the cause why men to heare delight
Of those whome she doth note for beauty bright
And with this fame that flyeth on so fast,
Fancie doth hie when reason makes no hast.
And yet not so content they wishe to see,
And therby know if fame haue said a right,
More trusting to the tryall of theyr eye,
Then to the bruite that goes of any wight,
wise in that point that lightly will not leue,
Unwise to seeke that may them after grieue.
who knoweth not how sight may loue allure
And kindle in the hart a hote desire,
The eye to worke that fame could not procure,
Of greater cause there cummeth hotter fire.
For ere he wete him himselfe he seieth warme
The fame & eye the causers of his harme.
Let fame not make her knowen whō I shall know
Nor yet myne eye therin to be my gide,
Sufficeth me that vertue in her growe,
whose simple life her fathers walles do hyde.
Content with this I leaue the rest to go,
And in such choise shall stand in wealth and wo.

Description of an vngodly worlde.

WHo loues to lyue in peace, and marketh euery chaunge,
shal heare such newes frō time to time, as seme right wōdrous
Such fraude in frēdly lokes, such frēdship al for gain, (strange
Such cloked wrath in hatefull harte, which worldly mē retaine
Such fained flattring faith amonges both hie and lowe,

Such

Such great diſceit, ſuch ſubtill wittes, the poore to ouerthrowe.
Such ſpite in ſugred tonges, ſuch malice full of pride,
Such open wrong, ſuch great vntruth, which cannot go vnſpide
Such reſtleſſe ſuite for rowmes, which bringeth men to care,
Such ſliding downe from ſlippery ſeates, yet can we not beware
Such barking at the good, ſuch bolſtring of the yll,
Such threatnyng of the wrath of god, ſuch vice embraced ſtill.
Such ſtryuing for the beſt, ſuch clyming to eſtate,
Such great diſſemblyng euery where, ſuch loue al mixt with hate
Such traynes to trap the iuſt, ſuch prollyng fautes to pyke,
Such cruel words for ſpeaking trouth, who euer heard the like?
Such ſtrife for ſturring ſtrawes, ſuch diſcord daily wrought,
ſuch forged tales dul wits do blind, ſuch matters made of nought
Such tryfles tolde for trouth, ſuch credityng of lyes,
Such ſilence kept whē fooles do ſpeake, ſuch laughing at ỹ wiſe
Such plenty made ſo ſcarce, ſuch crying for redreſſe,
Such feared ſignes of our decay, which tong dares not expreſſe.
Such chaunges lightly markt, ſuch troubles ſtill apperes,
Which neuer were before this tyme, no not this thouſand yeres.
Such bribing for the purſe, which euer gapes for more,
Such hordyng vp of worldly wealth, ſuch keping muck in ſtore.
Such folly founde in age, ſuch will in tender youth,
Such ſondry ſorts amōg great clerkes, & few that ſpeake ỹ truth
Such falſhed vnder crafte, and ſuch vnſtedfaſt wayes,
Was neuer ſeene within mens hartes, as is found now a dayes.
The cauſe and ground of this, is our vnquiet mynde,
which thinkes to take thoſe goods away, which we muſt leue be
Why doe men lyke to geat which they cannot poſſeſſe? (hynd.
Or breake their ſlepes w careful thoughts & al for wretchednesſe
Though one amonges a ſcore, hath welth and eaſe a while,
A thouſand want which toyleth ſore and trauayle many a myle.
And ſome although they ſlepe, yet wealth falles in their lap,
Thus ſome be riche, and ſome be poore, as fortune geues the hap
Wherfore I holde him wyſe which thinkes himſelf at eaſe,
And is content in ſimple ſtate, both God and man to pleaſe.
For thoſe that liue lyke Gods, and honoured are to day;
Within ſhort tyme their glory falles, as flowres doe fade away.
Uncertayne is their lyues on whom this world will frowne,
For though they ſit aboue ỹ ſtarres, a ſtorme wil caſt thē downe.
In welth who feares no fall, may ſlide from ioy full ſone,
There is nothing ſo ſure on earth, but chaungeth as the mone.
What pleaſure hath the riche, or eaſe more then the poore?

Although he haue a pleasaunt house, his trouble is the more,
They bow and speake him fayre, which seke to sucke his blood
And some doe wishe his soule in hell, and all to haue his good,
The couetyng of the goodes, doth nought but dull the spryte,
and some men chaunce to taste the sower, that gropeth for ỹ swete
The riche is still enuyed by those which eate his bread,
with fawning speche & flattring tales his eares are daily fead.
I find I see and proue the riche haue many foes,
he slepeth best, and careth least, that litle hath to lose.
As time requireth now, who woulde auoyde much strife,
were better lyue in poore estate, then leade a princes lyfe.
To passe those troublesome times I see but litle choyse,
But helpe to waile with those ỹ wepe, & laugh whē they reioyce.
For as we see to daye, our brother brought in care,
to morow may we haue such chaunce to fall with him in snare.
Of this we may be sure, who thinkes to sit most fast,
Shall soonest fall lyke wythered leaues that can not bide a blast.
Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as low doth runne:
when euery man hath played his part our pagent wilbe doone.
who trustes this wretched world, I hold him worse then madde
Here is not one that feareth God, the best is al to badde,
For those that seme as saintes, are diuels in their dedes,
though that ỹ earth bringes forthe some flowers it beareth many weedes,
I se no present help from mischiefe to preuayle,
But flee the seas of worldly care or beare a quiet sayle,
For who that medleth least, shall saue him selfe from smart,
who stirres an oare in euery boate shall play a foolish part

The dispairing louer lamenteth.

WAlking the path of pensiue thought,
I askt my hart how came this wo:
Thyne eye (quod he) this care me brought,
Thy mynde, thy witte, thy will alsō
Enforceth me to loue her euer,
This is the cause ioy shall I neuer,
And as I walke as one dismayde,
thinking that wrong this wo me lent:
Right sent me worde by wrath, which sayd,
this iust iudgement to the is sent:

Neuer

Neuer to dye, but dying euer,
Till breath thee faile ioy shalt thou neuer.
With right doth iudge this wo tendure,
Of health, of wealth, of remedy,
As I haue done so be she sure,
Of faith and truth vntill I dye.
And as this payne cloke shall I euer,
So inwardly ioy shall I neuer.
Gripping of grypes greue not so sore,
Nor serpentes sting causeth such smart,
Nothing on earth may paine me more,
Then sight that perst my wofull hart,
Drowned with cares still to perseuer,
Come death betimes ioy shall I neuer,
O libertie why doest thou swarue,
and steale away thus all at ones,
and I in prison lyke to starue
For lacke of foode do gnaw on bones,
My hoape and trust in thee was euer,
Now thou art gone ioy shall I neuer.
But still as one all desperate,
To leade my life in mysery,
With feare from hoape hath lockt the gate,
Where pitie should graunt remedie,
Dispaire this lot assigned me euer,
To liue in payne, ioy shall I neuer.

The louer praieth his seruice to be accepted, and his defaultes pardoned.

PRocrin that sometime serued Cephalus,
with hart as true as any louer might,
Yet her betide in louing his vnright,
That as in heart with loue surprised thus,
She on a day to see this Cephalus,
where he was wonte to shrowde him in the shade,
when of his hunting he an ende had made.
Within the woods with dredfull foote forthe stalketh.

So busily loue in her head it walketh.
that she to see him may her not restrayne,
this Cephalus that heard one shake the leaues.
Vprist all eager thrusting after pray,
with dart in hand him lyst to further dayne
to see his loue, but slew her in the greaues,
that ment to him but perfect loue alway.
So curious been alas the rites all
Of mighty loue, that vnnethes may I thinke
In his hygh seruice how to loke or winke.
thus I complaine that wretchedst am of all,
to you my loue, and soueraigne ladie dere,
that may my heart with death or lyfe stere.
As ye best lyst, that ye vouchsafe in all,
Wyne humble seruice, and if me miskall
By negligence or els for lacke of wit,
and thinke that loue made Procrin shake the leaues
when with vnright she slaine was in the greaues.

Description and praise of his loue.

LIke the Phenix a byrd most rare in sight,
that nature hath with golde and purple drest,
Such she me semes in whom I most delight,
If I might speake for enuy at the least,
Nature I thinke first wrought her in despite
Of rose and lylly that sommer bringeth first.
In beauty sure exceading all the rest.
Vnder the bent of her bowes iustly pight,
As Diamonds or Saphyres at the least,
Her glistring lights the darkenes of the night
whose little mouth and chinne like all the rest,
Her ruddy lips excede the corall quite,
Her puery teeth where none excedes the rest,
Fautelesse she is from sole vnto the waste,
Her body small, and straight as maste vpright,
Her armes long in full proporcion cast,
Her handes depaint with vaines all blew & white,

what

what shall I say for that is not in sight:
the hidden partes I iudge them by the rest,
And if I were the foreman of the quest,
To geue a verdit of her beauty bryght,
Forgeue me Phebus, thou shouldst be dispossest,
which dost vsurpe my ladies place of right
Here will I cease lest enuy cause despight.
But nature when she wrought so fayre a wight
In this her worke she surely did entend,
To frame a thing that god could not amende.

The lover declareth his paines to exceade farre the paines of hell.

The soules that lacked grace,
which lye in bitter payne
Are not in such a place
As foolish folke doe fayne.
Tormented al with fyre,
And boyle in leade agayne
with serpents full of yre
Stong oft with deadly payne.
Then cast in frosen pittes
to frese there certeyn howers,
And for their painfull fittes
Appointed tormentours.
No no it is not so,
their sorow is not such,
And yet they haue of wo,
I dare say twise as much.
which comes because they lacke
The sight of the Godhed.
And be from that kept backe
wherwith are angels fed.
This thing know I by loue
through absence crueltye,
Which makes me for to proue
Hell payne before I dye.

There is no tong can tell,
My thouland part of care,
there may no fire in hell
with my delire compare.
No boyling leade can paſſe
My ſcalding ſighes in hete,
Nor ſnake that euer was,
with ſtinging can ſo frete
A true and tender hart,
As my thoughtes daily doe,
So that I knoſw but ſmart,
And that which longes therto.
O Cupid venus ſonne,
As thou has ſheſwed thy might,
And haſt this conqueſt ſwonne
Now end the ſame aright.
And as I am thy ſlaue,
Contented with all this,
So helpe me ſoone to haue
My perfit earthly bliſſe.

Of the death of ſir Thomas wiate the elder.

LO dead he liues, that ſwhilome liued here
Among the dead, that quicke goes on the ground.
Though he bee dead, yet doth he quick appere,
By liuely name that death cannot confound,
His life for ay of fame the trump ſhall ſound.
Though he be dead, yet liues he here a liue,
Thus can no death from ſwiate life depriue.

That length of time conſumeth all thinges.

WHat harder is then ſtone, what more then water ſoft?
yet ſwith ſoft water drops, hard ſtones bee pierced oft,
what giues ſo ſtrong impulſe,
That ſtone ne may withſtande
what giues more ſweake repulſe,
Then water preſt with hand.

yet weke though water bee,
It holoweth hardest flint,
By proke therof wee see,
Time giues the greatest dint.

The beginning of the epistle of Penelope to Vlisses, made into verse.

O Lingering Make Ulisses dere, thy wyfe lo sendes to thee
Her dirty plaint, write not againe, but come thy selfe to mee.
Our hatefull scourge & womans foe, p' oud Troy now is fordon
We bye it dere, though Priam slaine, and all his kingnome won
O that the raging surges great that lechers bande had wrought,
when first with ship he sorowed seas, and Lacedemon sought.
In desert bed my shiuering coarse thē should not haue sought rest
Nor take in grefe the cherefull sunne so slowly fall to west.
and whiles I cast long rūning nights, how best I might begile
No distaff should my widowish hand haue weary made & while
When dread I not more daungers great then are befall in dede,
Loue is a carefull thing God wot and passing full of drede.

The louer asketh pardon of his passed follie in loue.

YOu that in play peruse my plaint, and reade in rime the smart,
which in my youth & sighes full cold I harbourd in my heart
Know ye that loue in that fraile age, drawe me to that distresse,
When I was halfe another man, that I am now to gesse.
thē for this worke of wauering words where I now rage nowe
Tost in ỳ toyes of troublous loue, as care or cōfort grew (rew
I trust with you that loues affaires by proue haue put in vre,
Not onely pardon in my plaint, but pitie to procure.
For now I wot that in the world a wonder haue I bee,
And wherto long lōue made me blind, to late shame makes me se
Thus of my fault shame is ỳ fruite, and for my youth thus past,
Repentance is my recompence and thus I learne at last.
Loke what the world hath most in price, as sure it is to kepe,
& the dreame which fansie driues, whiles sence & reasō slepe.

The

The louer sheweth that he was striken by loue on good friday.

IT was the day on which the sunne deprined of his light
To rew Christes death & his course gaue place vnto the night,
when I amid mine ease did fall to such distemperate fits,
That for the face that hath my heart I was bereft my wits.
I had the baite, the hooke and all, & wist not loues pretence
But farde as one that fearde none ill, nor forst for no defence,
Thus dwelling in most quiet state, I fell into this plight,
And that day gan my secret sighes, when all folk wept in sight.
For loue that vewed me voide of care, approcht to take his pray,
And stept by steith from eye to heart, so open lay the way.
And straight at eyes vpaste out in teares, so salt that did declare,
By token of their bitter taste that they were forge of care.
Now vaunt thee loue with fleest a maid defenst & vertues rare,
And wounded hast a wight vnwise, vnweaponed and vnware.

The louer describeth his whole state vnto his loue and promising her his faithfull good will assureth himself of hers againe.

THe Sonne when he hath spred his raies,
And shewde his face ten thousand waies,
Ten touland thinges do then begin,
To shew the life that they are in.
The heauen shewes liuely art and hue,
Of sundry shapes and colours new.
And laughes vpon the earth a none,
The earth as cold as any stone
wet in the teares of her own kinde,
Gins then to take a ioyfull minde.
For well she feles that out and out,
The sunne doth warme her rounde about,
And dries her children tenderly.
And shewes them forth ful orderly,
The mountaines hye and how they stand,
The valleies and the great maine land.
The trees, the herbes, the towners strong,
The castels and the riuers long.

And euen for ioy thus of this heate,
She sheweth forth her pleasurs great.
And slepes no more but sendeth forth
Her clergions her own dere worth
To mount and flye vp to the ayre,
Where then they sing in order faire,
And tell in song full merely,
How they haue slept full quietly,
That nighe about their mother sides
And when they haue song more besides,
Then fall they to their mothers brestes,
where eis they fede or take their restes,
The hunter then soundes out his horne,
And rangeth straite through wood and corne,
On hilles then shew the Ewe and Lambe,
And euery yong one with his damme,
Then louers walke and tell their tale,
Both of their blisse and of theyr bale
And how they serue, and how they doe,
And how theyr lady loues them to.
Then tune the birdes their armonie,
Then flocke the foule in companie,
Then euery thing doth pleasure finde,
In that that comforts al their kinde.
No dreames do drench them oft the night,
Of foes that would them slea or bite,
As houndes to hunt them at the tayle,
Or men for[illegible] them through hill and dale,
The shepe then dreames not of the wouik.
the shipman forces not the goulfe,
the Lambe thinkes not the butchers knife
Should then bereue him of his lyfe.
For when the Sunne doth once runne in,
then al their gladnes doth begin,
And then their skips, and then their play
So falles their sadnes then away.
And thus all thinges haue comforting.
In that that doth them comfort bring,
Saue I alas, whome neither sunne,
Nor ought that god hath wrought and done
May comfort ought, as though I were
[illegible] not made for comfort here.

For

For being absent from your sight,
which are my ioy and whole delight,
My comfort and my pleasure to.
How can I ioy, how should I do?
May sick men laughe that roze with paine
Joy they in song that doe complaine?
Are martiers in their tozments glad?
Do pleasure please them that are mad?
Then how may I in comfort be,
That lack the thing should comfort me?
The blinde man oft that lackes his sight,
Complaines not most the lack of light
But those that knew their perfectnes,
And then doe misse their blissefulnesse,
In martirs tunes they sing and waile
They want of the which doth them faile,
And herof comes that in my braines,
So many fansies wozke my paynes.
For when I waight your wozthines,
your wisdome and your gentlenes,
your vertues and your sundzy grace,
And minde the countenance of your face,
And how that you are she al one,
To whom I must both plaine and mone
whom I doe loue and must doe still,
whom I embzace and ay so will.
To serue and please you as I can,
As may a wofull faithfull man
And finde my self so far you fro,
God knowes what tozment and what wo
My rufull heart doth then imbzace.
The blood then changeth in my face.
My sinewes dull in dompes I stand,
No life I feele in foote noz hande,
As pale as any clout and ded,
Lo sodenly the blood ozespzed
And gone againe it nill so bide.
And thus from life to death I slide,
As colde sometimes as any stone,
And then againe as hote anone.
Thus comes and goes my sundzy fits,
To gyue me sundzy sozts of wits.

Till that a ſigh becomes my frende.
And than to al this wo doth ende,
And ſure I thynk the ſigh doth ronne,
From me to you where as you wonne
For well I finde it eaſeth me,
And certes much it pleaſeth me,
To think that it doth come to you,
As would to god it could ſo doe.
For then I know you would ſone finde
By ſent and ſauour of the winde,
That euen a martirs ſight it is,
Whoſe ioy you are and his bliſſe,
His comfort and his pleaſure eke.
And euen the ſame that he doth ſeke.
The ſame that he doth wiſh and crane,
The ſame that he doth truſt to haue,
To tender you in all he may,
And all your likinges to obay.
As farre as in his powre ſhall lye,
Till death ſhall dart him for to die.
But wel away mine owen moſt beſt.
My ioy, my comfort and my reſt,
The cauſer of my wo and ſmart,
And yet the pleaſer of my heart,
And ſhe that on the earth aboue,
Is euen the worthieſt for to loue.
Heare now my plaint, here now my wo
Here now his paine that loues you ſo.
And if your hart doe pitie beare,
Pitie the cauſe that you ſhall heare.
A dolefull foe in al this dout,
Who leaues me not but ſeke me out,
Of wretched forme and loth ſome face,
While I ſtond in this wofull caſe,
Comes forth and takes me by the hand,
And ſaies frend hark and vnderſtande,
I ſee well by thy port and chere,
And by thy lookes and thy manere
And by thy ſadnes as thou goeſt
[illegible] by the ſighes that thou outhroweſt,
That thou art ſtuffed full of wo,
The cauſe I thinke I do well know.

A fantaſar thou art of ſome,
By whom thy wits are ouercome.
But haſt thou red old pamphlets oft?
or haſt thou knowen how bokes haue taught
That loue doth vſe to ſuch as thou,
when they do think them ſafe enow,
And certain of their ladies grace,
Haſt thou not ſene oft times the caſe
That ſodenly theire hap hath turnde
As thinges in flame conſumde and burnde
Some by diſceit forſaken right,
Some likewiſe changed of fanſie light,
And ſome by abſence ſone forgot,
the lottes in loue, why knoweſt thou not?
And tho that ſhe bee now thine owne.
And knowes thee well as may bee knowne,
and thinkes thee to be ſuche a one,
As ſhe likes beſt to be her owne,
Thinkes thou that others haue not grace,
to ſhow and plaine their wofull caſe?
And choſe her for their lady now,
And ſwere her trouth as well as thow,
and what if ſhe do alter minde?
where is the loue that thow woundeſt finde
Abſence my frende worke wonders oft
Now bringes full low that lay full loft,
Now turnes the minde now to now fro,
And where art thou if it wer ſo?
If abſence quod I, bee marueilous
I finde here not ſo daungerous,
For ſhe may not remoue me fro,
the poore good will that I do owe,
To her, whom vnneth I loue and ſhall
And choſen haue aboue them all.
to ſerue and bee her owne as far,
As any man may offer her.
And will her ſeruc, and will her loue,
And lowly as it ſhall behoue.
And die her owne if fate bee ſo,
thus ſhall my hart nay part her fro,
And witnes ſhall my good will bee.
that abſence takes her not from me,

But that my loue doth still encreale,
to minde her still and neuer ceale,
And what I feele to bee in mee,
the same good will I thinke hath she.
As firme and fast to biden ay,
till death depart vs both away.
And as I haue my tale thus told
Steps vnto me with countenance bold
A stedfast frende a counsellour,
And named is hope my comfortour,
And stoutly then he speakes and saies,
thou hast said trouth withouten naies.
For I assure the euen by othe,
And theron take my hand and troth,
that she is one the worthiest,
The truest and the faithfullest,
the gentlest and the meekest of minde,
That here on earth a man may finde.
And if that loue and trouth were gone,
In her it might bee founde alone.
For in her minde no thought there is,
But how she may bee true iwis,
And tenders thee and all thy heale,
And wisheth both thy helth and weale,
And loues thee euen as farforth than,
As any woman may a man.
And is thyn own and so she saies
And care [illegible] thee ten thousand waies.
On thee she speakes on the she thinkes,
with the she eates with the she drinkes,
with the she talkes, with the shee mones
with the she sighes, with the she grones,
with the she sayes farewell mine owne,
When thou God knowest full farre art gon.
And euen to tell thee all aright,
to thee she saies ful oft good night,
And names thee oft, her owen most deere,
Her comfort weale and all chere.
And telles her pillow al the tale,
How thou hast don her wo and bale,
And how she longes and plaines for the.
And saies why art thou so from me?

Am I not ſhe that loues the beſt,
Do I not with thyn eaſe and reſt?
Seke I not how I may thee pleaſe?
why art thou then ſo from thine eaſe?
If I bee ſhe for whom thou careſt,
For whom in tormentes ſo thou fareſt,
Alas thou knoweſt to finde me heere,
where I remaine thine moſt dere,
thine own moſt true, thine o'wn moſt iuſt,
Thine own that loue the ſtill and muſt,
thine o'wn that cares alone for ther,
As thou I thinke doſt care for me.
And euen the woman, ſhe alone,
that is ful bent to bee thine o'wne,
what wilt thou more what canſt thou craue,
Since ſhe is as thou wouldeſt her haue?
Then ſet this driuell out of the dore,
that in thy braines ſuch tales doth poure,
Of abſence and of changes ſtraunge,
Send him to thoſe that vſe to chaunge,
For ſhe is none I thee auow,
And well thou maiſt beleue mee no'w,
when hope hath thus his reaſon ſaide,
Lord ho'w I fele me well apaide.
A new blood then oreſpredes my bones
that all in ioy I ſtande at ones.
My hand I thro'w to heauen aboue,
And humbly thanke the God of loue,
That of his grace I ſhould beſtow,
My loue ſo well as I it o'we,
And all the planets as they ſtande
I thank them to with hart and hand,
That theire aſpectes ſo frendly were
that I ſhould ſo my good will bere
to you that are the worthieſt,
the faireſt and the gentilleſt.
And beſt can ſay, and beſt can do,
that longes me thinkes a woman to.
And therfore are moſt worthy far,
to bee beloued as you ar.
And ſaies hope in all this tale,
wherby he eaſeth all my bale,

For I beleue and think it true.
That he doth speake or say of you.
And thus contented lo I stand,
With that that hope beares me in hand,
That I am yours and shall so bee,
Which hope I kepe full sure in me
As he that all my comfort is
On you alone which are my blis,
My pleasure chiefe which most I finde,
And euen the whole top of my minde,
And shall so bee vntill that death,
Shall make me yelde vp life and breath.
Thus good my owne, lo here my trust.
Lo here my truth and seruice iust.
Lo in what case for you I stand.
Lo how you haue me in your hand
And if you can requite a man,
Requite me as you finde me than.

Of the troubled comen welth restored to quiet by the mighty power of God.

The secret flame that made all Troy so hot,
Long did it lurke within the wooden horse,
The m[illegible]ne huge Troians suspected not,
The gailes of Grekes, nor of their hidden force,
Till in their beddes their armed foes them met
And slew them there, and Troy on fire set.
Then rose the roze of treason round about,
And chidren could of treason call and cry.
Wyues wrong their handes, the whole fyred towne throughout
When that they saw their husbandes slain themby.
And to the gods and to the skies they shright,
Vengaunce to take for treason of that night.
Then was the name of Sinon spred and blowne
And wherunto his filed tale did tende
The secret states and metinges then wer known,
Of Troyan traytours tending to this ende,
And euery man could say as in that case,
Treason in Anthenor and Eneas,

But

But al to long ſuch wiſdome was in ſtore,
To late come out the name of traytour than
When that their kinge the altar lay before,
Slaine there alas, that worthy noble man,
Ilium on flame, the matrons cryeng out,
And all the ſtretes and ſtremes of blood about.
But ſuche was fate, or ſuche was ſimple truſt,
That king and all ſhould thus to ruyne runne,
For if our ſtories certain be and iuſt,
There were that lawe ſuch miſchief ſhould be donne,
And warning gaue which compted were in ſort,
As ſaid diuines in matter but of ſport.
Suche was the time and ſo in ſtate it ſtode,
Troy trembled not, carcleſſe were the men
They brake the walles they toke this horſe for good
They demed Grekes gon, they thought all ſuretie then
When treaſon ſtarte, and ſet the towne on fire,
And ſtroyed Troians and gaue Grekes their deſire,
Like to our time, wherin hath broken out,
The hidden harme that we ſuſpected leaſt,
Wombed within our walles and realme about
As Grekes in Troy wer in the Greckiſh beaſt,
Whoſe tempeſt great of harmes and of armes,
We thought not on till it did noiſe our harmes.
Then felt we wel the pillers of our welth,
How fore it ſhoke then lawe we euen at hande,
Ruine how ſhe ruſht to confounde oure helth,
Our realme and vs with force of mighty hande,
And then we heard how treaſon loude did rore,
Mine is the rule and raigne I will therefore.
Of treaſon marke the nature and the kind.
A face it beares of all humilitie.
Truth is the clocke and frendſhip of the minde,
And depe it goes, and worketh ſecretely,
Like to a mine that crepes ſo nie the wall,
Till out breakes ſulphure, and ouerturneth all.
But he on hie that ſecretely beholdes
The ſtate of thinges, and times hath in his hande,
And pluckes in plages, and them again vnfoldes,
And hath appointed realmes to fall and ſtand,
He in the midſt of al this ſturre and route,
Can bende his browe, and moue himſelf about.

As

As who should say and are ye minded so?
And thus to those, and whom you know I loue,
Am I such one as none of you do know?
Or know ye no that I sit here aboue,
And my handes doe hold your welth and wo,
To raise you now to ouerthrow.
Then think that I as I haue set you all,
In places where your honours lay and fame,
So now my selfe shall geue you eche your fall,
where eche of you shall haue your worthy shame,
And in their handes I will your fall shall be,
Whose fall in yours you sought so fore to see.
Whose wisdome hy as he the same foresaw,
So is it wrought, such loe his iustice is,
He is the Lord of man and of his law,
Praise therfore now is mighty name in this,
And make accompt that this our case doth stande,
As Israel free from wicked Pharaos hand.

The louer to his loue hauing forsaken him and betaken her selfe to an other.

The birde that sometime built within my brest
And there as then chief succour did receiue,
Hath now as where built her another nest,
And of the old hath taken quite her leaue.
To you my oste that harbour mine olde guest,
Of such a one, as I can now conceiue,
Sith that in change her choise doth chief consist,
The hauk may check, that now comes faire to fist.

The louer sheweth that in dissembling his loue openlie he kepeth secret his secret good will.

Not like a God came Iupiter to woo,
when he the faire Europa sough vnto,

In

And other forme his goody wiledome toke,
Such in effect as writeth Ouides boke.
As on the earth no liuing wight can tel,
That mighty Ioue did loue the quene so well.
For had he come in golden garmentes bright,
Or so as men mought haue stard on the sight,
Spied had it bene both through earth and aire,
That Ioue had louen the Lady Europa faire.
And then had some bene angry at the heart
And some againe as ieweis for their part.
Both which to stop, this gentle god tooke minde
To shape him self into a brutish kinde,
To such a kinde as hid what state he was,
And yet did bring him what he sought to passe,
To both their ioyes, to both their comfort sone,
Though knowen to none till al the thing was done
In which attempt if I the like assay,
To you to whom I do my self bewray,
Let it suffice that I do seke to be,
Not counted yours, and yet for to be he.

The louer deceiued by his loue repenteth him of true loue he bare her.

That Ulisses yeres haue spent,
To finde Penelope,
Finde wel that foly I haue ment,
To seke that was not so,
Since Troylus case hath caused me,
From Cressed for to go.
And to bewaile Ulisses truth,
In seas and stormy skies,
Of wanton will and raging youth,
Which me haue tossed sore.
From Scilla to Caribdis cliues
Upon the drowning shore.
Where I sought hauen, there found I hap,
From danger vnto death.
Much like the Mouse that treades the trap,
In hope to finde her foode,

And

And bites the bread that stops her breth,
So in like ease I stode,
Till now repentance hasted him
To further me so fast,
That where I sanke there now I swimme,
And haue both streame and winde,
And luck as good if it may last,
As any man may finde.
That where I perished, safe I passe,
And finde no perill there,
But stedy stone, no ground of glasse,
Now am I sure to saue,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anker holde I haue.

The louer hauing enioyed his loue humbly thanketh the god of loue, and auowing his heart onely to her faithfullie promiseth vtterlie to forsake all other.

Thou Cupide god of loue, whom Venus thralles do serue.
I yelde the thankes vpon my knees, as thou dost wel deserue,
By the my wished ioyes haue shaken of dispaire,
and al r [illegible]orming daies be past, and swether weyeth faire.
By the I haue receiued a thousand times more ioy,
Then euer Paris did possesse, when Helen was in Troy,
By the haue I that hope, for which I longde so sore,
And when I think vpon the same, my heart doth leape therfore,
By the my heapy doubtes and treinbling feares are fled.
and now my wits ỹ troubled wer with pleasant thoughts are fed
For meade is banisht clene, wherin I stoode full oft,
And doubt to speake that lay full low, is lifted now a loft
With armes dispred abrode, with opende handes and heart,
I haue enioyd the frite of hope, reward for all my smart.
The seale and signe of loue, the key of trouth and trust,
The pledge of pure good wil haue I, which makes ỹ louers lust
Such grace sins I haue founde, to one I me betake,
The rest of Venus darlinges all, I vtterly forsake.

And

And to performe this vow, I bid my eyes beware,
That they no strangers doe salute, nor on their beauties stare,
My wyts I warne ye all from this time forth take hede,
that ye no wanton toies deuyse my fansies new to fede,
My eares be ye shut vp, and here no womans voice,
that may procure me once to smile, or make my hart reioyce.
My feete full slow bee ye and lame when ye should moue,
to bring my body any where to seke an other loue,
Let all the Gods aboue, and wicked spirites below,
And euery wight in earth accuse and curse me where I go:
If I do false my faith in any point or case,
I sodein vengeance fall on me I aske no better grace,
I way then lily ryme present myne earnest faith,
Vnto my lady where she is, and marke thou what she saith.
And if she welcome thee, and lay thee in her lap,
Spring thou for ioy, thy maister hath his most desired hap.

Totus mundus in maligno positus. The whole world is set to doe wickednes.

COmplaine we may, much is amisse,
Hope is nie gone to haue redresse.
These daies been ill, nothing sure is,
Kinde hart is wrapt in heauines.
The sterne is broke, the saile is rent,
The ship is giuen to winde and wane,
All helpe is gone, the rocke present,
That will bee lost, what man can saue?
Thinges hard, therfore are now refused,
Labour in youth is thought but vaine,
Duty by (will not) is excused,
Remoue the stop the way is plaine.
Learning is lewde, and helde a foole,
Wisedome is shent, counted to raile.
Reason is banisht out of schole,
The blinde is bold and woordes preuaile.
Power without care sleepeth at ease,
Will without law runth where he list,
Might without mercy cannot please,
A wise man saith not, had I wist.

when

When powre lackes care and wreth not,
When care is feble and may not,
when night is slothfull and will not,
Wedes may grow wher good herbes cannot
Take wrong away, law nedeth not,
For law to wrong is bridle and paine.
take feare away, law booteth not.
To striue against streme, it is but vaine.
Will is witty, brainsicke is wise,
trouth is folly, and might is right,
Words is reason, and reason is lies,
the bad is good, darknesse is light.
Wrong to redresse, wisdome dare not,
Hardy is happy, and ruleth most,
Wilfull is witlesse, and careth not,
Which end go first, till all bee lost.
Few right doe loue and wrong refuse,
Pleasure is sought in euery state.
Liking is lust, there is no chuse,
the low geue to the high checke mate,
Order is broke in thinges of weight,
Measure and meane who doth not flee,
two thinges preuaile, money and sleight,
To seme is better then to bee.
The boule is round, and doth downe slide
Eche one thrusteth, none doth vphold,
A fall failes not, where blinde is guide,
The stay is gone, who can him holde?
Folly and falshed praieth apace,
Trouth vnder bushell is faine to crepe
Flattry is treble, pride singes the base,
the meane the best part scant doth pepe.
This fiery plage the world infectes
to vertue and trouth it geues no rest.
Mens hartes are burnde with sundry sectes
And to eche man his way is best.
With flodes and stormes thus bee we tost,
A wake good lord, to the we crie,
Our ship is almost sonk and lost.
Thy mercy help our misery,
Mans strength is weake, mans wit is dull,
Mans reason is blinde, these thinges tamend,

Thy hand (O lord) of might is full,
a wake betyme, and helpe vs sende.
In thee wee trust, and in no wight,
Saue vs as chikens vnder the hen,
Our crokednesse thou canst make right,
Glory to the for aye. Amen.

The wise trade of life.

DO all your dedes by good aduyse.
Cast in your mynde,
wit bought is of to deare a price,
The tryed trust, and take as frende,
For frendes I fynde there bee but two,
Of countenaunce, and of effect,
Of thone sort there are ynowe,
But few been of the tother sect.
Beware also the venome swete
Of crafty woordes and flattery.
For to deceiue they bee most meete,
That best can play hypocrisie.
Let wisdome rule your dede and thought.
So shall your woorkes bee wisely wrought

That few wordes shew wisdome and woorke much quiet.

WHo lyst to leade a quiet lyfe,
who lyst to ryd himselfe from stryfe,
Geue care to me, marke what I say,
Remember well, beare it away,
Hold backe thy tong at meate and meale,
Speake but few woordes, bestow them well
By woordes the wise thou shalt espye,
By woordes a foole soone shalt thou trye,
A wyse man can his tong make scant,
A foole can neuer hold his peace.
who loueth rest of woordes beware,
who loueth woordes, is sure of care.

For wordes oft many haue been shent,
For silence kept none hath repent,
Two eares, one tong onely thou hast,
Mo thinges to heare then woordes to waste
A foole in no wise can forbeare,
He hath two tonges and but one eare,
Be sure thou kepe a stedfast brayne,
Lest that thy Wordes put the to payne,
woordes wisely set are worth much golde,
The price of rashenes is soone tolde.
If time require woordes to bee had,
To holde thy peace I count thee mad,
Talke onely of nedefull veritie,
Striue not for trysling fantasies.
With sobrenesse the truth boult out,
Askyme nothing wherin is doubte.
who to this lore will take good hede,
and spend no mo woordes then he nede.
Though he bee a foole and haue no braine,
yet shall he a name of wisedome gayne.
Speake while time is or holde thee still.
woordes out of time doe oft thinges spill,
Say well and doe well are thinges twayne,
Twise blist is he in whome both raygne.

The complaint of a hot woer delayed with doutfull colde aunsweres.

A kynde of coale is as men say,
which haue assayed the same,
That in the fyre will waste away,
And outward cast no flame.
Unto my selfe may I compare,
These coales that so consume,
where nought is seene though men do stare
In stede of flame, but fume,
They say also to make them burne,
Colde water must be cast,
Or els to ashes will they turne.

And halfe to cinder waste.
Is this a wonder for to see,
Cold water warme the fire,
So hath your coldnesse caused me,
To burne in my desire.
And as this water cold of kinde,
Can cause both heate and colde,
And can these coales both breake and bynde
To burne as I haue tolde:
So can your tong of frosen yse,
From whence colde aunsweres come,
Both coole the fire, and fire entice
To burne me all and some.
Lyke to the corne that standes on stacke,
which mowen in winter sunne,
Ful fayre without, within is blacke,
Such heate therein doth runne.
By force of fire this water colde,
Hath bred to burne within,
Euen so am I, that heate doth holde.
which cold did first begin.
Which heate is stint when I do striue
To haue some ease some time,
But flame a freshe I doe reuiue,
wherby I cause to clyme
In stede of smoke a sighing breath,
with sparkes of sprinkled teares,
That I should liue this liuing death,
Which wastes and neuer weares.

The aunswere.

YOur borowed meane to mone your mone, of fume & colde flame,
Being fet from smithy smoking coales, ye seme so by the same
To shew what such coale vse is taught by such as haue assayde,
As I, that most do wish you well, and so right well appayde
That you haue such a lesson learnde, how eyther to mayntayne
your fredome of vnkindiede coale, vpheaped all in vayne
Or how most fruitfully to frame, with worthy workemans arte,
That cunning piece may passe therfro, by helpe of heated hart.
Out of the forge wherin the fume of sighes doth mount aloft,

That argues present force of fyre to make the mettall soft.
To yelde vnto the hammer hed, as best the workeman lykes.
That thyron glowing after blast in time and temper strikes.
Wherin the vse of water is, as you doe seeme to say,
To quenche no flame ne hinder heate, ne yet to waste away.
But that which better is for you and more delyteth me,
To saue you from the sodayne waste, vaine cyndrelyke to be.
Which lasting better likes in loue, as you your semble plye,
Then doth the bauen blase, that flames and flitteth by and by,
Sith then you know eche vse, wherin our cole may be applyde,
Either to lie and last on horde, in open ayre to byde,
Without vse to gather fat by falling of the rayncs,
That makes the pitchy iuyce to growe, by soking in his vaynes,
Or lye on furnace in the forge, as is his vse of right,
Wherin the water trough may serue, and enterycide her might
By worke of smythes both hand & head, a cunning kay to make,
Or other piece as cause shall craue and byd him vndertake,
Do as you deme most fit to do, and wherupon may grow
Such ioy to you, as I may ioy your ioyfull case to know.

An Epitaphe made by W. G. lying on his death bed, to be set vpon his owne tombe.

HEre lyeth G vnder the grounde,
Amc I the greedy wormes,
Which in his lyfe time neuer founde
But strife and sturdy stormes.
And namely thorough a wicked wife,
As to the world apperes,
She was the shortning of his lyfe,
By many dayes and yeres.
He might haue lyued long, god wot,
His yeres the were but yong.
Of wicked wiues this is the lot,
To kill with spitefull tong.
Whose memory shall still remaine
In writing here with me,
That men may know whome she hath slayne,
And say this same is she.

An answere.

If that thy wicked wife had sponne the thread,
And were the weauer of thy wo,
Then art thou double happie to be dead,
As happely dispatched so.
If rage dyd causelesse cause ther to complayne,
And mad mode mouer of thy mone,
If frensy forced on thy testy braine,
Then blist is she to liue alone.
So whether were the ground of others griefe,
Because so doutfull was the dome,
Now death hath brought your payne a right reliefe,
And blessed be ye both become.
She, that she liues no longer bound to beare
The rule of such a froward hed,
Thou, that thou liuest no lenger fayne to feare
The restlesse rampe that thou hadst wed.
Be thou as glad therfore that thou art gone,
As she is glad she doth abyde,
For so ye be a sunder, all is one,
A badder match cannot betyde.

An epitaph of maister Henrie williams.

FRom worldly wo the ende of misbelicfe,
From cause of care that leadeth to lament,
From vayne delight, the grounde of greater griefe
From feare for frendes. from matter to repent,
From painfull panges last sorow that is sent,
From dreade of death, sith death doth set vs free,
With it the better pleased should we be.
This lothsome life where lyking we do finde
The increaser of our crimes, doth vs bereue
Our blisse that alway ought to be in mynde,
This wily world, whiles here we breath alyue,
And flesh our fained foe, do stifly stryue
To flatter vs, assuring here the toy
Where we, alas, do finde but great annoy.

Untold heapes though we haue of worldly welth,
Though we possesse the sea and fruitfull ground,
Strength, beauty, knowledge, and warmed helth,
Though at a wish al pleasure doe abounde,
It were but vayne, no frendship can be founde,
When death assauteth with his dredefull darte
No raunsome can stay the home hasting hart.
And sith thou cut the lyues lyne in twayne
Of henry, sonne to sir John wiliams knight,
Whose manly hart and prowes none could stayne,
Whose godly lyfe to vertue was our light,
Whose worthy fame shall flourish long by right,
Though in his life so cruell mightest thou be,
His spryte in heauen shall triumphe ouer thee.

Another of the same.

STay gentle frend that passest by,
And learne the lore that leadeth all,
From whence we come with hast to hie,
To lyue to die, and stand to fall.
And learne that strength and lusty age,
That wealth and want of worldly wo
Cannot withstand the mighty rage
Of death, our best vnwelcome fo.
For hopefull youth had hight me health,
My lust to last till tyme to die,
And fortune found my vertue wealth,
But yet for all that here I lye.
Learne also this, to ease thy mynde,
When death on corps hath wrought his spight,
A time of triumphe shalt thou finde,
With me to scorne him in delight.
For one day shall we mete againe
Mauger deathes darte, in lyfe to dwell,
Then will I thanke thee for thy payne,
Now marke my wordes and fare thou well.

Against women eyther good or bad.

A man

A Man may liue thryse Nestors lyfe,
Thryse wander out Ulisses race,
yet neuer finde Ulisses wife,
Such change hath chaunced in this case.
Lesse age will serue then Paris had,
Small peyn (if none bee small ynough)
To finde good store of Helenes trade.
Such sappe the roote doth yeld the bough.
For one good wife Ulisses slew
A worthy knot of gentle blood,
For one ill wyfe Greece ouerthrew
The towne of Troy: With bad and good
Bring mischief, Lord let bee thy will
To kepe me free from eyther ill.

An aunswere.

THe vertue of Ulisses wyfe
Doth liue, thought she hath ceasst her race
And farre surmountes olde Nestors lyfe,
But now in moe than then it was,
Such chaunce is chaunced in this case.
Ladies now liue in other trade,
Farre other Helenes now wee see,
Than she whom Troian Paris had,
As vertue feedes the roote, so dee
the sap and roote of bough and tree.
Ulisses rage, not his good wyfe
Spilt gentle blood. Not Helenes face
But Paris eye did rayse the strife,
That did the Troyan buylding race,
Thus sith ne good, ne bad do yll,
Them all, O lord maintaine my Will,
to serue with all my force and skill.

Against a gentle woman by whom he was refused.

TO false report and flying fame,
whylest my mynde gaue credit light,

Beleuing that her boistred name
Had stuffe to shew that praise did highe,
I finde welnow I did mistake.
Upon report my grounde to make.
I heard it laide such one was she,
as rare to finde as paragon,
Of lowly chere of heart so free,
as her for bountie could passe none.
Such one wer faire though fourme & face,
were meane to passe in seconde place.
I sought it neare, and thinking to find
Report and dede both to agree,
But chaunge had tried her suttel minde,
Of force I was enforced to see
That she in dede was nothing so,
Which made my will my heart forgo.
For she is such, as geason none,
And what she most may boast to be,
I finde her matches mo, then one.
What nede she so to deale with me:
Ha flyering face with scornefull hart,
So ill reward for good desart:
I will repent that I haue done,
To ende so well the losse is small,
I lost her loue, that lesse hath wonne
To want she had me as her thrall,
What though a gyllot sent that note,
By cocke and pye I meane it not.

The answere.

VV Hom fansy forceth fyrst to loue
Now frensy forceth for to hate.
Whose minde erst madnesse gan to moue
Inconstance causeth to abate
His minde of meane, but heate of braine,
Bred light loue, like hate againe.
What hurlde your hart in so great heate?
Fansy forced by famed fame.
Belyke that she was light to geat.
[illegible] that vertue and good name.

Moued

Moued your minde, why changed your will
Sith vertue the cauſe abideth ſtill:
Such fame reported her to be
as rare it were to finde her peere.
For vertue and for honeſtie,
For her free hart and lowly cheere.
this land had lyed if you had ſped.
and fame ben falſe that hath ben ſpred.
Sith ſhe hath ſo kept her good name.
Such praiſe of life and giftes of grace.
as brute ſelf bluſſheth for to blame,
Such fame as fame feares to deface,
you ſclander not but make it plaine,
That you blame brute of brutiſh traine.
If you haue founde it lookynge neere,
Not as you toke the brute to be,
By lyke you ment by lowly cheere,
Bountie and hart that you cal free.
but lewde lightneſſe eaſy to frame,
To winne your will againſt her name.
May ſhe may deme your deming ſo,
A marke of madneſſe in his kinde,
Such cauſeth not good name to go,
as your fond folly ſought to finde,
For brute of kinde bent il to blaſe,
alway faith il, but forced by cauſe.
The no there be, ſuch as is ſhe,
More ſhould be gods thāk for his grace.
The more is her loy it to ſee.
Good ſhould by reaſon earne no place,
Nor nomber make nought, that is good,
your ſtrange liſting hed wants a hood.
Her dealing greueth you (ſay ye)
Beſides your labour loſt in vaine,
Her dealing was not as we ſee,
Sclaunder the end of your great paine
Ha lewde lying lips, and hatefull hart,
what canſt thou deſire in ſuch deſart.
Ye will repent, and right for done.
Ye haue a dede deſeruing ſhame,
From reaſons race farre haue ye ronne.
Hold your rayling kepe your tong tame.

Her

Her ione, ye lye, ye lost it not,
ye neuer lost that ye neuer got.
She reft ye not your libertie.
She vaunteth she had you thrale.
If oft haue done it, let it lye.
On rage that reft you wit and all,
what though a verlets tale you tell
By cocke and pye, you do it well.

The louer dreading to moue his sute for doubt of deniall, accuseth all women of disdaine and fickle= nesse.

TO walk on doubtfull ground, where daunger is vnsene,
Doth double men that careleſſe be in depe dispaire I wene,
For as the blinde doth feare, what footing he shall finde,
So doth the wise before he speake, mistrust the straungers minde
For he that blontly runnes, may light among the briers,
And so be put vnto his plunge, where daunger least apperes,
The birde that selly foole, doth warne vs to beware,
Who lighteth not on euery bushe, he dreadeth so the snare.
the Mouse that shons the trap, doth shew what harme doth lye,
within the swete betraieng bait, that oft deceiues the eye.
The fishe auoides the hooke, though hunger bids him bite,
And houereth still about the worme, Wheron is his delite.
If birdes and beastes can see, where their vndoing lies,
How should a mischiefe scape our heades, y haue both wit & eyes
what madnes may be more then plow the barrein fielde,
Or any fruitfull woordes to sow, to eares that are vnwilde,
They heare and than mislike, they like and then they loth
They hate, they loue, they scorn, they praise, yea sure they can do
we se what falles they haue y climeon trees vnknowne, (both
As they that trust to rotten bowes, must neues bee ouerthrowne
A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much more,
Than for to plaine where is no salue, for to recure the sore.
Wherfore my griefe I hide, within a holow hart,
Vntil the smoke therof bee spied, by flaming of the smart.

An aunſwere.

TO truſt the fained face, to rue on forced teares,
to credite finely forged tales wherin there of appeares,
And breates as from the breſt a ſmoke of kindled ſmart,
where onely lurkes a diepe deceit within the hollow hart,
Betraies the ſimple ſoule, whom plaine deceit leſſe minds
taught not to feare that in it ſelfe it ſelfe dyd neuer finde.
Not euery tricking teare doth argue inward payne,
Not euery ſigh doth ſurely ſhewe the ſigher not to fayne.
Not euery ſmoke doth proue a preſence of the fire,
Not euery gliſtring geues the golde, that gredy folke deſire.
Not euery wayling word is drawen out of the depe,
Not griefe for want of graunted grace enforceth al to wepe.
Oft malice makes the minde to ſhed the boyled bryne,
And enuies humor oft vnlades by conduites of the eyen.
Oft craft can cauſe the man to make a ſemyng ſhew,
Of heart with dolour all diſtrainde, where griefe dyd neuer grow
As curſed Crocodyle moſt cruelly can toie,
with truthleſſe teares vnto his death the ſely pitying ſoule.
Blame neuer thoſe therfore, that wiſely can beware
the guyleful man, that ſutly ſaith himſelfe to dread the ſnare.
Blame not the ſtopped eares againſt the Syrens ſong,
Blame not ye mind not moued wt mone of faiſheds flowing tong.
If guyle do guyde your wit by ſilence ſo to ſpeake,
By craft to craue & fayne by fraude ye cauſe ye you would breake,
Great harme your ſuttle ſoule ſhall ſuffer for the ſame,
And mighty loue will wreake ye wrõg, ſo clothed with his name,
But we whom you haue warnde, this leſſon learne by you,
To know the tree before we clyme, to truſt no rotten bowe.
To viewe the lymed buſhe, to looke afore we light,
To ſhunne the perilous bayted hooke, and vſe a further ſight.
As do the moule, the byrd, the fiſhe, by ſample fitly ſhow,
That wyly wittes and gynnes of men do worke the ſimples wo.
Wo, ſimple ſith we are, and you ſo ſuttle be,
God helpe the mouſe, the byrd, the fiſh, & vs your ſleights to flee.

The louer complaineth his faulte, that with vngentle writing had diſpleaſed his lady.

Songe.

Ah loue how waiward is his wit, what pãges do perce his brest
whom thou to waite vpon thy will hast reued of his rest.
The light, the darke, the sunne, the moone, the day & eke ỳ night,
Hys daily dying lyke himselfe, he hateth in despight.
Sith first he light to looke on her that holdeth him in thrall,
His mouing eyen his mouing wit he curseth hart and all.
From hungry hoapte to pining feare eche hap doth hurle his hart
From panges of plaint to fits of fume, from asking into smart.
Eche moment so doth chaũge his chere, not with recourse of ease,
But with sere sortes of sorowes still, he worketh as the seas.
Not turning windes not calme returned rule in vnruly wyse,
As if their holdes of hylles vphurlde they brasten out to ryse.
And puffe away the power that is vnto theyr king assignde,
To pay that sith their prisonment they deme to be behinde.
So doth the passions long repressed within the wofull wight,
Breake down the bankes of all his wits & out they gushen quite.
To reare vprores now they bee free from reasons rule and stay,
And hedlong hales thunruled race, his quiet quite away.
No measure hath he of his ruth, no reason in his rage. (age
No bottom groũd wher staies his griefe, thus weares away hys
In wishing wants, in wailing woes, death doth he daily call,
To bring release, when of reliefe he seeth no hoape at all.
Thence comes that of in diepe dispayre to rise to better state,
On heauen and heauenly lampes he layeth the faute of al his fate.
On god and gods decreed dome cryeth out with cursing breath,
Eche thing that gaue and saues him lifs he damneth of his death.
The wõbe him bare, ỳ brests he sucked, eche stare ỳ w their might
Their secret succour brought to bring ỳ wretch to worldly light.
yea that to his soules perill is most hayneous harme of all,
And craues the cruellest reuenge that may to man befall.
Her he blasphemes in whom it lyeth in present as she please,
To damne him downe to depth of hell, or plant in heauens ease.
Such rage constraunde my strained hart to guide thũhappy hand,
That sent vnsitting blots to hys on whom my lyfe doth stand.
But graunt O god that he for them may beare the worthy blame
whom I doe in my diepe distresse finde guyltie of the same.
Euen that blinde boy that blindly guydes ỳ faultrers to their fal,
That laughes whan they lamẽt that he hath throwen into thrall.
Or lord sane lowring lokes of her what penance els thou please
So her contented will be wonne, I count it all mine ease.
And sin on whõ doth hang my will, with hart, with soule & care
With lyfe and al that lyfe may haue of well or euill fare.

Graunt

Graunte grace to hun ỳ grates therfore with ſes of ſaleſh bryne,
By extreme heate of boyling brest diſtilled through his eyen.
And with thy fansy render thou my ſelf to me agayne,
That dayly then we ducly may employ a painleſſe payne,
To yelde and take the ioyfull fruites that harty loue doth lend,
To them that meane by honeſt meanes to come to happy ende.

The louer wounded of Cupide, wiſheth he had rather been ſtricken by death.

The blinded boy that bendes the bowe
to make with dint of double wound
the ſtouteſt state to ſtoupe aud knowe
the crueil craft that I haue founde.
With death I would had chopt a change
to borow as by bargayne made,
Eche other ſhaft when he dyd range.
with reſtles roauing to inuade.
Thunthralled myndes of ſimple wights,
whoſe gyltles ghoſtes deſerued not
to feele ſuch fall of their delightes,
Such panges as I haue paſt god wot.
Then both in newe vnwonted wyſe,
Should death deſerue a better name,
Not (as tofore hath been his guiſe)
Of crueltie to bearg thr blame.
But contrary be counted kinde
In lending lyfe and ſparing ſpace,
For ſicke to riſe and ſeke to fynde,
Away to wiſh their wery race.
To drawe to ſome deſyred ende,
their long and lothed tyme to rid,
And ſo to feele how lyke a frēd,
Before the bargaine made he did.
And loue ſhould eyther bring agayne,
to wounded wightes theyr owne deſire,
A welcome end of pyning payne,
As doth their cauſe of ruth require.

Or when he meanes the quiet man
A harme to hasten him to griefe,
A better dede he should do than,
With borowed dart to geue reliefe.
That both the sicke well demen may
He brought me rightly my requeste,
And eke the other sort may say,
He wrought me truely for the beste.
So had not fansi forced me,
To beare a brunt of greater wo,
Then leauing such a life may be,
The ground where onely griefes do grow.
Vnlucky lyking linkt my hart,
In forged hoape and forced feare,
That oft I wisht the other dart
Had rather perced me as neare.
A fained truste constrained care,
Most loth to lacke, most hard to finde,
In sunder so my tugement tore,
That quite was quiet out of mynde.
Absent in absence of myne ease,
Present in presence of my payne,
The woes of want dyd much displease
The sighes I sought dyd grieue agayne.
Of griefe that boyled in my brest,
Hath traught my face with saltysh teares,
Pronouncing proues of myne vnrest,
Wherby my passed payne appeares.
My sighes full often haue supplied
Than fayne with woordes I would haue saide
My voice was stopt, my tong was tied,
My wittes with wo wer ouerwayld.
With trembling soule and humble cheere
Oft grated I for graunt of grace,
On hoape that bounty myght be there
Where beauty had so pight her place.
At length I found, that I dyd feare
How I had labourde al to losse
My selfe had been the carpentere,
That framed me the cruel crosse.
Oft'sis to come if dout alone,
Though blent with trust of better syde,

So oft hath moued my mynde to mone,
So oft hath made my hart to bleede.
What shall I say of it in deede,
Now hope is gone myne olde relieue,
And I enforced all to feede
Upon the fruites of bitter grieue.

Of womens changeable will.

I would I found not as I feele,
Such chaunging chere of womans will.
By fickle slight of Fortunes wheele,
By kinde or custome neuer styll.
So should I finde no fault to laye
On Fortune for theyr mouyng mynde,
So should I know no cause to say
This chaunge to chaunce by course of kynde,
So should not loue so worke my wo,
To make death surgeon for my sore,
So should theyr wittes not wander so,
So should I recke the lesse therfore.

The louer complaineth the losse of his lady.

NO ioy haue I, but liue in heauinesse,
My dame of price bereft by Fortunes cruelnesse,
My hap is turned to vnhappinesse,
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releesse.
My pastime past, my youth lyke yere are gone,
My monthes of myrth, my glystering dayes of gladsomnesse,
My tyme of tryumphe turned into mone,
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I finde releesse.
My wonted wynde to chaunt my cherefull chaunce
Doth sigh, that song sometime the balades of my lesse.
My sobbes, my sore and sorow do aduaunce,
Vnhappy I am vnlesse I fynde releesse.
I mourne my myrth for griefe that it is gone,
I mourne my myrth wherof my musing myndefulnesse,

Is grounde of greater griefe that growes thereon.
Unhappy I am vnlesse I finde relesse.
No ioy haue I, for fortune frowardly,
Hath bent her browes, hath put her hand to cruelnesse,
Hath rest my dame, constrained me to crye,
Unhappye I am vnlesse I finde relesse.

Of the golden meane.

The wisest way, thy boate in waueand winde to gupe,
Is neither still the trade of middle streame to trye,
Ne (warely shunning wrecke by weather) aye to nye
To presse vpon perilous shore.
Both clenely flees he filth, ne wonnes a wretched wight,
In callish coate, and carefull court aye thrall to spyte,
With port of proude estate he leues, who doth delite
Of golden meane to hold the lore.
Stormes riefest rende the sturdye stoute pine apple tree,
Of lofty ruing towers the failes the feller bee,
Most fierce doth lightning light, where furthest we doe see
The hilles the valley to forsake
Well furnisht brest to byde eche chaunces chaunging cheare,
In woe hath cherefull hoape, in weale hath warefull feare,
One selfe Ioue winter makes with lothfull lookes appeare,
That can by course the same aslake.
What if in thy myshap thy case now casten bee?
It forceth not such fourme of lucke to last to thee,
Not alway bent is Phebus bowe, his harpe and he,
Ceast silurr sound sometime doth raise.
In hardest hap vse helpe of hardy hoapefull hart,
Seme bolde to beare the brunt of fortune ouerthwart,
Eke wisely when forewinde too full breathes on thy part,
Swage swelling saple & doubt decapes.

The praise of a true frende.

Whoso that wisely wayes the profite and the price
Of thinges wherin delight by worth is wont to ryse,
Shall

Shall finde no iewell is so riche ne yet so rare,
That with the frendly heart in value may compare.
What other weith to man by fortune may bee fall,
But fortunes changed chere may reue a man of all,
A frend no wracke of wealth, no cruel cause of wo,
Can force his frendly faith vnfrendly to forgoe.
If fortune frendly fawne, and lend the weithy store,
Thy frendes conioyned ioy doth make thy ioy the more.
If frowardly she frowne and driue the to distresse,
Hys ayde releues thy ruth, and makes thy sorow lesse.
Thus fortunes pleasant fruites by frendes encreased bee,
The bitter sharpe and sowre by frenees alaide to thee,
That when thou doest reioyce, then doubled is thy ioy,
And eke in cause of care, the lesse is thy anoy.
Aloft if thou do liue, as one appointed here,
A stately part on stage of worldly state to here,
Thy frend as onely free from fraude will the adutse,
To rest within the rule of mean as do the wise.
He seketh to forsee the perti of thy fall,
He findeth out thy faultes, and warnes thee of them all,
Thee, not thy lucke he loues, what euer bee thy case,
He is thy faithfull frend, and ther he doth embrace.
If churlish chere of chance haue thrown thee into thrall,
And that thy neede aske aide for to relieue thy fall,
In him thou secret trust assured art to haue,
And succour not to seke, before that thou can craue.
Thus is thy frende to thee, the comfort of thy paine,
The slaier of thy state, the doubler of thy gaine,
In wealth and wo thy frende, an other selfe to thee,
Such man to man a God, the prouerb saith to bee.
As weith will bring thee frendes in louinge wo to proue,
So wo shall yeld thee frendes in laughing weith to loue,
With wisedome chose thy frende with vertue him retaine.
Let vertue bee the ground, so shall it not be vaine.

The louer lamenteth other to haue the fruites of his seruice.

SOme men would thinke of right to haue,
For their true meaning some reward,

But while that I do cry and crane,
I see that other bee preferd,
I gape for that I am debard.
I fare as doth the hound at hatch,
The worse I spede, the lenger I watch,
  Wy wastfull will is trie by trust,
Wy fond fansie is myne abuse,
For that I would refraine my lust,
For mine anaile I cannot chuse.
I will, and yet no power to vse,
I will no will by reason lust,
Sins my will is at others lust.
  They eate the hony, I hold the hyue,
I sow the sede, they reape the corne.
I wast, they winne, I draw they driue.
Theirs is the thank, mine is the scorne.
I seke they spede, in wast my winde is worne.
I gape they get, and gredely I snatche
Till woorse I spede, the lenger I watch.
  I fast, they fede, they drinke, I thurst.
They laugh, I waile, they ioy, I mourne.
they gaine, I lose, I haue the wurst.
They whole, I sicke, they cold, I burne,
they leape, I lye, they slepe, I tosse and turne.
I would, they may, I crane, they haue at will
that helpeth them, so cruelty doth me kill.

Of the suttletie of crafty louers.

Such waiward waies haue some whē folly stirres their brains:
  To fain a plain full oft of loue, when lest they fele his paines.
And for to shew a griefe such craft haue they in store,
That they can halt and lay a salue wheras they fele no sore.
As hound vnto the foote, or dog vnto the bow,
So are they made to vexe her out, whom dent to loue they know
that if I should describe one hundred of their drifts,
Two hundred wits beside mine own I should put to their shifts
No woodman better knowes how for to lodge his dere.
Nor shipman on the sea that more hath skill to guide the stere.
Nor beaten dogge to heard can warer chose his game,

For scholeman to his fantasie can a scholler better frame,
Then one of these which haue old Ouids art in vse,
Can seke the waies vnto their minde a woman to allure.
As round about a hiue the Bees do swarme allway,
So round about ỹ house they prese wherin they take their play,
And whom they soo besege, it is a wonderous thing,
what crafty engins to assault these wily warriers bring,
The eye as scout and watch to stirre both to and fro,
Doth serue to state her here & there where she doth come & goe,
The tonge doth pleade for right as herauld of the hart,
And both the handes as oratours do serue to point their part.
So shewes the countenaunce then with these fowre to agree,
As though in witnes with the rest, it would bers sworne bee,
But if she then mistrust it would turne blacke to white,
For ỹ ỹ woorier lokes most smoth when he would fayrest bite,
Then wit as counsellour a helpe for this to finde,
Straight makes the hand as secretair forth to write his minde
And so the letters straight embassadours are made,
To treate in hast for to procure her to a better trade.
Wherin if she do thinke all this is but a shewe,
Or but a subtile masking cloke to hide a crafty shrewe,
Then come they to the larme, then shewe they in the fielde,
Then muster they in colours strang, ỹ waies to make her yelde,
Then shoote they batry of then compasse they her in,
At tilt and turney oft they stryue this selly soule to winne.
Then sounde they on their lutes, then strain they forth their song
Then rumble they with instrumentes to lay her quite a long.
Then borde they her with giftes, then bo they wood and wauh,
Then night and day they labour hard this simple holde to catch,
As pathes within a wood, or turnes within a maze,
So thē they shewe of wiles & crafftes they can a thousand waies

Of the vanitie of mans life.

VAyne is the fleting welth,
Wheron the world staies,
With stalking time by priuy steith,
Encrocheth on our dayes.
And elde which creepeth fast,
To taint vs with her wounde,

Will true turne eche bliſſe vnto a blaſt,
Whiche laſteth but a ſtaunde.
Of youth the luſty flourt,
Which whylome ſtode in price,
Shall vaniſh quite within an houre
As fire conſumes the ice.
Where is become that wight,
For whoſe ſake Troy towrne,
Withſtode the grekes till ten yeres fight,
Had raſde their walles adowne:
Did not the wormes conſume,
Her carian to the duſt:
Did dreadful death forbeare his lume,
For beauty, pride, or luſt?

The louer not regarded in earneſt ſute being become wiſer refuſeth her profred loue.

DO way your phiſike I faint no more,
The ſalue you ſent it comes to late,
You wiſt well al my griefe before,
And what I ſuffed for your ſake.
Hole is my hart I playne no more,
A new the cure did vndertake,
Wherfore doe way you come to late.
For whyles you knew I was your owne,
So long in vaine you made me gape,
And though my faith it were well knowen,
Yet ſmall regarde thou toke therat,
But now the blaſt is ouerblowne.
Of vaine phiſike a ſalue you ſhape,
Wherfore doe way you come to late.
How long or this haue I bene faine,
To gape for mercy at your gate,
Vntill the time I ſpide it plaine,
That pitie and you fell at debate.
For my redreſſe then was I faine
Your ſeruice cleane for to forſake.

wherefore doe way you come to late,
For when I brent in endelle fire,
who ruled then but cruell hate?
So that vnneth I durst desire
One looke my feruent heate to slacke,
Therfore another doth me hyre,
And all the profer that you make
Is made in vaine, and comes to late.
For when I asked recompence,
which cost you nought to graunt god wot,
Then said disdaine to great expence
It wer for you to graunt me that,
Therfore doe way your rere pretence
That you would binde that erst you brake,
For to your saiue comes all to late.

The complaint of a woman rauished, and also mortallye wounded.

A Cruell Tiger al with teeth be bleed,
A bloody tirantes had in eche degree,
A lecher that by wretched lust was led,
(alas) defloured my virginitie.
And not contented with this villaynie,
Nor with thoutragious terrour of the dede,
With bloody thirst of greater cruelte,
Fearing his heynous gilt should be bewraied,
By crieng death and vengeance openly,
His violent hand forth with alas he layed
Vpon my guiltles sely childe and me,
And like that wretche whom no horrour dismaide,
Drownde in the sink of depe iniquitie,
Misusing me the mother for a time,
Hath slaine vs both for cloking of his crime.

The louer being made thrall by loue perceiueth how great a losse is libertie.

AH libertie haue I learned to know,
By lacking thee what Iewell I possest,
when I receiued first from Cupids bow
The deadly wound that festreth in my brest.
So farre (alas) forth straied were myne eyes
That I ne might refraine them back, for lo,
They in a moment all earthly thinges despise
In heauenly sight now are they fixed so.
what then for me but still with mazed sight
To wonder at that excellence diuine,
where loue (my fredome hauing in despight)
Hath made me thrall through errour of myne eyes,
For other guerdon hope I not to haue,
My foltring tong so bashеth ought to craue.

The diuers and contrarie passions of the louer.

HOlding my peace alas how loud I crie,
Prested with hope and dread euen both at ones,
Strayned with death, and yet I cannot die,
Burning in flame, quaking for cold that grones
Vnto my hope whithouten winges I flie.
Prested with dispaire, that bredeth all my bones,
Walking as if I were, and yet am not.
Fauning with mirth most, inwardly with mones.
Hard by my help, vnto my heith not nie.
Wids of the calme my ship on rock it rones.
I serue vnbound, fast fettred yet I lye,
In stede of milke that fede on marble stones,
My most will is that I doe espie,
That workes my ioyes and sorowes both at ones.
In contraries standeth all my losse and gaine,
And loe the guiltlesse causeth all my paine.

The testament of the hawthorne.

1 Holy Haw whose hope is past,
In faithfull true and fixed minde,

To her whom that I serued last,
haue all my ioyfulnes resignde,
Because I know assuredly,
My dying day approcheth nie.
Dispaired hart the carefull nest
Of all the sighes that kept in store,
Conuey my carefull corps to rest,
that leaues his ioy for euer more,
And when the day of hope is past.
Geue vp thy spirite and sigh the last.
But or that we depart in twaine,
Tell her I loued with all my might,
that though the corps in clay remayne,
Consumed to asshes pale and white,
And though the vitaill powers do cease,
the spirit shall loue her natheless.
And pray my lines ladie dere,
During this little tyme and space,
That I haue to abiden here.
Not to with draw her wonted grace,
In recompensing of the paine,
that I shall haue to part in twaine.
And that at least she will witsaue,
to graunt my iust and last request,
when that she shall beholde his graue,
that lieth of life here dispossest,
In record that I once was hers,
to bathe the frosen stone with teares.
The seruice tree here do I make,
For my executour and my frend,
that liuing did not me forsake,
Nor will I trust vnto my ende,
to see my body well conueide
In ground where that it should ber laide.
Tombed vnderneth a goodly Oke,
with Iuy grene that fast is bound,
there this my graue I haue bespoke.
For there my ladies name do sounde,
Beset euen as my testament teis,
with oken leaues and nothing eis.
Grauen wheron shalbe exprest,
Here lyeth the body in this place,

Of him that liyng neuer ceſt
to ſerue the faireſt that euer was.
The corps is here, the hart he gaue
to her for whome he lieth in graue.
And alſo ſet about my herſe.
two lamps to burne and not to queint
which ſhalbe token, and reherſe
That my good will was neuer ſpent.
When that my corps was layd alow,
My ſpirits did ſweare to ſerue no mo:
And if you want of ringing bels,
when that my corps goeth into graue
Repete her name and nothing els,
to whom that I was bounden ſlaue.
When that my life it ſhall vnframe,
My ſpryte ſhall ioy to heare her name.
with dolefull note & piteous ſound,
Wherwith my hart did cleaue in twaine,
with ſuch a ſong lay me in ground,
My ſpryt let it with her remaine,
that had the body to commēd,
Till death therof did make an ende.
And euen with my laſt bequeſt,
when I ſhall from this lyfe depart,
I geue to her I loued beſt,
My iuſt my true and faithfull hart,
Signed with the hand as cold as ſtone,
Of him that liuing was her owne.
And if hee might liue againe,
As Phenix made by death anew,
Of this ſhe may aſſure her plaine,
that he will ſtill be iuſt and true.
Thus farewell ſhe on liue my owne.
And ſend her ioy when I am gone.

The louer in diſpaire lamenteth his caſe.

Alien deſert, how art thou ſpent?
Ah dropping teares how do ye waſh?
Ah ſcalding ſighes, how be ye ſpent?

To pricke them forth that will not hast,
Thy pained hart thou gapst for grace
Euen there where pitie hath no place,
As easy it is the stony rocke
From place to place for to remoue,
As by thy plaint for to provoke
A frosen hart from hate to loue,
what should I say? such is thy lot,
To fawne on them that force thee not.
Thus mayst thou safely say and sweare,
That rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile.
In thankiesse thoughts thy thoughtes do weare
Thy truth, thy faith may nought auaile,
For thy good will why should thou so,
Still graft where grace it will not grow.
Alas poore hart thus hast thou spent
Thy flowring time, thy pleasant yeres,
with sighing voice wepe and lament,
For of thy hope no frute apperes,
thy true meaning is paide with scorne,
That euer soweth and reapeth no corne.
And where thou seekest a quiet port,
thou dost but weigh against the winde,
For where thou gladdest wouldst resort,
there is no place for the assinde,
Thy destony hath set it so
that thy true hart should cause thy wo.

Of his maistresse M.B.

In Bayes I boast whose braunch I beare.
Such ioy therin I finde.
That to the death I shall it weare,
To ease my carelesse minde.
In heat, in cold, both night and day,
Her vertue may be sene,
when other fruites and flowers decay.
The bay yet growes full greene.
Her beries fede the birdes full oft,
Her leues swete water make,

Her

Her bowes beset in every loft,
For their swete sauours sake.
The birdes do shrowd them from the cold,
In her we dayly see,
And men make arbers as they would,
Under the pleasant tree.
It doth me good when I repaire,
There as these baies do growe.
where oft I walke to take the ayre,
It doth delight me so.
But loe I stande as I were domme
Her beauty for to blase,
wherwith my spirites bee ouercome,
So long theron I gase.
At last I turne vnto my walke,
In passing to and fro,
And to my selfe I smile and talke,
And then away I go.
Why smylest thou say lokers on,
what pleasure hast thou found?
with that I am as cold as stone
And ready for to sound,
Fie fie for shame sayth fansy than,
Pluck vp thy fainted hart,
And speake thou boldly like a man,
Shrink not for litle smart.
whereat I blush and change my chere,
My limbes waxe so weake,
O god think I what make I here,
That neuer a woorde may speake.
I dare not sigh lest I bee heard,
My lokes I slyly cast,
And still I stand as one were scard,
Vntill my stormes be past
Then happy hap doth me reuiue,
The blood comes to my face,
A merier man is not aliue,
then I am in that case.
Thus after sorow leke I rest,
when fled is fanlies fit,
And though I bee a homely gest,
Before the bayes I sit,

where

where I doe watche till leaues do fall
when winde the tree doth shake,
Then though my branche be very small
My leafe away I take.
And then I go and clap my handes,
My hart doth leape for ioy,
These bayes do ease me from my handes,
That long did me annoy,
For when I doe beholde the same,
which makes so faire a show,
I finde therin my maistresse name,
And see her vertues grow.

The louer complaineth his harty loue not requited.

When Phebus had the serpent slain
He claimed Cupides boe,
which stryfe did turne him to great pain:
The story wel doth proue.
For Cupide made him selfe much woe
In seking Daphnis loue.
This Cupide hath a shaft of kinde,
which wounded many a wight,
whose golden hed had power to binde
Eche heart in Venus bandes,
This arrow did on Phebus light,
which came from Cupides handes.
An other shaft was wrought in spight
which headed was with lead,
whose nature quenched swete delight.
That louers most embrace.
In Daphnis brest this cruell hed
Had founde a dwelling place.
But Phebus fond of his desire.
Sought after Daphnis so,
She burnt with heat, she felt no fire,
Full fast she fled him fro,
She gate but hate for his good will,
The gods assigned so.

My

My case with Phebus may compare,
His hap and mine are one,
I cry to her that knowes no care,
yet seke I to her most
when I approche then is she gone,
Thus is my la labour lost.
Now blame not me but blame the shaft,
That hath the golden heade,
And blame those Gods that with their craft
Such arrowes forge by kinde
And blame the colde and heauy leade,
That doth my ladyes minde.

Apraise of. M. M.

IN Court as I beheide, the beautie of eche dame,
Of right me thought from al the rest should M. steale the same.
But, er I ment to iudge, I vewed with such aduise,
As retcheles dome should not inuade the bounder of my deuise.
And whiles I gased long, such heate did brede within,
As Priamus towne felt not more flame, when dyd ỹ bale begin,
By reasons rule, ne yet by wit perceiue I could,
That M. face of earth yfounde, enioy such beautie shoulde.
And fansie doubted that from heauen had Venus coine,
to norish rage in Britaines heartes, whyle corage yet doth bloome
Her native hue so strouc, with colour of the rose,
That Paris would haue Helene left, and M. beauty chose,
A wight farre passing al, and is more faire to seme,
Then lusty may the lodge of loue, that clothes the earth in grene,
So angell like she shines, she semeth no mortall wight,
But one whom nature in her forge, did frame her selfe to spight.
Of beauty princesse chiefe, so makeles doth she rest,
whose eye would glad an heauy wight, and prison paine in brest,
I wars astonied to see, the feature of her shappe
And wõdred ỹ a mortall heart, such heauely beames could scape
Her limmes so aunswering were, the mould of her faire face,
Of Venus stocke she semde to spring the roote of beauties grace
Her presence doth pretend, such honour and estate,
That simple men might gesse her birth if folly bred debate,
Her lookes in hartes of flint would such effectes imprese,
As rage of flame not Nilus stremes Nestors yeres encrease,

with in the ſubtyle ſeat of her bright eyen doth dwell
Blinde Cupide with the pricke of paine, that princes fredom ſel
A paradiſe it is her beauty to behold,
where natures ſtuffe ſo full is found, that natures ware is ſolde.

An old louer to a yong gentle woman.

YE are to yong to bring me in,
And I to old to gape for flies,
I haue to long a louer been,
If ſuch yong babes ſhould bicare mine eyes,
But trill the ball before my face,
I am content to make you play,
I will not ſee, I hide my face,
And turne my backe and runne away.
But if you folow on ſo faſt,
And croſſe the waies where I ſhould go,
Ye may ware wery at the laſt,
And then at lenght your ſelfe orethrow.
I meane where you and all your flocke,
Gentle to pen men in the pound,
I know a key can picke your lock,
And make you runne your ſelfes on ground.
Some birdes can eate the ſtrawie corne,
And flee the lyme that fowlers ſet,
And ſome are ferde of euery thorne,
And ſo therby the ſcape the net.
But ſome do light and neuer loke,
And ſeeth not who doth ſtand in waite,
As fiſh that ſwallow vp the hoke,
And is begiled through the baite.
But men can loke before they leape,
And be at price for euery ware.
And peniworthes caſt to by good cheape,
And in eche thing hath eye and care.
But he that bluntly runnes on hed,
And ſeeth not what the race ſhalbe,
Is lyke to bring a foole to bed,
And thus ye get no more of me.

The

The louer forsaketh his vnkinde loue.

FArewell thou frosen hart and eares of hardened steele,
Thou lackest yeres to vnderstand the griefe that I did feele,
The Gods reuenge my wrong, with equall plague on thee,
whē pleasure shal prick forth thy youth, to learn what loue shalbe
Perchance thou prouest now to scale blind Cupides hold,
and matchest where thou maist repēt, whē al thy cardes are told
But blush not thou therfore, thy betters haue done so,
Who thought they had retaide a doue, whē they but caught a cro
And some do linger time with lofty lookes we see,
That lightes at length as low or worse, then doth the betell bee.
Yet let thy hope be good, such hap may fall from hie,
That thou maist be if fortune serue, a princesse ere thou die.
If chaunce preferre thee so, alas poore sely man,
where shall I scape thy cruell handes, or seke for succour thane.
God shild such gredy wolues should lap in guiltlesse blood,
and sēd short hornes to hurtfull Ores, that rage like lions woode.
I seldome see the day, but malice wanteth might.
and hateful hartes haue neuer hap, to wreke their wrath aright
The mad man is vnmete, a naked sword to gide,
And more vnfit are they to clime, that are orecome with pride.
I touch not thee herein, thou art a fawcon sure,
That can both soer and stoup sometime, as men cast vp the lure,
The peacock hath no place in thee when thou shall list,
For som no soner make in signe, but thou perceiuest the fist.
They haue that I doe want, and that hath thee begilde,
The lacke y thou doest see in mee, doth make thy looke so wilde,
My luring is not good: it liketh not thine eare
My call it is not halfe so swete, as would to God it were,
Well wanton yet beware, thou do no tiring take,
At euery hand that wouldst the lede, or to the frendship make,
This counsell take of him that ought thee once his loue,
Who hopes to mete the after this, among the saintes aboue.
But here within this worlde, if he may shonne the place,
He rather asketh present death, then to beholde thy face,

The louer preferreth his lady aboue al other.

Resigne

REligne you dames whom tikeling brute delight,
The golden prize the flatterers tromp doth ſound,
And vaſſals be to her that claimes by right
the title iuſt that firſt dame beauty found.
Whoſe dainty eyes ſuch ſugred baites do hide,
As poyſon hartes where glimes of loue do glide.
Come eke & ſee how heauen and nature wrought,
within her face where framed is ſuch ioy,
As Priams ſonnes in vaine the ſeas had ſought,
If haiſe ſuch light had had abode in Troy.
For as the golden ſunne doth dark eche ſtarre,
So doth her hue the faireſt dames as farre.
Eche heaueniy gift, eche grace that nature could,
By art or wit my lady to retaines,
A ſacred head, ſo heapt with heartes of golde,
As Phebus beames for beauty farre it ſtaines,
A ſugred tong, where eke ſuch ſwetneſſe ſhowes.
that well it ſemes a fountaine where it flowes.
Two laughing eyes ſo linked with pleaſing lookes,
As would entice a tigers hart to ſerue
the baite is ſwete but eager be the hookes,
For Dyane ſekes her honour to preſerue,
Thus Arundell ſits, throned ſtill with fame,
whom enmies tromp can not attaint with ſhame,
My daſed head ſo daunted is with heapes
Of giftes diuine the harber in her breſt,
Her heaueniy ſhape, that to my verſes leapes,
And touch but that wherin ſhe cloudes the reſt.
For if I ſhould her graces all recite,
Both time ſhould want & I ſhould wonders write,
Her chere ſo ſwete, ſo chriſtiall is her eyes,
Her mouth ſo ſmall, her lips ſo liuely red,
Her hand ſo fine, her wordes ſo ſwete and wyſe,
that Pallas ſemes to ſoiourne in her hed
Her vertues great, her forme as farre exceedes,
As ſunne the ſhade that mortall creatures kindes.
Would God that wretched age would ſpare to rere
Her liuely hew that as her graces rare
Be goddeſſe like, euen ſo her goddeſſe face
Might neuer change but ſtill continue faire,
that eke in after time eche wight may ſee.
How vertue can with beauty beare degree.

The

The louer lamenteth that he would forgeat loue, and cannot.

ALas when ſhall I ioy,
when ſhall my wofull heart
Caſt forth the foliſh ioy
that bredeth all my ſmart?
A thouſand times and mo,
I haue attempted ſo:e,
To rid this reſtleſſe wo,
which reigneth moze and moze.
But when remembrance paſt
Hath laide dead coales together,
Olde loue renewes his blaſt,
that cauſe my ioyes to wither.
Then ſodenly a ſparke,
Startes out of my deſire,
And lepes into my heart,
Setting the coales a fire.
Then reaſon runnes aboute,
To ſeke forgetfull water,
to quenche and cleane put out,
The cauſe of all this matter.
And ſaith dead fleſh muſt nedes
Be cut out of the coze,
For rotten withered wedes
Can heale no greuous ſoze.
But then euen ſodenly
the feruent heat doth ſlake,
And cold then ſtraineth me,
that makes my body ſhake.
Alas who can endure,
to ſuffre all this paine,
Sins her that ſhould me cure,
Moſt cruell death hath ſlaine.
well well, I ſay no moze,
Let dead care foz the dead,
Yet u)is me therfoze,
I muſt attempt to lead

One

One other kynde of lyfe,
Then hitherto I haue.
Or els thys payne and stryfe
will bring to me my graue.

Songes written by N.G.

Of the.ix.Muses,

IMps of kyng Ioue, and Queene remembraunce lo.
The sisters nine, the poets pleasant feres.
Calliope doth stately style bestowe,
And worthy praises paynes of princely peres,
Clion in solemne songes reneweth all day,
with present peres comoyning age by past,
Delightfull talke loues Comicall Thaley,
In freshe grene youth, who doth lyke lawrell last
with voyces Tragicall soundes Melpomen,
And as with cheynes thallured eare she byndes,
Her stringes when Terpesor doth touch, euen then
She toucheth hartes and raigneth in mens myndes,
Fyne Erato, whose looke a lyuely chere
Presents in dauncing kepes a comely grace,
with semely gesture doth Polymine stere,
whose woords whole routes of rankes do rule in place.
Vrany her globes to view all bent
the ninefold heauen obsarues with fixed face,
The blastes Eutrepe tunes of instrument,
with solace swete hence my heauy dumpes to chase.
Lord Phebus in the myddes (whose heauenly spryte
these ladies doth inspyre) embraceth all,
The graces in the Muses weed, deyte
To leade them fourth, that men in maze they fall.

Musonius the Philosophers saying.

IN working well, if trauell you sustaine,
Into the winde shall lightly passe the payne,
But of the deede the glory shall remayne,
And cause your name with worthy wights to raigne,
In working wrong, if pleasure you attayne,
The pleasure soone shall vade, and voide as vayne,
But of the deede, throughout the lyfe the shame
Endures, defacing you with foule defame,
And still tormentes the mynde both night and day,
Scant length of time the spot can washe away,
Flee then till suading pleasures baites vntrue,
And noble vertues fayre renowne pursue.

Description of vertue.

WHat one art thou, thus in torne wede yclad?
Vertue, in price whom auncient sages had,
Why poorely rayde? For fading goodes past care,
Why double faced? I marke eche fortunes fare,
This bridle, what? Myndes rages to restraine
Tooles why beare you? I loue to take great paine
Why winges? I teache aboue the starres to flye,
Why treade you death? I onely cannot dye.

Praise of measure keping.

THe auncient time commended not for nought
The meane, what better thing can there bee sought
In meane is vertue placed on eyther syde,
Both right and left amisse a man shall slyde,
Fear with fire hadst thou the midway flowne,
Icarian beck by name had no man knowne.
If middle path kept had proude Phaeton,
No burning brand this earth had faine vpon,
Ne cruel power, ne none so soft can raigne,
That keepes a meane the same shall still remayne,
Ther Iuly once dyd to much mercy spill,
The Nero stern, rigor extreme dyd kill.

Now

How coulde August so many yeres wel passe?
Nor ouermeke, nor ouer fierce he was
worship not Ioue with curious fancies vaine,
Nor him despise holde right a twene these twaine,
No wastfull wight, no gredi gut is prazed,
Stand largesse iust is egall balance payzed,
No Catoes meal surmountes Antonius chere,
And better fame his sober fare hath here.
To slender building bad, as bad to grosse,
One an eye sore, the tother failes to losse.
As medicines helpe, in measure, so (God wot)
By ouermuch the sicke their bane haue got,
Vnmete me semes to vtter this mo waies,
Mean sure for widdes vnmeasurable prayse.

Mans life after Possidonius or Crates.

WHat path list you to treade? what trade will you assay?
The courts of plea by braule, & bate, driue gētle peace away
In house for wife, and childe, there is but carke and care,
with trauell, and with toyle enough, in fieldes we vse to fare.
Vpon the seas lyeth dread, the riche in forein lande
Do feare the losse, and there the poore, lyke mysers poorely stand
Strife with a wyfe, without your thrift ful harde to see,
Yong brats, a trouble, none at all, a mayme it semes to be,
Youth, fonde, age hath no hart, and pincheth al to nye,
Choose then the liefer of these two, ny lyfe, or soone to dye.

Metrodorus mynde to the contrarie.

WHat race of lyfe ronne you? what trade will you assay?
In courts is glory got, & wit encreased day by day.
At home we take our ease and beake our seines in rest,
The fieldes our nature do refreshe with pleasures of the best,
On seas is gaine to geat, the stranger he shalbe
Esteemed, hauing much, if not, none knoweth his lacke, but he,
A wyfe will trimme thy house, no wyfe then art thou free,
Wood is a louely thing, without, thy lyfe is loose to thee
Yong bloodes be strong, olde eyes in double honour dwell.

Doway that choyſe, no lyfe, or ſoon to die, for all is ſwell.

Of frendſhip.

OF all the heuenly giftes, that mortall men commend,
What truſty treaſure in the worlde can counteruaile a frende?
Our health is ſoone decaied, goods, caſual, light, and vaine.
Broke haue we ſeen the force of power, and honour ſuffer ſtaine,
In bodies luſt man doth reſemble but baſe brute,
True vertue geats, & kepes a frende, good guide of our purſute
Whoſe hearty zeale with ours accordes, in euery caſe,
No terme of tyme, no ſpace of place, no ſtorme can it deface.
When fickle fortune failes, this knot endureth ſtill,
The kin out of their kind may ſwerue, when frendes owe & good will
What ſweter ſolace ſhall befall, than one to finde
Vpon whoſe breſt thou mayſt repoſe the ſecretes of thy mynde?
He waileth at thy wo, his teares with thine be ſhed,
With thee doth he all ioies enioy, ſo lefe a lyfe is led.
Beholde thy frende, and of thy ſelfe the paterne ſee,
One ſoule a wonder ſhall it ſeme in bodies twaine to bee.
In abſence, preſent: rich in want, in ſickneſſe ſounde,
Ye after death a liue, maiſt thou by thy ſure frende be founde,
Eche houſe, eche towne, eche realme by ſtedfaſt loue doth ſtande:
Where foule debate bredes bitter bale in eche diuided lande
O frendſhip, flower of flowers, O liuely ſpirite of lyfe,
O ſacred bond of bliſſefull peace, the ſtalworth ſtanche of ſtrife
Scipio with Lelius didſt thou conioyne in care
At home, in warres for weale and wo, with egall faith to fare.
Giſippus eke with Tyte. Damon with Pythias,
And with Menethus ſonne Achill, by thee combyned was,
Eurialus and Niſus gaue virgil cauſe to ſing,
Of Pilades doo many rymes, and of Oreſtes ryng,
Downe Theſeus went to hell Pirith his frende to finde,
O that the wiues in theſe our dayys wer to their mates ſo kind,
Cicero, the frendly man, to Atticus his frende
Of frendſhip wrote, ſuch couples lo doth but ſeldom lende,
Recount thy race, now ronne, how few ſhalt thou there ſee,
Of whome to ſay, this ſame is he, that neuer failed mee.
So rare a iewel then muſt nedes beholden dere:
And yf thou wilt eſteme thy ſelf, ſo take thy choſen fere,
The tyrant in diſpeire no lacke of golde, bewailes,

But out I am vndone (saith he) for all my frendships failes,
Wherfore since nothing is more kindly for our kinde,
Next wisedome thus that teacheth vs loue we the frendly mind,

The death of Zoroas, an Egipti= an Astronomer, in the first fight, that Alex= ander had with the Persi= ans.

NOw clattering armes, now raging broyles of warre,
Gan passe the noys of dredfull trumpets clang,
Shrowded with shaft, the heauen, with cloude of darts,
Couered the ayre, against ful fatted bulles,
As forceth kindled yre the Lyons keen,
whose gredy guts the gnawing hunger prickes,
So macedons against the persians fare.
Now corpses hyde the purpurde soyle with blood,
Large slaughter on eche side, but Perses more
Moyst fieldes be bled, their hearts, and numbers bate,
Faynted while they gaue backe, and fall to flight,
The litening Macedon by swordes by gleaues,
By bandes and troupes of fotemen with his garde
Spedes to Dary, but him his nerest kyn
Orate preserues, with horsemen on a plumpe
Before his carre, that none the charge should geue,
Here grunts here grones, eche where strong youth is spent,
Shaking her bloudy handes Bellone among
The Perses, loweth all kind of cruell death.
with throte pcut, he rores, he lyeth along,
His entrailes with a launce through gyrded quite.
Him smytes the club, him woundes farre striking bowe,
And him the sling, and him the shyning sword,
He dyeth, he is all dead, he pantes, he restes.
Right ouer stode in snowe whyte armour braue

The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clarke
To whom the heauen lay open as his booke,
And in celestiall bodies he could tell
The mouing, meting, light, aspect, eclips,
And influence, and constellacions all,
What earthly chaunces would betyde, what yere
Of plenty storde, what signe forewarned death,
How winter gendreth snow, what temperature
In the primetyde doth season well the soyle,
Why summer burnes, why autumne hath ripe grapes,
Whither the circle quadrate may become,
Whether our tunes heauens armony can yelde,
Of foure begyns, among themselues howe great
Proporcion is what sway the erring lightes
Doth send in course gayn that first mouing heauen,
What grees one from another distant be.
What starre doth let the hurtfull fyre to rage,
Or him more mylde whath appolition makes,
What fyre doth qualifie Mauorses fire,
What house eche one doth lecke: what planet raignes
Within his heauensphere, or that small thinges
I speake, whole heauen he cloleth in his brest.
This sage then in the starres hath spyed, the fates
Threatned him death without delay, and sith
He saw he could not fatall order chaunge,
Forward prest, in battayle that he might
Mete with the ruler of the Macedons,
Of his right hand desirous to be slayne,
The boldest beurne, and worthiest in the feelde,
And as a wight now wery of his lyfe,
And seking death in first front of his rage,
Comes desperately to Alexanders face,
At him with dartes one after other throwes,
With reckeles woordes, and clamour him prouokes
And saith. Nectanabs, bastard shamefull stayne
Of mothes bed, why loosest thou thy strokes
Cowardes among? Turne the to me, in case
Manhod there be so much left in thy hart,
Come fight with me that on my helmet weare
Appollos laurell, both for learninges laude,
And Ke for martiall praise that in my shielde
The seuen folde Sophie of Minerue conteine

A matche

A matche more mete syr king then any here,
the noble prince amoued, takes ruth vpon
The wilful wight, and with soft woordes ayen
O monstrous man (quod he) what so thou art,
I pray thee liue, ne do not with thy death
This lodge of lore, the Muses mansion marre,
that treasure house this hand shall neuer spoyle,
My sword shall neuer bruse that skilfull braine,
Long gathered heapes of science some to spill.
O how fayre fruites may you to mortall men
From wisedomes garden geue? how many may
By you the wiser and the better proue?
what error, what mad moode, what frenzy thee
Perswades to bee downe sent to kepe Auerne,
where no artes flourish, nor no knowledge vailes?
For all these sawes when thus the soueraigne sayde,
Alighted Zoroas with sword vnsheathed,
The careiesse king there smote aboue the greue,
at thopening of his quishes wounded him
So that the blood down trailed on the ground,
The Macedon perceiuing hurt, gan gnashe,
But yet his minde he bent in any wyse
Hym to forbeare, set spurres vnto his stede,
And turnde away. lest anger of his smart
Should cause reuenger hand deale baitfull blowes
But of the Macedonians chieftaines knights,
One Meleager couide not beare this sight,
But ran vpon the sayde Egiptian reuk,
And cut him in both knees, he fell to ground,
wherwith a whole route came of souldiours sterne,
And all in pieces hewed the sely seg,
But happely the soule fled to the starres,
where vnder him he hath full sight of all,
Wherat he gazed here with reaching looke.
The Persians wilde such sapience to forgo,
the very lone, the Macedonians wisht
He would haue liued, king Alexander selfe
Demde him a man vnmete to dye at all,
who wonne like praise for conquest of his pyke,
As for stoute men in fielde that day subdued,
who princes taught how to discerne a man.

That in his head so rare a iewel beares,
But ouer all, those same Camenes, those same
Diuine Camenes, whose honour he procurde
As tender parent doth hys daughters weale,
Lamented, and for thankes all that they can
Do cherish him deceast, and set him free
From darke oblision of deuowring death.

Marcus Tullius Ciceros death.

Therfore when restles rage of wynde and waue
He sawe by fates, alas caide for (quod he)
Is haplesse Cicero, sayle on, shape course
To the next shore, and bring me to my death.
Perdy these thankes rescued from cuill sword
Wilt thou my countrey pay? I see myne end,
So powers diuine, so byd the Gods aboue,
In cirie saued that Consul Marcus shend.
Speaking no more, but drawing from diepe hart
Great grones, euen at the name of Rome rehearst,
His eyes & chekes, with showres of teares he washt,
And (though a route in daily daungers worne)
With forced face the shipmen held theyr teares,
And striuing long the seas cought flood to passe,
In angry windes and stormy showres made way,
And at the last safe ancred in the rode
Came heauy Cicero a land, with payne
Hys faunted lymmes the aged syze doth draw,
And rounde aboute theyr maister stode his band,
For greatly With theyr owne hard happe dismayde,
For plighted faith, proue in sharpe tyme to breake,
Some swordes prepare, some theyr dere lord assist
In littour layde, they lead him vnkouth wayes
If so deceaue Antonius cruell gleaues
They might, and threates of folowing routs escape,
Thus lo, that Tullie, went that Tullius,
Of royall robe, and sacred senate prince.
When he a farre the men approche espyeth.

And

And of his ſone the enſignes doth acknow
And with drawen ſword, Populius threatning death,
whoſe lyfe and whole eſtate, in hazard once
He had preſerued, when Rome as yet to free
Heard him, and at his thundering voice amazde,
Herennius eke, more tyger then the reſt
Preſent enflamde with fury, him purſues,
what might he do? Should he vſe in defence
Vnarmed handes, or pardon aſke for mede?
Should he with Woordes to turne the wrath
Of tharmed knight, whoſe ſafegard he had wrought?
No age forbids, and fixt within diepe breſt
His countreys loue, and falling Romes ymage.
The charret turne ſayeth he, let loſe the raines
Runne to the vndeſerued death, mee, lo,
Hath Phebus foule, as meſſenger forwarnde,
And Ioue deſires a new heauenſman to make
Brutus, and Caſſius ſoules, liue you in bliſſe
In caſe yet all the fates gainſtriue vs not,
Neither ſhall we perchaunce dye vnreuenged.
Now haue I liued, O Rome, ynough for me:
My paſſed lyfe nought ſuffreth me to doute
Noyſome oblivion of the lothſome death,
Slea me, yet all the offpring to come ſhall know
And this deceas ſhall bring eternall lyfe,
yea, and (onleſſe I fail, and all in vaine,
Rome, I ſometime thy Augur choſen was)
Not euermore ſhall frendly fortune thee
Fauour, Antonius, once the day ſhall come,
when her deare wights, by cruel ſpight thus ſlaine,
Victorious Rome ſhall at thy handes require,
Me likes ther while, go ſee the hoaped heauen
Speche had he left, and therwith he, good man
His throat prepardc, and helde his head vnmoued,
His haſting to thoſe fates the very knightes
Be loth to ſee, and rage rebated, when
They his bare necke beheide, and his hoare heares,
Scant could they hold the teares, & fourth gan burſt,
And almoſt fell from bloudy handes the ſwordes,
Onely the ſtern Herennius, with grim looke,
Daſtardes, why ſtand you ſtill: he ſayth, and ſtraight
Swaps of the head, with his preſumptuous yron.

Me

Ne with that ſlaughter yet is he not ſilde,
Foule ſhame on ſhame to heape is his delight,
Wherfore the handes alſo doth he of ſmyte,
which durſt Antonius lyfe ſo lyuely paint,
Him yelding ſtrained ghoſt from weikin hye,
With lothy chere, lord Phebus gan behold,
And in blacke cloude, they ſay, long hid his head.
The latine Muſes, and the Graces they wepe
And for his fall eternally ſhall pepe,
And lo, here percing Pitho (ſtrange to tell)
who had to him ſuckilde both ſence and woordes
when ſo he ſpake, and dreſt with nectar foode
That flowing tong, when his wind pipe diſcloſde,
Fled with her fleeing frend, and (out alas)
Hath left the earth, ne will no more returne,
Populius flieth therwhile, and leauing there
The ſenſleſſe ſtocke, a griezely ſight doth beare
Unto Antonius boord with miſchiefe fed,

Of M.T.Cicero.

LFor Tullie late, a tombe I gan prepare,
when Cynthie, thus, bad me my labour ſpare,
Such maner thinges become the dead, quod he,
But Tullys lines, and ſkill alyue ſhalbe.

N.G.

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Finis.

¶IMPRINTED AT LON-
DON IN FLETESTRETE
within Temple barre at the
ſigne of the hand and ſtarre, by
Richard Tottell.
Anno.1565.

Cum priuilegio.